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transition
stories

Transition

transition stories

Twenty-three stories from "transition"
selected and edited by

Eugene Jolas

and

Robert Sage

New York
Walter V. McKee
1929

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TO OUR FRIEND
ELLIOT PAUL

AUG. 31 1955

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PREFACE

The problem which every writer faces as he struggles with the expression of his vision is that of reality. In what degree are we to retain the integrity of the sensual phenomena outside ourselves? Is the inner vision, in the idealistic sense, the final criterion for the artistic manifestation? Thus the eternal search for the absolute has been going on, while the economic and political confusion of our age is juggling the significant values we need. The attempt to arrive at a complete denial of reality by way of a consistent and dogmatic exploration of the subconscious remains one of the important actions of our creative life. Our contemporaries have been unaware that miracles and adventures were still possible. It became necessary to legalize the mystic researches in order to create a rampart against a conception of life that is non-conscious and non-creative. It is obvious that such a decision celebrating the instinctive and the psychically automatic has opened up many new relations and associations for the mind that had previously found itself hampered by the exigencies of natural science. The domination of pure reason was abolished in the twinkling of an eye. But what of the dynamic totality, the new rhythm of twentieth-century reality? The revolt against the descriptive idea of literature has become imperative. For the creator having discovered the dream and the day-dream as functions of his subjective existence should try to bring them into a more definite relation with the phenomenal world

which his conscious mind perceives. This dual reality of dream and life can alone bring us liberation.

The tendency of modern life is toward universalism or collectivism. Mechanical science is producing a condition which is the triumph of rationalistic categories through the destruction of time and space. But is it not true that we should proceed from the individual to the collective, from the regional to the universal? A good deal of the present chaos is due to the inversion of this order. We are not against the machine which is, after all, the most important single esthetic contribution of our age. We are against its blind glorification, against the resultant planing of the spirit and the general destruction of the magical detail which this produces. We may use the mystery of the new instruments as a base from which to proceed into the world of adventures. Sociologically speaking, it is conceivable that the machine will make it possible for humanity in the future to devote more time to pure laziness, to the beauty of the dream, when once the capitalistic hierarchy has been vanquished by the masses themselves. For this is the chief fault of the rule of the machine as obtaining now in capitalistic countries: it is exploited for the benefit of the few, while the majority employing its appendages for economic facilities become interested primarily in the superficial aspect of bourgeois comfort. In this, as well as in the political domain, it seems important that a process of decentralisation should set in.

The creative activity of our age should also be made aware of the need of disintegration. It is therefore important for the writer, not to reflect his time in a photographic sense, but to help first in the struggle for the eternal autonomy of the spirit, and then to work for a mass-spirit that will continue to have its roots in variation.

We are no longer interested in the bourgeois forms of literature. We are against the esthetic chaos which, using decadent dogmas, continues to weigh upon our minds. We demand a sense of adventure that leads the individual towards a collective beauty, that is for every movement tending to demolish the current ideology, that seeks again the root of life in an impulse towards simplicity. For this reason we encourage the tendency to find new associations in theme as well as word. Life, in the new spirit, becomes transmuted, and the mind, wedding the magnificence of the inner world with that of a plane from which emanate different visions and rhythms, creates a mythology that is real-unreal. To express this straining towards a new magic, language, which heretofore has been chained in traditional regimentation, must be dissolved and re-created with new elements. It is impossible to use the mechanism of the old word for the delineation of such conditions as are between waking and sleeping (for a more detailed exposition of this I refer the reader to Edgar Allan Poe's "Marginalia"), or for abstract correlations, or for the

marriage of the physical and the miraculous. It is necessary to break up the word, to construct an organic world of the imagination, and to give life a changed and spontaneous reality.

transition which I began with Elliot Paul in the spring of 1927, and which I have continued with him and Robert Sage, in the face of criticism and costly censorship, has attempted to encourage the liberation of the imagination in all its forms. We have tried to bring together the significant international forces in the creative field, although always remaining fundamentally American in spirit. Contemporary America, suffering from a democratic illusion, is still groping, but signs of an intellectual fermentation may be noted that, we hope, will lead to a periclean age. May the American writer go to the roots of his indigenous consciousness and thus create through a mythology of his own the expression of a vision that differs from that of Europe and the Orient as much as those two differ from each other!

EUGENE JOLAS

GOTTFRIED BENN

THE ISLAND

GOTTFRIED BENN

was born in Berlin about forty years ago. After completing his medical course at the University of Berlin, he was awarded the gold medal of that institution. In 1916 he published *Gehirne* (Kurt Wolf), a series of stories dealing with the cerebral life of a physician. The present story, as well as *The Birthday* (also published in *transition*) is from this collection. Benn's collected poems appeared in 1925.

Assuming that they were a part of life, all things regulated by the authorities or accepted by the state, even the events falling within his own destiny, were justified by Rônne, a physician.

What did it matter that the island was small, that viewed from a hill it was only a strip of rock between the gulls and the sea. There was a prison with convicts to whom he had been appointed physician, there was a beach, a meadow of weeds in which birds dwelt and twittered, and farther below a shabby fishing village.

After swabbing a throat and massaging a perjurer's knee, Rônne arose and left the walled farm house. In front of it was white sand on which oats and thistles grew. For summer had come over the sea like a flash, the sky thundered with blueness, there was an outpouring of warmth and light.

Trying to decide how to use to good advantage the time at his disposal after the fulfillment of his duties, and reflecting also upon the meaning of the latter with regard to government and individual, he walked away. Deeply he breathed the pure air, swelling his narrow chest toward the sea, partaking willingly of its wholesome qualities so well known to the wanderer. He felt in harmony with the spirit which had placed him there, which had decided without hesitation to safeguard this progressive bourgeoise institution for the protection of the Commonwealth, which institution owed its existence, in a word, to the desire and the effort to eliminate the

injurious member of society without, however, disregarding the humanity of the fallen. Thus, in a kind of mute resignation to the great all-embracing power of the psychic, the state had not desired to destroy the prisoner and had voluntarily given the physician.

Consider the first sparsely-shingled hut. Was it not shelter from storm and rain, protection against attack, a roof, a hearth, comfort? The net carefully spread on board and stone by the husband returning from fishing, did it not smell of the bottom of the sea, an atmosphere of natural and elementary healthy things? And now a gust of wind against the oilcloth cap, and an arm touched the visor. Yes, organic things answered to excitations there. His symptoms resulted from an urge. Assimilation and reproduction. The reflex arc held sway. It was good to be there.

Some men were sitting in front of a saloon. Their meaning? They ate. They loafed. They saved their strength. They drank out of jugs. Pure joy? Never. The nutritive value was undeniable. And when? Mutual entertainment? Exchange of experience? Confirmations!!!?

In short, all those perceptions which might have satisfied him, nowhere a disturbance, the sun everywhere, brightness streaming in all directions.

Rônne sat down. I am free for a while, he said to himself. Now I will think a bit. Well, here is an island and a somewhat southerly sea. There are none, but

there might be a cinnamon forest here. It is June now and the peeling of the bark might begin. A little branch might break off. An exceedingly lovely fragrance might be spread, and an aromatic event might take place even when the leaf is pulled off.

It's this way: shrubs four to six feet high, soft, green, laurel-like leaves and stamens tinged yellow. The sprout as strong as a thumb. Then the gathering begins and it requires many hands, bundles, crooked knives, rinds and inner-bark. By these words many a thing has already been proven, but it is only in the hut that the bark is peeled.

Yes, this is an island which lay in the sea before India. A boat came near it suddenly, stepped into the wind embracing the land, stood in the breath of the brown forest! The cinnamon forests, thought the traveler, and the cinnamon forests, thought Rônne. Snow white was the soil and the shrubs were full of sap and through the island he walked between corn and wine, isolated between silent frontiers. His judgment, his desire, the sentence-structure taking place. He is brooding, however, over the pollen of a plant he would like to disseminate. Far away is the time of sadness when he traveled here in a railroad with the ladies. "It is very nice here," said the mother to her daughters, "Just look!" And on they went staring dutifully from the car windows at the chain of hills soft in the blue mists before which the valley and the town sank down

behind forests and clover; for if the mother had not said it, Rônne always concluded, then the excursion would not have taken place.

But here there were no such vague exclamations. Here everything which hit the eye was accepted. Objective elaboration occurred in regard to a net, in regard to a weir.

And when he thought about something, as he had just done, something else came up, no enrichment, more a dream.

Brightly he sat on the beach. He felt himself light and transparent, no more unclean than a stone that was moved, than a rounded block held by a light tackle.

And since he had come to the island urged by feelings from the past, in order to examine his conceptions by means of objects he could observe as practically isolated, under conditions which rarely changed, he felt even now something like fulfillment. Concepts seemed founded. How for instance had the concept "Sea" come upon him, a linguistic residue, separated from all the bright waters, elastic, but at the most the ferret for a system, the result of an intellectual process, a generality. But now it seemed to him that he wandered back there again where there were immeasurable waters to the south and brackish floods to the north, and he moved his salted lips involuntarily. Gently the urge to construct it more sharply, to outline it more tangibly against the dunes and the sea disappeared from his

mind. Softly he felt the forgetting of it, its return to substantiality, to the gull and the day, the smell of the storm and all things inquiet. . . .

. . . . . .

Rônne lived in a lonely fashion, absorbed in his development, and he worked a great deal. His studies were devoted to the creation of the new syntax. The point was to complete the world concept created by the work of the past century. To him it seemed sincerely necessary to eliminate the "Thou" character in grammar, since such an address had become mythical.

He felt that he owed much to his evolution and the latter went back thousands of years.

The transformation of movement into action by abstracting the gold lay in the obscurity of the beginning of man. That was granted. Also that man had lifted his eyes here and there, into the fair skies, across deserts, along the Nile and the lagoons of myrrh and the peoples of violins, but here in the north there had been an urge to decision. The third instinct had stepped between hunger and love. It had grown out of the breath of ascetics, out of the exhausted sexualities under the thick atmosphere of the fog countries, first glimpses of the unity of thinking groaning in hecatombs, and the hour of fulfillment seemed to have come.

If Cartesius had assumed the pineal gland as the seat of the soul, since its exterior seemed to look like the finger of God,—yellowish, elongated, mild but still

threatening,—the cerebral physiologists had found there was sugar in urine upon cutting into the brain-mass, when indigo occurred, yes, when spittle flowed. Psychology had recognised the relation between feelings and emotions, had determined in precise curves their proper generic value as protection against the harmful, and the capacity to read individual differences was complete. The theory of knowledge had concluded by adding a renovation of Berkeley's ideas toward pan-psychism, which conceded reality to the rank of condensed concepts, in the significance of environment especially emphasized as regards to sex, for the practical purpose of preserving the race.

All this is apparent, said Rônne to himself. This has been taught and accepted for five years. But how about the analysis within itself, at what point did that occur? Its expression in linguistic form, where did that happen?

Brooding he walked along the edge of a field with a man he had taken along from the institution.

"Poppy, buxom form of summer," he called aloud. "Umbilical stem leading to belly-like flower, dynamite of dualism. Here stands one color-blind, the redness of night. Ha, how you clatter along, tumbled into the field, oh, you scalloped blossom. Rock of excitement washed into the weed,—and all the sweet noons when my eyes slept ultimate, silent sleeps upon you, faithful hours—blue shadow of your scar leaning against your flutter-

ing frame, warmed, consoled, sunken in your fire: made to bloom by something from without: now this man . . . you also! you also, all my counter happiness playing at my edges in spaces of summer,—and now: where am I?"

Where am I not, he thought and turned in the direction of the institution, and where does not the event shatter the hypothesis.

Down there are rooms, directors and officials sit at tables and between intellectual clashes the toothpick wanders back and forth.

The psychic complex plays around events of daily existence and the racing news. It treads upon the things which are alien, on that from which it deviates, yes, it even touches the contradictory. The effort to disentangle that which is not explained, to safeguard the doubtful, is awakened in the consciousness, and the word is the bridge to the conflict. Experience emerges, affords demonstrations and defense; and an observation made here and there, although not specific, should it be entirely valueless? Darkness recedes already. Already some of the wrinkles are smoothed out and so that contradictions may not continue the blue dawn descends.

Always there is blue descending, for instance, the roast veal which everybody knows about. Suddenly he appears at his habitual table and the individualities wind themselves around him. Geographical peculiari-

ties, curiosities of taste will emerge, the urge for the nuance will surround him. Fight and fatigue, attack and reconciliation will whirr about the roast veal, the liberator of the psychic.

Something that is like morning. Whom does it meet? A woman who rises very early; all is coolness and the walking woman absorbs the dew. Capillary action occurs, an exclamation follows, fragments of tales about former walks are formed. Reservoirs of the impulse to work out something are everywhere. And what will take place has occurred long ago. When has there been someone before in mid-stream? I must think everything. I must condense everything. Nothing escapes the process of logical association. Beginning and end, but I occur. I live on this island and think cinnamon forests. Within me reality and dream merge with one another. Why does the poppy bloom when thereby it loses its red color? The boy speaks but the psychic complex is there without him.

The competition between associations, that is the last, the ultimate I, he thought and walked back to the institution which was on a hill by the sea. When a newspaper, a bookstore phenomenon, flops from my pocket, it offers contacts with events, movements of fellowmen, exchange between individualities, as it were. If my colleague says, let me take the newspaper, there is a fascination in this which has force, a will directed toward something, motor competitions, but always the design

of the soul, the vital arrangement that sets the trap.

We are the end, he felt. We have conquered our last organ. I shall walk along the corridor and my step will sound. For must not the steps sound in the corridor? Yes, that is life. And a little joke with the matron? Yes, that also . . .

. . . . . .

Then the boat which visited the island each week landed, and among the passengers who came to the shore was a woman who wanted to live there a while.

Rônne got acquainted with her. Why should he not get acquainted with her,—a cluster of secondary sexual characteristics grouped anthropoidically?

But soon he was alarmed and said to himself, I seek her company, but it is not intellectual. And what is it? She is of medium height, blond, bleaches with peroxide, and is grey at the temples. Her eyes lie at a distance, and the pupil is misty, immovably grey—but I feel her like a flight. I must find formulae for her.

Her personality? She loves white flowers, cats and crystals, and she cannot sleep alone at night since she loves so to hear a heart beat. But where shall the principle begin and the synthesis follow? She never asks for tenderness but in approaching her one steps beneath the roof of love, and suddenly she stands above me in a position which must be painful to her, immovable a long time. . . . What disconcerting confusion.

Sensing danger, hearing from a distance a stream,

gurgling toward him to dissolve him, he threw sociological certitudes about him.

Was it true that the millet had mildewed on the neighboring island? Had they dealt fairly with the poorer man? Where was honesty and brotherly love? When they disappeared what remained? Or, if his functions involved only the usual dose of ground tea shaken in a bottle, filled, corked, and shaken again, to be given to an acquaintance or a neighbor or a seeker after knowledge with honest and protective instincts, what more remained for him, a mere fraud in the government service? This might be the peaceful solution at last, yes?

But once again the lure was there. The woman, that which is free and flowing. A lame knee, he whispered relieved, to the nurse who approached. How does it condense itself into reality? Where is a strong formula to be found? My official duties oblige me to recognize it? Knee injuries, swellings, inflammation, developments.—Firm ground—Virilities.

Nevertheless, every phenomenon has its supreme principle, and he walked to the shore, consoled. The point now is to find which one applies to her. The system is omnibenevolent. It contains her. It also contains her who knows neither faith nor the breaking of her word, who cannot come at this hour because a fisherwoman carried a fishing rod in her hand and the haddock gleamed . . . to gather experience, to make

deductions, his silent sky also above her. But her hips when she walked beside him rustled like inanimate winds and chaos streamed over her shoulder.

He plunged more deeply into his books hammering his world into place. But how? Works of this peculiar character could of late find space in the most prominent journals of natural science, could even be discussed and recognized.

The work of an unknown Jewish physician of Danzig, who said textually that the feelings reached deeper than the intellectual functions? That sensation was the great secret of our lives and the question of its genesis was unanswerable?? To think that really to its end! That the feeling belonged no longer to the emotion??

Did the author really know what it meant to say that the feeling depended no longer upon the stimulus, as he, Rônne, had learned, when he spoke of the dark stream which flowed from the body, the incalculable?

Did this man know what questions might arise as a consequence of his new teaching? Did this entirely unknown person realize the gravity of this assertion which he sent into the world in a book with a drab grey cover, without announcement, without making it clear upon the title page? Did he know that perhaps he had answered the question as to whether or not there was something new.

Rônne breathed deeply. Was this a new science of which he had not been aware? That every fructification

contained the germ of something unheard of and new, that the coagulation of unities was continued by following generations in the form of bisexuality which must be recognized as the mighty creative force that had lifted life to its height?

Rônne shivered. He looked again into the review containing the article to find the name of the man who had signed it. It was his teacher.

Creative man! New formation of the evolutionary thought from the mathematical to the intuitive. . . . But what would become of him, the physician, the professional affirmer of experience, exiled into the quantitative.

If he should encounter a throat in which a swelling was threatening, could he lance it intuitively? Would he not have to force himself to analytical phenomena, to empiricism, to enterprising gestures,—into the grey domain of affirmed realities, to an hypothesis of reality which he could no longer include in a theory of knowledge. Would he not have to do all this for the sake of a child who had turned blue, for the sake of a suffocating throat which brought him money? And this in an official capacity?

Suddenly he felt very tired, as if his limbs were poisoned. He stepped to the window overlooking the garden. The white blossoms stood shadowless, fringed by the playful hedge. On every blade of grass a dewdrop was suspended and trembled. Shrub fragrance dif-

fused itself throughout the twilight which gleamed limitless and eternal.

For a moment he felt a touch upon his head, a loosening, a soft rattling of something bursting asunder, and a vista appeared in his mind's eye: a bright countryside swaying in blueness and flame, cleft by roses, in the distance a column with weeds at its base. There he stood with the woman, like two animals, utterly lost, silently palpitating and breathing.

But it was gone in an instant. He touched his eyes. The hoop closed around his forehead again and coolness returned to his temples. What is going on here, anyway? Once he had lived with a woman and had seen her gather withered rose petals from the edge of the table and arrange them in little heaps upon the motley-colored stone. Then she had sat down again lost in contemplation of a bright shrub. That was all he really knew of her. All the rest seemed foreign to him, it sighed like the wind, he bled . . . but where did that lead?

His gaze became hard. Steeling himself he penetrated into the garden, putting the bushes in order, measuring the path. And now he understood: he stood at the exit after ten centuries but the woman was forever. He owed his development to an epoch which had created a system, and whatever might come of it, this was he!

Arbitrarily he forced his gaze into the evening and lo, the quintessence of hyacinths spread blue beneath

the fragrant curves of pure formula. Unified conclusiveness! It melted into the azure of the garden space; and a withering hag selling matches hobbled up the institution steps beneath the flame work of calculable rays of the setting sun perpendicularly into the earth. . . .

Translated from the German
by EUGENE JOLAS.

KAY BOYLE

POLAR BEARS AND OTHERS

KAY BOYLE

has lived in France and England for the past five years, during which time her stories and poems have appeared in *Broom*, *Poetry*, *The Forum*, *This Quarter*, *transition* and *The American Caravan*. In collaboration with Archibald Craig, she is now editing *Living Poetry*, a yearbook of poetry and criticism. She was born in 1903 in St. Paul, Minnesota.

POLAR BEARS AND OTHERS

The polar bears came slowly, slowly, laboriously from the imitation-icicled caverns and across the cage, leaving no mark but the shadows of their feet as they fell on the false snow. Their shoulders and rumps were yellowed like scorched linen, and wearily, heavily, they dropped their bodies into the shallow basin and shuddered aloud in their skins because the water of it was lax and warm.

They came from a country which is a small country because it is all alike, and they came from it with life only if their country and their ways be repeated for them. They came with their prejudiced bodies and their jaws gaping out for fish in empty water. They are like people who live in small countries and who go out of them with their small grudges strapped to their backs. In America, and in Russia, the big countries, there are little men but on them even there is a smell of romance. (And I believe in romance: that it should be snatched from the buttonhole where it has withered too long, so that reality can make a fresh thing of this poor faded flower.)

There was one man and I know that when he was ill he would be in bed with a pencil in his hand, and he would draw on the paper on his knees dark long rows of turf with the lead, turning the pencil like a plough in his fingers. In this turf he would talk about planting the seeds, the vegetables and the flowers; he wanted to put the vegetables among the flowers as he wished, and

often the vegetables grew much more beautiful than the flowers. The first tight bunches of lettuce coming out like stars in the black soil were always more beautiful to him than any opening flower.

Sometimes when he was walking he would see ferns set away behind some thorn trees, or with green stickers stabbing them. And he would go through branches as if they were as soft as spiders' webs, getting through the thorns to bring out the fern plants in his arms and carry them off to set them out in his own place. The long hairy roots of the ferns would hang down and soil his cuffs and his clothes, but it would never anger him. And sometimes we would see a girl with short hair and we would follow her home to her house and watch her fine legs climbing up the path to her door. And if she looked back at him he would wonder about sleeping with her, and for that I wouldn't care. He would go off with his women and I knew that they stood on the edge of him and saw no deeper than the reflection of their own faces. There was a fire of love in his heart that was burning him soft and warm as metal, and if you did not know of this you did not touch and wound him with wounds that were sinister and wide.

One day he came in and told me that a woman was coming to Havre where she would take the boat and go back to America. All evening he walked about in the

garden, working here and there among the plants, and I stood at the window and saw the yuccas running with moonlight, and the sheepdog pacing back and forth on his deep soft feet at the end of his chain. And under my nose Dushenka came and went through the black spangles of the fir branches. Because he stayed out in the garden with his thoughts I became afraid of this woman. After a long time he came into the room and I looked up and said no, that I would not go over with him to meet her at lunch. He was shy because he had been out thinking about her as he had been working about under the stars. He stood by the table in the light and looked shyly down at the backs of his hands as if they were strangers to him.

"No, you must," he said, "you must come."

And for this falseness, I thought in anger, I could strike him in the face. We went to bed with our backs to each other and all night I said aloud to myself things that other people had written. All night I said that the heart knoweth its own bitterness, I said yes, yes, the heart knoweth that for a little while I was something carried in his wrists and I fell drop by drop from him until his blood was clean of me. I was something he gave up, something relinquished. The fire in him, it went out at night dancing, like an Irishman dances on his heels singing Irish. If I had cried out to him he would have come back, but that cry I held in my teeth, I held

it until my sorrow escaped in sharp grunts like puppets jerked out over the pillow.

In the morning there was a warm mildness drawn in sweet veils about the garden and the house, and blowing gently in the windows. I came in with the coffee while he was shaving. I wanted to say something in a great hurry, something to show him the great beauty of my heart this morning.

"Yes, yes, I have come to believe in nothing but gentleness," I said to him. "Do you know—a piercing gentleness for others which comes from life and not from innocence. Innocence is obscene somehow, you know, but gentleness is the great wisdom of the emotions."

I went down into the garden with him with dry biscuits in my hands to make the dogs jump for them in the court. As I fed the dogs I watched Dushenka from the corners of my eyes as he went into the wood-house for his wheel. The dogs jumped about me, turning their bodies in the air, and the nails of their coarse feet struck and scratched on the pavings. Dushenka was in the tail of my eye, and he was pumping up his tires. I saw that he was doing it fast so that he would have time to go into the hen-house and feel in the straw nests under the plumed bellies of the hens for eggs.

I fed the dogs the last of the biscuits and they stood eating up the bits with their forelegs wide apart, and their heads low, with the slobber hanging in strings

from their smiling mouths as they ate. Their tails waved slowly back and forth with the movement of their jaws. I came along to Dushenka where he was leaning down over the wheel, and I saw how the cloth of his suit hung down full at the knees and how sharp little patches of other cloth were stitched in at the elbows. He was so absorbed in his work on the wheel that I felt he was a stranger, and that it had never been my fingers that had put the patches in his coat for him. And then he threw his wheel aside quickly, against the wall of the house.

"If I stayed here today," he said, "I could get the peas in, and I could turn out the old radish bed before the sun gets too high."

He went into the wood-house and threw off his coat and stood in the darkness of the shed putting back the sleeves of his shirt. The dogs had done, and they came running upon him, and he held their wrists off, keeping their paws away gently with his hands. He cried, "no, no, keep down, keep down," to them, and all this time he had his face turned from me, as if in shyness. I thought about this and how when it came my turn to be in love, and I was suddenly angry.

"I'll be something more than sacrifice and bitterness to you," I cried. "Go on, get out!"

I knew when it was my turn I'd be off without a thought for him. "Listen," I said, "when it's my turn, I'll be off without a thought, so you'd better go now."

Dushenka turned about on his heels and stretched his

smile back at me. Presently he walked off through the cabbages.

"Not today," he said, turning his head back at me. "Some other day maybe. Some other time."

"And maybe a tragedy would be as big as life, but you'd never see it," I said to him.

I went upstairs and screamed in the room thinking that perhaps here was a great love passing him by, and he not even going after it. In the glass there was my own long face and my straight hair, and I wondered what he was holding onto in me. He would take me into big banks and hotels where a woman would have been ashamed for me. I didn't have any style to my clothes, and a woman would not have sat with me without looking the other way. I thought about him this way until I could have broken myself with crying. I wanted to say to him that I would take out my heart and take the words from it to say that I would do simple and gentle things for him before all love was gone from my heart. I went to the window sick with humility, and I called out to him in the garden.

"Listen," I said, "listen here. You ought to be going over to Havre."

His back stayed quiet, bending over the earth and working among the weeds. And I stood against the window thinking of everyone who was not him, who must have a way prepared to dignity; you who do not know what it is to go off and for yourselves be lost and lost

and lost to all old dignities. You do not know the humble way of beginning or of growing a new skin when the old one is ripped from your flesh.

"You ought to be getting over to Havre," I said.

ROBERT M. COATES
CONVERSATIONS NO. 7

ROBERT M. COATES

lives in New York. While in Paris, he wrote and published *The Eater of Darkness,* a mock thriller which parodied the styles of most of the best known American writers. His shorter pieces have appeared several times in *transition.*

Listen! I was lying in my bed dreaming.

but I will tell you a joke or rather ask you a riddle.

This man (he was tall pale welldressed with fat grave cheeks) came up to me where there were six men talking and leading me seriously to one side (his soft unimpressionable eyes never leaving mine) began talking about his sister who was studying nursing in Des Moines.

"I can't ride in the Sixth Avenue Elevated all day long it is too much to ask of any man—he said—It is like a tightrope if perhaps it is not more like the trick handkerchief of a prestidigitator supposing him to have been bitten to death by one of his disappearing rabbits while sitting eating a Western sandwich (I remembered suddenly that my friend had died beside me DIED BESIDE ME! while I was sitting calmly eating a Western sandwich) in a quicklunch after the theatre had closed and the counterman to have laid it tenderly over his eyes while the patrons were frantically telephoning for the Police! Fire! Undertaker! Get a reporter up here quick!—he said—People claim that the time we live in is one of gestation it is not it is a time of menstruation did I tell you that I am having my studio redecorated in white and green?"

he said. (Turning away [I had already perceived that he was blind] and looking out the window I saw a herd of wild asses milling and leaping stifflegged in

the adjacent field. I went out among them

but hardly had I passed through

the turnstile when an attendant in blue livery was at my heels demanding the 25 cents entrance fee) and looking up I discovered myself in the vast rotunda of a great hotel with people sending telegrams to Kansas City and chewing grass and fanning their faces with derby hats while (falling showerlike brilliantly from the receding crown of the dome) a voice announcing:

The Daily News has doubled its circulation in six months.

Seats at $25 for Sacha Guitry opening.

Accept this new Beauty Cream with M. Vivaudou's compliments

What a wife Sally is!

$44,000 in sales

Such popularity must be deserved.

While I (*hardly knowing whether to be annoyed or pleased*)

until nine o'clock next morning?

Put X after winning name. Contest closes June 4.

EMILY HOLMES COLEMAN

THE WREN'S NEST

EMILY HOLMES COLEMAN

was born in 1899 and was educated at an Episcopal boarding school and at Wellesley College. She came with her infant son to Paris in 1926 and worked for a year on an American newspaper in Paris, following which she went to the South of France as secretary to Emma Goldman. Her stories and poems first appeared in *transition*. She has written one novel, called *Shutters of Snow*.

When over the highway and through the brush a tramp on the wind came lightly sighing then into the lane down the trodden periwinkles shuddering between forced stones fled the captive and after her the futile trailing of her long red skirt. She sang up to the wren's nests and built for herself on the stone wall a house of bark and silence.

They had come together on the hill where the cows went astray and he had seen her with her long branched stick chasing them back into the valley. She jumped on the back of one and it ran sinking to the stream. Down to the stream they had gone and their feet had chiselled its depth. They stood making rivulets through the dam and lay on the bank in the sun with his hat over her eyes and his arm across her breast. The cows wandered up the hill again and in the sinking sun they lashed the great flies and chewed their contemplation beneath the trees.

Come on with me. We must while them home now and you can meet my mother. His hair wet from the stream had dried, and in the slumber of summer his ears and cheeks had gone wet and his hair above his ears was coiled in small turnings. I cannot stand that, she said to him, come with me and put on your hat. I have to go back to the city he told her.

In the evening she sat out on the porch and listened for the whippoorwills. He had shyly eaten their supper

and afterwards bidden her mother a courteous goodbye. He had fastened her hand to his breast outside and gone gleaming down the dust to the village where the trains left for the large cities.

A nice young man, her mother called, come back in here why dont you, its cooler in here. She went in and sat in the dusk by the cold stove. If only you hadnt married said her mother you might have had him just think of it. I dont care she said I dont want him. She took her mothers hands and sang softly to her cap.

Well thats all there is to romance said her father at the breakfast table when the syrup glued out of the pot and from up the round soft bakings came flavor of buckwheat and sun.

. . . . . .

In after years when the early winter winds pinched the trees and made of red and gold a barren silence she put on a coat of blue and caught up her skirt in the mirror. All there is for me to do is to walk like this and it can be done. Her hat fitted snugly and the feather was bright red. You will come back said her mother you will find that the cows cannot go alone.

You see that he doesnt let them wander in the sun said she deftly and pressing finely her mothers face. You will all be quiet and when I return there will be mourning. Into the buggy she stepped primly and waved a small white handkerchief to her mother on the porch.

Go inside you will catch something there because the wind is coming.

The train screamed on frenzied wings through the green and out over the water and in again to trees. She sat with her bag above her head and her knees folded over. The woman across the aisle lived in many places and had come from Europe that day. She gave her a little pin of violet to look in and see the European cities. If she would not like me I could think my thoughts. In the brown meadows, touched with green, there were cows. They melted into the green and stood sighing beneath the trees.

She went out to the platform and stood alone from the woman and sped across the earth. Little houses of brick and sand muttered in the corners and fast through the afternoon went the train and fast into the night. Over the gulleys and swift into the sun and rattling across the iron bridges over the towns. It was coming fast, fast from the little houses, closer to the train and faster to the trees. It shattered and swung and lifted and rocked and fast into the city went the train. It was coming, it would be the end and she would stand alone and motionless upon the track. Are you coming? And the fast bled trees stood off their dull response.

Now into the city went the train and hushed from her eyes and bent her head. And crushed across the narrow streets on iron structure and poured hot fire into the shed at the end. This was the city he was shouting

and the baggage was piled at the end. She leaped from her ears and quieted her hands with sorrow. She was to stand upon the curb and see people going to their places and speaking a foreign tongue.

. . . . . .

What do you think you can do here you had better go home and speak your piece. I dont care I shall stay anyway. It was with fervor and soft hands pressed against the glass.

You dont seem to realize he told her that anything so exquisite belongs in the sun and shade. Not here she said there is no sun.

They sat drinking in a cold cafe and on the ground were sparrows jumping for the cheese. There were woodchucks and little wrens. All on the stone wall. Will you go to market in the morning and tell me what you find? No she said I am afraid you will be gone.

That settles it he said I will not have my will abrogated. She laughed against the frown on his white and famished brow.

So what more there is to do is hard to say. If you will consult your husband you may find that there is cause for your return. But I love your hair she said it flows over your head and you are not a boy. Go back he said it was not meant for you.

. . . . . .

My mother can see that I have come back. Green in the damp and weltered in the marsh. For the apples I

was gone, the apples sunk into the kettle and mashed. They were good in the jars. Thank you my mother your hair is of course not wet like his and silk and cold. But where is your husband she told her, you did not see him. Oh yes many things we talked and he has learned to love me. Then why didnt you bring him with you? I found him cold and interested in many vices.

Crowded into the memories of the winter came the spring, warm in the swamps and drying. She sat along the stone walls with her stick and pushed them into ponds for her desire. Will you go back from me she fiercely shouted to the sun and went violently up the lane behind him. She struck from her hand the stick and made pools in the mud of love and vengeance. She built cities in the wood and crossed twigs over their depths and sang. Now chocolate for the horses of the Tsar they will be calling for them. She hitched golden horses to the old carriage of her impotence and they stood champing and did not run away. Over the bars it would come and out rattling to the highway, dragged behind him. She went softly up behind the bull and poked him with her stick. He leaned to one side and nosed in the ground. She poked him again on his white and listless flank and he sprang quivering on his feet and turned to poise his head. Into the ground went bellowing his clotted hoof, pawing not grimly and leaning to one side. Under his head all fury and design and lurching to her his trembling legs. She advanced an

inch and poked his light nostril and stood lilting to the fence. Down with his snorting went the wind and over to her place went fury belching bull head in restraint and tail high on the wind. Close to her smell came bent and perching head and over the fence went she with grace of flouting spring. He came up short where she had leaped and backed and belched and gouged upon the bars his sharp tined horns made havoc in the logs.

Enough for you she cried with pointed stick go back lie down under the sun and gouge again the pails made of cardboard.

ROBERT DESNOS
LIBERTY OR LOVE

ROBERT DESNOS

is an iconoclast of the imagination. In *La Liberté ou L'Amour*, published by Kra, he juggles fates in a vast panorama of magic, and appears to be one of the hopes of French literature. He collaborates chiefly with the review, *La Révolution Surréaliste.*

LIBERTY OR LOVE[1]

I

Robert Desnos

Born in Paris, July 4, 1900
Died in Paris, December 13, 1924,
the day he wrote these lines

II

The Depths of Night

When I reached the street, the leaves of the trees were falling. The stairway behind me was but a firmament sown with stars among which I clearly distinguished the footprint of a certain woman whose Louis XV heels had for a long time hammered the macadam of the paths where ran the lizards of the desert, frail animals tamed by me, then gathered to my lodgings where they made common cause with my sleep. The Louis XV heels followed them. I assure you this was an astonishing period of my life, one during which each nocturnal minute marked the carpet of my room with a new imprint: a strange mark which sometimes made me shiver. How many times, in stormy weather or by moonlight, I arose to contemplate by the gleam of a wood fire, or the light of a match or that of a glow-worm, these memories of women who had come to my bed, wholly nude save for their stockings and high heeled shoes, retained through regard for my desire, and more unsettled than a para-

[1] *Chapters I and II of a book published, Simon Kra, Paris, 1927.*

sol found by a steamboat in the middle of the Pacific. Marvellous heels against which I scratched my feet! Upon which road do you ring now and shall I ever see you again? My door, then, was wide open to mystery, but the latter entered, closing it behind her and henceforth I heard, without saying a word, an immense tramping, that of a crowd of nude women assailing the keyhole of my lock. The multitude of their Louis XV heels makes a noise comparable to a wood fire in the fireplace, to fields of ripe wheat, to clocks in rooms deserted at night, to a strange breathing next to one's face on the same pillow.

Meanwhile I turned into the Rue des Pyramides. The wind wafted the leaves torn from the trees of the Tuileries and these leaves fell with a soft noise. They were gloves, gloves of all kinds, kid gloves, suede gloves, long lisle gloves. A woman is taking off her glove before a jeweler's to try on a ring and to have her hand kissed by the Corsaire Sanglot, a singer stands in the rear of a tumultuous theatre coming with the effluvia of the guillotine and cries of Revolution, a bit of a hand shows through where the buttons fasten. From time to time, heavier than a meteor at the end of its course, a boxing glove fell. The crowd trampled these souvenirs of kisses and embraces without giving them the deferent attention they invited. I alone avoided bruising them. Sometimes I even picked up one of them. It thanked me with a soft embrace. I felt it tremble in the

pocket of my trousers. Thus its mistress had trembled in a fugitive moment of love. I walked on.

Retracing my steps and going along under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, I saw at last Louise Lame walking ahead of me.

The wind whistled over the city. The Bebe Cadum signs called the emissaries of the tempest to them and under their guard the entire city was convulsed.

There were at first two gloves, clasped in a grip of invisible hands and their shadow danced for a long time before me.

Before me? No, it was Louise Lame walking in the direction of the Etoile. What a singular promenade! Formerly kings went in the direction of a star neither more nor less concrete than you, Place de l'Etoile, with your arch, orbit where the sun lodges like the eye of the sky, adventurous promenade of which the mysterious goal perhaps is you I solicit, baneful, exclusive and murderous love. If I had been one of the kings, o Jesus, you would have died in the cradle, strangled for having interrupted my magnificent voyage so soon and for having broken my liberty as, doubtless, a mystic love would have enchained me and kept me prisoner on the highways of the globe I had dreamed to travel freely.

I took pleasure in the contemplation of the play of her fur coat against her neck, of the touch of the fur border against the silk stockings, of the conjectured rubbing of silken lining against her hips. Suddenly I noted

the presence of a white border around her calves. This grew rapidly, slid to the ground, and when I reached there I picked up a pair of drawers made of fine batiste. The whole garment fitted into my hand. I unfolded it, I plunged my head into it with delight. The most intimate odor of Louise Lame impregnated it. What fabulous whale, black or white, distills an amber more fragrant? Oh, fishermen, lost among the fragments of icefloes, who let yourselves perish from an emotion strong enough to make you fall into the icy waves, when once the monster is carved up, the fat and oil and bones for corsets and umbrellas having been carefully collected, you discover the cylinder of precious matter in the yawning belly. Louise Lame's drawers! What a universe! When I regained a sense of my surroundings, she had gained ground. Stumbling among the gloves which all were now embracing each other, my head heavy with intoxication, I pursued her, guided by her leopard coat.

At the Porte Maillot I picked up the black silk dress of which she had rid herself. Nude! Now she was nude beneath her tawny fur coat. The night wind charged with the sharp odor of sails made from flax gathered along the slopes, charged with the odor of partly dried sea-weed abandoned on the beaches, charged with the smoke of locomotives en route for Paris, charged with the odor of hot rails after the passage of the fast expresses, charged with the fragile and penetrating perfume of moist grassy lawns in front of sleeping cha-

teaux, charged with the odor of the cement of churches under construction, the heavy night wind must be rushing up under her coat to caress her hips and the lower face of her breasts. The rubbing of the cloth upon her hips must doubtless have awakened erotic desires in her, as she walked down the Allee des Acacias to an unknown goal. Automobiles crossed one another, the light from the headlights swept the trees, the ground bristled with hillocks, Louise Lame hastened on. I could distinguish the leopard fur clearly.

It had been a furious animal.

For years he had terrorized a district. Sometimes one saw his supple form silhouetted upon the low branch of a tree or on a rock, then, the following dawn, caravans of giraffes and antelopes, on their way to watering places, bore witness among the natives to a bloody epic that had deeply inscribed its claws in the trunks of the forest. That lasted for several years. Cadavers, if cadavers could speak, would have been able to say that his fangs were white and his robust tail more dangerous than the cobra, but the dead do not speak, still less skeletons, still less the skeletons of giraffes, for these graceful animals were the favorite prey of the leopard.

One October day, as the sky turned green, the hills standing against the horizon saw the leopard, disdainful for once of the antelopes, the mustangs and the beautiful, haughty, fleet giraffes, creep to a thicket of thorns. All night and all the following day he rolled and

roared. At the rising of the moon he had completely flayed himself, and his skin, intact, lay on the ground. The leopard had not stopped growing during this time. At the rising of the moon his stature attained the summit of the highest trees, at midnight he took down the stars with his shadow.

It was an extraordinary spectacle, the progress of the skinned leopard through a country where the darkness thickened with his gigantic shadow. He dragged his skin —Roman emperors never wore more beautiful ones, neither the legionnaire chosen among the handsomest and most beloved.

Procession of standards and lictors, procession of fireflies, miraculous ascensions! Nothing ever equalled the surprise at the progress of this bleeding beast the veins of whose body jutted out blue.

When he reached the house of Louise Lame, the door opened of its own accord and, before dying, he had just enough energy to lay upon the steps, at the feet of the baleful and adorable girl, the supreme homage of his coat of fur.

His bones still encumber numerous highways of the globe. The echo of his cry of anger having reverberated a long time over glaciers and cross-roads is dead like the sound of tides and Louise Lame walks before me, nude under her coat.

A few paces further and then, she unclasps this last garment. It falls. I run faster. From now on Louise

Lame is nude, quite nude in the Bois de Boulogne. The autos flee, trumpeting like elephants; their headlamps light up now a birch, now the thigh of Louise Lame without reaching, however, the sexual fleece. A tempest of anguishing sounds passes over the neighboring localities, Puteaux, Saint-Cloud, Billancourt.

The nude woman walks surrounded by the snapping of invisible cloth; Paris closes doors and windows, extinguishes the street lamps. An assassin in a distant quarter takes great pains to kill an unconcerned stroller. Bones encumber the street. The nude woman knocks at each door, lifts each closed eye-lid.

From the top of a building, Bebe Cadum, magnificently lighted, announces better times. A man watches at his window. He waits. What is he waiting for?

A ringing wakes a corridor. An entrance gate closes.

An automobile passes.

Bebe Cadum, magnificently lighted, remains alone, attentive witness of the events which, let us hope, will be staged in the street.

Translated from the French
by ELLIOT PAUL.

WILLIAM CLOSSON EMORY

LOVE IN THE WEST

WILLIAM CLOSSON EMORY

earns a livelihood by traveling for a large steel corporation in Detroit and spends his leisure writing stories, poems and sketches. His work has appeared in *Poetry, The Saturday Review of Literature, New Masses, transition* and several other American publications. He was born in Honolulu and at present lives in Detroit.

LOVE IN THE WEST

A SCENARIO

PART I

Scene i

Many years ago in chicago. A living room. Our hero Herrman Potter at the merry age of two years playing happily on the hearth before the fire. Father Potter reading the "Chicago Daily News" and smoking a pipe. Mother Potter darning socks. Both regard Herrman tenderly. Mother shakes head slowly.

So Sweet.

Father nods

And Clever.

Father Potter goes to child and lays on carpet before him a one dollar bill, a two dollar bill and a five dollar bill. Herrman reaches for one dollar bill. Father spats hand. Herrman reaches for two dollar bill. Father spats hand. Herrman cries. Father points to bills. Herrman grasps five dollar bill. Father kisses him. Herrman's eyes grow radishes. Father and Mother dance Highland Fling about baby.

Scene ii

As herrman grew up he remembered. A street outside a school. Gladys a little eight year old with golden locks trips gaily down the street. Clutched tightly in one chubby hand is a nickel. Close up of curly head. Fade out to lollypop. Fade in to curly head Herrman Potter, a sturdy youth with varnished hair, comes around the

corner. He is about ten years old. Gladys shows him nickel. Herrman's eyes grow radishes. He offers kiss for nickel. They kiss. Herrman gets nickel. Gladys wants another kiss. He says:

ONE KISS, ONE NICKEL.

Gladys weeps. Herrman runs away.

SCENE III

TEN YEARS LATER. A VISION. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago. The buildings all resemble jails or banks with glistening bars over windows and doors. The street is filled with beautiful women in evening gowns and with handsome men with polished fingernails and mascaraed eyebrows. Herrman Potter walks down the steps of the Art Museum. The beautiful women open their arms to his varnished beauty. Herrman spurns them. The handsome men offer him bunches of orchids. Herrman spurns them. A life-sized Hundred Dollar Bill appears walking on the other side of the boulevard. Herrman sees her and his eyes glisten and grow radishes. Hundred Dollar Bill smiles and fades into crowd. The beautiful women and handsome men mill around Herrman. He elbows them aside and crosses street in direction Hundred Dollar Bill disappeared.

SCENE IV

AND THEN THEY MET. It is the lobby of a magnificent hotel. Orchids and sweet peas wander about chatting together. Dandelions carry luggage here and there

and do odd jobs. Hundred Dollar Bill enters followed at a respectful distance by Herrman. She pretends not to notice him and hesitates. He approaches diffidently. She gazes at him with shy eyes:

HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU BEFORE SOMEWHERE?

Hundred Dollar Bill blushes full green and smiles. They chat. She motions to dining-room across lobby where pork-chops, oysters, lobsters and beef-steaks are seen dining together. Herrman hesitates. Hundred Dollar Bill looks at him questioningly. Herrman reaches into pocket and pulls out fifteen cents. Close up of hand with one dime and one nickel. She becomes very haughty.

IS THAT ALL?

He nods shamefacedly. Polished gentleman adorned with spade beard draws near. He is clad in patent-leather shoes, silk socks, Paris garters, silk B. V. D.'s embroidered on right breast with dollar sign and silk hat. . . . He tips silk hat to Hundred Dollar Bill and lightly snaps Paris garter. She gazes at him ardently. He motions to dining-room and they go off ignoring Herrman. Herrman's eyes grow little onions and he weeps. Growing crowd of gossiping sweet peas and orchids obscure him from our view.

SCENE V

DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSS-ROADS. The street in front of the entrance to the hotel. Large Idaho Potato stalks back and forth under canopy opening limousines and

handing in and out turnips, oysters and carnations that are constantly arriving and departing. Taxi draws up to the curb near the entrance with curtains drawn. From behind the curtains a smooth, dark face peers out. Hundred Dollar Bill appears at entrance with the spade bearded man. Door of taxi opens and the man with the smooth, dark face rushes out, clad in fantastic pyjamas.

He tears Hundred Dollar Bill away from man with spade beard who nonchalantly lights a Murad and walks off down the street. Man with smooth, dark face hustles Hundred Dollar Bill struggling and screaming into cab. Oysters, Idaho Potato, orchids and sweet peas run madly about doing nothing. Herrman walks from hotel entrance at this moment. He runs up to cab but door slams in face and cab roars off. . . . Herrman motions to another cab. He leaps in as it draws up.

FOLLOW THAT CAB.

They careen down the street.

SCENE VI

MISSED BY A HOUSE OF DAVID. The LaSalle Street Station, Chicago. Before the gates. Behind the gates are ten "20th Centuries" drawn up in line. Little conductors with polished buttons stride pompously up and down platforms. Clock over gates points to 12. 39. 30. Up to gates rushes man with smooth, dark face dragging Hundred Dollar Bill. They dash through gates and climb aboard the 1st section. Close up of clock shows 12. 40. 00. Conductors rush about and

1st section starts
2nd section starts
3rd section starts
4th section starts
5th section starts
6th section starts
7th section starts
8th section starts

A commotion at the gates shows Herrman running up as

9th section starts.

He tears through gates and grabs handrail as

10th section starts.

Mob of heterogeneous vegetables, flowers, and meats run up cheering and Herrman leans over back of observation platform smiling and throwing kisses.

SCENE VII

Twenty hours elapse indicated by a white sign board on the black screen upon which the following names flash and melt away slowly:

ENGLEWOOD
SOUTH BEND
ELKHART
TOLEDO
SANDUSKY
CLEVELAND
ASHTABULA
ERIE

BUFFALO
ROCHESTER
SYRACUSE
UTICA
SCHENECTADY
ALBANY
POUGHKEEPSIE
HARMON
NEW YORK CITY

SCENE VIII

HOT ON THE TRAIL. The Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

Gates of the train-sheds. Clock shows 9. 40. 00. AM. The first section of "20th Century" pulls in. Man with smooth, dark face steps off with Hundred Dollar Bill clinging affectionately to his arm. They walk briskly down the platform followed by colored Easter eggs carrying arm loads of luggage. Turnips and asparagus accompany them from train. Hundred Dollar Bill appears a slight bit rumpled and a small piece is torn from one corner. She gazes into face of smooth, dark faced man and says:

I TRUSTED YOU.

He pulls watch from pocket and answers:

WE MUST HURRY THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE.

Camera follows them through crowds of potatoes, cabbages, lima beans and colored Easter eggs. They climb into taxi at exit and he leans to driver and says:

THE ILE DE FRANCE.

Cab pirouettes off. Flash Back. The 10th section pulls in. Herrman jumps from platform and runs madly, followed by reeling camera through station. Vegetables fall back to let him pass. He reaches exit, leaps into cab and exclaims:

THE ILE DE FRANCE.

SCENE IX

ON A QUIET STREET. A side street in front of a night club. It is empty except for an occasional truck or taxi sauntering along. A bologna sausage paces up and down in front of the night club entrance yawning. A cab speeds by. A glimpse is caught of Hundred Dollar Bill and her captor wrapt in fond embrace. A bloodhound leaves the night club.

He hands the bologna sausage some change and stalks across the street to Child's Restaurant followed by two French poodles. They disappear in the doorway and the girl in the window commences to toss flapjacks furiously most of which are caught on the fly by bloodhound. Another cab speeds down the street. From the window leans Herrman staring distractedly ahead.

SCENE X

TOO LATE. The docks of the Ile de France. Immense dark cavern lighted at one end revealing the gang-plank and the side of the ship. Various flowers and vegetables run up and down the plank. A large red beet at the

foot waves his arm and starts to mount to the ship. A cab roars up through the darkened wharf. Out leaps the man with the smooth, dark face and Hundred Dollar Bill. They run up gang-plank which is immediately lowered and the side of the ship commences to slide past. Herrman appears running and panting. He stares at the moving hulk. His eyes grow little onions and he weeps. Slow fade out.

PART II

Scene I

Oceans cannot stop him. Two weeks later. The kitchen galley of the Majestic. Huge roast-beef marches up and down galley swinging pots and pans while eager pork-chops and lamb-chops run to do his bidding. Herrman is discovered in one corner patiently peeling potatoes. He slowly shakes his head. Close up of Herrman's head fades to Hundred Dollar Bill struggling in the clutches of gang of bandits. Herrman rushes in and stabs bandits with fountain pen. They fall dead in various weird poses. Hundred Dollar Bill runs to his arms. As he clasps her to his bosom Hundred Dollar Bill fades out to roast-beef demanding to know why he isn't peeling potatoes. Herrman resumes peeling while slow tears glycerinate down his cheeks.

Scene II

In dear old london. The Strand peopled with slow

moving vegetables. A gorgeous Rolls-Royce rolls by. In it are Hundred Dollar Bill and the man with the smooth, dark face. He is talking excitedly to her while her gaze wanders over the street and throng. A man with a van-dyke appears in a Hispano-Suiza roadster. He is attired in a bathing suit. He winks at Hundred Dollar Bill and she smiles in return. The Hispano-Suiza darts up and collides with the Rolls-Royce. In the confusion the man with the van-dyke grasps Hundred Dollar Bill and speeds away with her leaving the man with the smooth, dark face running aimlessly about through the crowds of lima-beans, string-beans and yellow-beans. Herrman comes running through the mob. He seizes the man with the smooth, dark face by the throat.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HER?

The man with the smooth, dark face shakes his head.

SHE HAS LEFT ME.

He weeps. Herrman weeps. They enter pub across the street and have a couple of scotch and sodas both still weeping. Herrman draws himself up majestically.

I WILL FOLLOW HER TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

The man with the smooth, dark face stares at him in dumb admiration. Herrman stalks out heroically.

SCENE III

IN THE CITY OF GILDED SIN. A year later. The Eiffel Tower, Paris. Little sins and big sins are gathered milling around its feet. All are making merry. The elevator runs up and down taking them to the top for a look and

returning with another load. Various artichokes and snails wander about. Hundred Dollar Bill appears with a man with turned up moustaches. He is wearing a fish-net. They ride to the top of the tower. Herrman comes out of the mob attired in a blue laborer's smock. He is wheeling a barrow of hors d'œuvres as the elevator descends with Hundred Dollar Bill and the man with the turned up moustaches. She stares at Herrman with lorgnette and climbs disdainfully into a Mercedes Cabriolet. They drive off leaving Herrman gazing wistfully after them.

Scene iv

For twenty years. Four buzzards fly across the view and fade out to a screen full of hour-glasses, clocks, watches, sundials labeled: Germany, Africa, Egypt, Hindoostan, South America, Spain, Italy, Morocco, Timbuctoo, Canary Islands, Java, Japan, Australia. On all these the hands, sand or shadows move swiftly and through them wander the dim figures of Herrman and the Hundred Dollar Bill.

Scene v

In the twisting streets of pekin. Pagodas lean limply over a narrow street filled with a jostling throng of almonds and lichee nuts. Pots of tea ramble about easily in jinrickshas.

A commotion up the street reveals Hundred Dollar Bill riding in a jinricksha with a drooping gentleman clad in long white beard. He stares inanely into space.

Suddenly as they occupy center of screen Herrman appears carrying a pole on his shoulder from which hang two baskets of laundry. His hair has become quite gray and lines are deeply engraved on his face. He wears a pair of dungaree overalls. Hundred Dollar Bill is quite rumpled and soiled. Little pieces are missing from all parts of her. Two almonds eye her fiercely. She pays no attention but stops the ricksha beside Herrman who looks up at her adoringly. She studies him a moment calculatingly then asks.

HOW MUCH?

He puts down baskets and reaching in pocket pulls out original fifteen cents. Close up of hand reveals one dime and one nickel. Hundred Dollar Bill resumes her haughty appearance and says:

DRIVE ON.

They move off with drooping gentleman still staring inanely into space. Herrman picks up baskets and moves dejectedly on through throng of lichee nuts and almonds.

SCENE VI

ANOTHER TEN YEARS HAVE DRIFTED BY. Palms wave distractedly over a discorded wharf on a coral atoll. A schooner is tied to the wharf. Pearls and cocoanuts clamber up and down the rigging and haul up the anchor. Slowly the ship leaves the wharf. Hundred Dollar Bill more rumpled and soiled than ever is seen pacing the quarterdeck by the side of a fierce, black-bearded

man wearing a patch over one eye. They slowly sail out of view. At that moment from the opposite direction appears a row-boat. It draws up to the wharf. In it is Herrman grown quite aged. His hair is snow white and he is attired in a pareu. He questions two cocoanuts. They point in the direction the schooner has taken. Herrman leans back in boat and regards blistered hand. A young hybiscus flower approaches and endeavors to impress Herrman. He ignores her and picking up oars rows painfully off.

Scene vii

The wages of sin. Another ten years have passed. The lower portion of Market Street, San Francisco, a rainy afternoon. Street cars and Fords rush hurriedly in all directions. Various lemons, oranges and walnuts scurry about. A disheveled and sordid figure is in one corner of the screen hawking pencils from a battered tin cup. Hundred Dollar Bill is barely recognizable in her dirt and rags. The crowds pass by and pay no attention to her. Her head is bowed low and she weeps. An old man comes slowly up the street leaning heavily on a cane. He wears a long, long beard and his age bends him nearly double. He notes the figure in the corner with the pathetic tin cup. Painfully he reaches into his pocket and drops two coins into the cup. Close up of one dime and one nickel falling from hand to cup. At this moment Hundred Dollar Bill looks up and recognizes Herrman. He recognizes her. They stare at one

another for a moment then Hundred Dollar Bill falls weeping into Herrman's arms.

SCENE VIII

BUT LOVE CONQUERS ALL. A quiet road before a suburban bank in the suburbs of Frisco. The Sierra Nevadas are great purple shadows in the dim afternoon sunset. The door of the bank opens and Herrman and Hundred Dollar Bill limp forth smiling hand in hand. Behind them appears the banker to speed them on the way. As they come down the steps he raises his arms to bless them and four percent leap from his hands, and gambol about their feet. Herrman and Hundred Dollar Bill pay no attention to them but painfully follow their twisted, limping shadows down the road.

SLOW FADE OUT

THE END

LÉON-PAUL FARGUE
THE DRUG

LÉON-PAUL FARGUE

was born in 1878 in Paris and has spent as much of his life as possible within the boundaries of the capital. The city streets have been transformed into strange, rich phantoms by his extraordinary imagery, which, while often obscure, delights the reader through its creative audacity, its verbal music and its opulency. His writings, extending over a period of thirty years, are few and exceedingly difficult to find, most of them having been issued in limited editions.

In this land of enchantments, I viewed everything with a sort of disquietude. Of all that I saw in the city, nothing seemed to be quite as my eyes beheld it. It seemed to me, that, by the infernal power of certain incantations, everything must have undergone a metamorphosis. (*Apuleius*)

I had suspected it a long while. I was sure of it. Had I not said it in two or three conversations? Had I spoken? I had not seen in their eyes that they had heard me. I did not think of the matter, it thought me; I did nothing, it did me. I could no longer rise above things or examine my motives, no longer come to a decision, or pull myself together. Negotiate a matter of business? And with whom was I negotiating? Just exactly whom did I have facing me? Whence came those hollow voices? Whence did their assurances reach me? Whence those queer accents, as sluggish as slow-spreading mushrooms? No more confidence in the given word, no more confidence in anybody.

In the streets I moved about with great circumspection, full of preambles and repentance, offended by the houses whichever side I turned, in fear of glass, manœuvring with a hunter's cunning, brusquely questioned by the night air, slipping like flotsam between the portholes of the shops, withering in the cafes, harassed, weazened up, chewing on brass, tortured by a badly put question, riveted long to one spot by a sort of crevice

in the earth, a letter missing, irritatingly white. I believed with Pascal, who always felt there was an abyss at his left. Did I only see the enunciation of the problem? I remembered certain glowing, concealed periods of my childhood, full of clamorous confusion, of moist beams and tears of pleasure, of states of anger or silence, when the family doctor discerned slight disturbances which he said might be charged to my precocious activity, excess of vivid impressions which I took care not to betray, and which overwhelmed me with bitter kisses in the name of some relentless wonder such as sea shells in a shop window, the atlas in a dictionary of natural history, a miniature ship in the Navy museum, or some absurdly high-priced toy that I could never possess. I never experienced more harshly the sense of the impossible, unless it be in certain moments of rising fever when I laboured like a machine to make an indeterminate but considerable mass fit into an imperceptible opening, like a cathedral in the eye of a needle; or on the hobby-horses, when the order came for all of us to commit suicide with our lances, under penalty of death, before the merry-go-round, already beginning to slow down, came to a complete stop. All this in front of my Mother who contended with one of the long animals in order to reach me, lost all shape like a cloud, and could no longer save me.

Nevertheless, life was becoming unbearable. The atmosphere was curdling. One day I found myself rising

brusquely while eating, realized I was standing, then stretched out, running through a crowd at the wrong time and in the wrong garb, all the compartments of my spirit exposed. Naturally, impossible to sleep. I could no longer do anything right. I had put my affairs in order. I hurried like a carter overtaken by night. I struggled like a sick person who doesn't defend himself badly but from a little lower down, with a little more waste motion, and who breathes a little more heavily than he did the day before. It was too long in taking form, either horizontally or vertically. I must either win or it must crack. How it happened, I no longer have an idea. The question was so tautly stretched that it sang. The suspect, before the eyes of the stool-pigeon, seated himself at the table. The savant gives up the problem he is working on, when the pencil slips, when, the mind nibbling away, falls asleep. One day, the morning after a refreshing sleep, he is wakened by the solution, the draw has been made. I have shaken the tree so many times that the rotten fruit has fallen. Finally I received the warning. I got up and left, as we hastened to play when luck seems with us. The enunciation of the problem telescoped with its solution. Everything became clear. I had only to follow. I went down. I followed one of them.

Why that one rather than another? What was there about him which gave me the hint? Nothing that I can remember. He was tall, well-dressed, with a straight-

forward walk. It was easy not to lose him. He mapped out his plans, his pauses, his entrances, his exits in the galleries of the ant-hill. He played his role of cheese giving animal. He did his day's work like any passerby. I have seen him plunge into the head waiters and dimly lighted windows of a luxurious hotel. I waited for him at random. He stayed there nearly two hours, and that is what caused me the most trouble. At last, here he is, come to life again. He drags me along like a tug, by an invisible rope. Anxiously, he walks round and round in a public square until I begin to think he has missed a rendez-vous. No? Off again. Tobacco shop, three small stores. Neighborhoods quite unlike each other. The Halles, the Rue Saint Denis, the Boulevard de la Chapelle. I am crossing all the places I love. In remote streets, on garage-like roadways, we skirt by rows of architectural whores, of a style which is disappearing, running along like locomotives at practise, or lighted up by the dead-lights of some between-bridge. No fooling, my eye on my man! His pretences are rather broad. The day is advancing and our feet are growing tough. Is he going all around the world? He passed the Olympia which has an exit on the Rue Caumartin. He went into the two-exit houses which are numbered 18 Rue Pigalle and 56 Faubourg St. Honoré. He left them by the right door. Still, I began to open my eyes, for I felt the thread slacken.

He crossed the Rue Royale. It was at that moment

that I lost him in the crush of a traffic jam. I thought I saw him take a cab which got mixed up in a platoon of vehicles that had started up again. I jumped into a cab myself, but, just here I was no longer sure and gave orders to follow at random. This pursuit led me so far that I commenced to be seized with doubt, contending with an inner ringing. We were at the Buttes Chaumont. The cab presumed to be his slowed up. I urged my chauffeur ahead. We passed it. It was empty.

Darkness was coming on. Nothing more to be done. Having paid the taxifare I went back by the Rue Bolivar shaking bunches of miscalculations, when I saw my man coming towards me on foot, taking long steps, and with his head completely, obstinately, turned backwards, as though it were unscrewed. I avoided him and retraced my steps. I felt the onward rush of events, and heard my heart beating. I took up the chase again, but followed him on the opposite side-walk, on account of his head. Without appearing to have noticed me, he started up the Rue des Mignottes, then the Rue des Solitaires and here is what happened.

His gait became jerky, then wavy. His head was bordered with a strange piping, the edges of his body, then the middle, began to brighten up, making visible through transparency, and as through smoked glass, all that he had in his pockets, everything he had eaten like a suspended bag, then a kind of twist in an intense blue coloring, he must have been treated with potassium

methylate, then the passers-by, who were becoming fewer, then the houses, then the sky.

Brusquely he stopped, I just had time to jerk back when the pavement showed a round indentation about his feet, as though wet by the circular drizzle from a spit, he became diaphanous, and sank into the earth like a bag of silent glass. There was a low chirping, the pavement raised two or three large blisters and with a rather loud clacking sound, everything was back in order; I had won.

Since then I have not given up the chase. I remain away from home a long while. So much, and so many, which aren't true! The greater part aren't true! It happens in so many different ways! There are those which smoulder gently, like a solfataric emission, or leave the ground like a skeleton rigging, or which rise almost invisible, like a balloon a child has released. A woman with straight hair appeared, her skirts turned back like a disk on a candle stick. I don't know if the others see them but I do. Others plunge into a porous wall, where they are absorbed as though by a blotter. One day, I saw two of them plunge into the wall of a factory. Night hemmed us in. Their double contour became legible like invisible ink, and remained luminous a long while on the stone. Where are they? I could not leave this palimpsest wall. One of them seemed to want to come up again. I fled. There are some which spring up on the spot almost under your feet, like a phantom

of dust from a hot air register, armed from head to toe, with their canes and brief-cases. And then there are exchanges, resales, losing numbers, replacements, permutations, prescriptions, substitutions, volunteers, ah, all sorts of combinations and resources, a monstrous movement, lost in the excitement, a silent ferry-boat, a quiet going and coming between life and death. The reasons of the dead and those of the living balance. Love and death fought their first battles in the sea. They twist about and hunt each other out in the stone. How far does their fencing go? The crowded text of the herd overawes you. Spindles of smoke, acrobats walking on a ball, suspicious looking boats steered back into a bay; obese prowlers, hammer-headed sharks from the rocky sea, who lacerate themselves against the breakers in the streets, who fall apart by degrees, greasy meshes against the sky. A sort of hollow gong of voices, stuffed clubs in a dance of death, migration of mourning letters, dispersed order, campaign service in crystal-lined quarters, to facilitate asides full of figures, the couplings of garrulous worms, gluttonous cockroaches, sticky, sonorous barter surrounding the houses like a dark, dirty foam. It is a question of sorting out the misleading resemblances, the memories from the visiting demons, the supers from the ghosts, prematurely arrived forms from limbo, cheaters, hypocrites, the precociously reincarnated, the fugitives from death, the criminal thought temporarily formulated, swollen like a steam-

ing muzzle, the astral body which is a clothes thief. Somebody took your overcoat in a café? No use to look, it isn't another one. What a task! An inflexible patience permits you to dominate it. If you place one sea-louse on the sands between a thousand sea-lice, and don't take your eyes off it, you bewitch it. The others leave with a general shudder, pulverized by fear, while he remains on the spot, with his great big eye. Suppose you do the same to any country insect. Your glance weighs on him. You can see him turn over on his back, cut the air with his nippers, throw back the shutters of his shards with one quick blow, uncover a little motor which makes you want to pray, and then when you release him he melts into the sky with a word of sadness. I have caught men, the same as these little fellows. And then I saw, yes I saw: that there were some odd fish among them. One day I met my friend three times. Twice in his eyes, it was not he. The third time, he spoke to me. I took fright and slipped away into the crowd. The baker's wife at the cross-roads was abused by the flightiest of lovers who only came there for her. We must be able to distinguish persons. I will teach you a lot about following them. I have stumbled against lots of them like that, who only walked around for an hour in their hats and clothes, and I kept my eye on them until they sank basely into the ground. There are many sources of supply, veins of escape, there are many divine traps, uncomprehended snares, mysterious fly-catching plants,

opercula which give way, places where we sink into moving sands, larynx of stone, dark sequestrations, execution without judgment. Sometimes I hear a strange tinkle in the crowd. I distinguish, over the noise of the wheels, a hollow rebuke which comes from out of space. Someone says: It's going to storm. Towards noon, the senses become inflamed. In the early evening, the air freshens, the shifting stone has ceased to toss bits of jetsam about, flies fly away from silent leather bands, the light undresses in the windows, and I remember that peace was kind. Then it is, I open my solitude crammed with a difficultly acquired knowledge, and I breathe it forth into the darkness.

One day the divine spirit bursts upon us. It is tired of stumbling against matter. It is we who are matter. The spirit is tired of feeling these heavy incombustible flies in its flame; it is irritated to feel in its womb, at the finest thread of its blood, these salty bubbles, these calculations, these dirty splinters, these miserly straws, these sad reserves, these fungus-covered sinuses, this agitated, unbearable question which is ourselves. Then it throws us a buoy, hands us a drug, poisons us, restores us and digests us. Catalytic reabsorption, spiritual precipitate, overwhelming chemical dissociation, anything you want. . . . At whatever point we might pass, on whatever highway of space and in whatever metamorphosis, forever and ever, we will have the honor of bartering with this inconceivable spirit. Sometimes, it

shrinks the world—during an incalculable time. One moment it does away with time, space and matter, to the point of making us all invisible. But does anybody notice it? For the world remains in scale. You, perhaps, who do not adapt yourself quickly, with your manias, your dullness, your own peculiar plasticity, your interminable intuitions. Shh! May nothing of the dialectician infect your flair for God. Sometimes I cling to his yardarms, and fly over myself in pursuit of him in the fourth, which is the radiant dimension. However, I was a poor man, and should have liked to remain in my own niche, anthology coxcomb, subtle insect of genius, of friendship or of love. Too late. I can be an artist no longer. I can keep still no longer. I hear behind me, like a train in the night, echoing cries which are gaining on me. If I want to keep my distance, I must myself hunt something, I must track down one of these black dancers, who do so much harm and who are caught in the act of not being men! I follow them, preyed upon by their thought, dissolved by it as though by a mordant, by indifference or by ecstasy. They no longer respond to the Eternal plasmagenetic. They no longer hear God tell them they exist. Then it is they doubt in themselves and collapse. They die of an attack of scepticism, as one dies of septicemia. Discriminative sensibility to God. But I want to know how it happens.

Ah! I am an active occidental phantom! This relief, which I ask for so often, what would I do with it? I

must needs brew something, keep busy, give chase to men, the autobus or to God. Smite the buttocks of the earth with your leather scourge, run along in your own little jog-trotting way, Babonin. Cakya-Mouni can do nothing for you, you will suffer!

Translated from the French
by Maria Jolas.

KONSTANTIN FEDIN

THE GARDEN

KONSTANTIN FEDIN

was born in Saratov in 1892 of parents who came from both serf and noble stock. He completed his education in the Koslovsk commercial school in 1911 and, in 1914, while in Bavaria, was taken as a civil prisoner and kept until the end of 1918, when he returned to Russia. His first writings appeared in the *Novi Satirikon* in 1913 and he has since served as an instructor, choir singer, actor and editor. The acquaintanceship of Maxim Gorky greatly influenced him, and it was this writer who, in 1921, enabled him to give up journalism and devote himself entirely to his literary work.

The high flood occurred always while the garden was in bloom.

The garden started on the little hill and rolled evenly down the incline toward the shore, where the hedge lay, its branches clipped in a row, as if with a straight-edge. Through the dense foliage glowed the water's brocaded vestment and over the top stretched the shining path, perhaps of the river, perhaps of the sky or the air,—something radiant and without substance.

Farther upstream was another garden, then a third, and a fourth. On the other side swept a meadow, parted by a hollow ravine in the crevices of which the Tartarian maple twined in gleeful tendrils.

All this formed a small world of its own. Behind it slumbered waste land with bald patches of wormwood and feather-grass, tiny bushes of immortals, corn-flowers and river-wort beside the garden fences and wattled hedges. White dust like muslin covered this area, and, turning irregularly, two or three roads ran to the borders, with deep ruts.

That year the river came right up to the hedge, and the branches were bent with too much moisture, glossy with buttered young green. Here and there the hedge blossomed, its naked peeled stumps waving fragrant branches. Dimly yellow, the high water purred like a cat and caressed itself at the foot of the slope. And all the hill was covered with a spotted shawl, pink and white. Light as the sun, the edge of the cherry orchard,

hiding the hedge, framed the garden with a dense fringe. Clusters of pale pink flowers clung to every bough, smothering the trees in their downy embrace. As if everything had been congealed into immobility for the rites of spring, the garden bloomed.

Formerly, at that season, an old lady would arrive from the city and settle herself there in the country. Belted by a broad terrace, the country house stood almost at the top of the hill and, from the wooden watch tower which stuck out from the roof of the building, the river, the waste land behind the garden, and the monastery crosses of the suburb might be seen. A long time ago the old lady had lost the use of her legs and had to be wheeled about in a chair. Each morning she would ride out upon the terrace and would spend the whole day looking around her, with calm observant eyes.

Her son, the owner of the garden, a silent, quiet man, used to call upon his mother infrequently, and, whenever he would come, he would take the gardener, Silanti, with him, and would tramp through the garden, stopping beside the strawberry bed, or beneath some remarkable apple tree about which the gardener would tell an interesting story, or, perhaps, by the hot-house in which Silanti grew hyacinths and roses.

The friendship between the owner and the gardener had long ago grown secure, when the owner had just started to cultivate the garden and had hired this healthy, hard-working, tireless peasant, Silanti, having

built a solid roomy cottage at some distance from the country house. They respected each other, it appeared, for taciturnity and because each knew his own mind. Having agreed to a thing, they did it, each one vigorously, thoroughly and conscientiously. When the garden budded, neither the workman nor the owner complained. They merely walked from tree to tree, blinking at the snowy whiteness of the blossoms sown upon the slender branches and slyly squinted at each other.

"It will do well?" asked the owner, affirmatively.

"Why not," carefully assented the workman.

They were both young and strong then and each one put his life into the garden. It became animated, raised itself amicably, spreading its mighty shoulders farther and farther each spring. The roots of the apple trees and the cherry trees braided themselves into a solid mass, and through their live tendrils was sucked into them, growing with them into the earth, the gardener's life.

He lived like a bear. Winter stretched out like a long slumber. Snow drifts blew along the hedge, and the garden was safe from men, beasts and storms. Silanti's wife kept the stove burning from morning until night, and he either sat or lay on the stove and waited for spring. Slowly and heavily he rolled from the stove to the table, like a granite block grown over with moss, —wordless and cold.

But when the fragrant spring arrived, the granite un-

expectedly found warmth within itself and gradually assumed the form which had left it with the last ray of autumn sun. The bear awoke with the garden.

That spring Silanti was seized with uneasiness. In the fall the owner had ordered him to nail up the country house, had sold the fruit as soon as it had been taken from the trees, and not saying where he was going, nor for how long, he had gone away.

From his wife and the neighbors, the gardener had learned that all the landowners and the merchants had run away, and that there was a riot in the cities and the villages, but he did not like to talk about this and ordered his woman to keep still also.

When the roads were rolled for the season, some men came into the garden, tore the small board with the owner's name from the gates, and ordered Silanti to come to the city.

"And I have been here so long, with the owner's sign still hanging up, while the garden belonged to the soviets," murmured Silanti, smiling into his beard and taking up the small board.

"Here, we will paint it over," said a man from the city.

"That one is no good, it's rotted. We need a new board."

Silanti did not go to the city. It will come out all right, somehow, he thought. It will blow over. But it did not. Flowers began to scatter themselves, with black

hairy tufts the buds brightened, the leaves began to grow, making up for lost time, choked with sap which fed them until the pale pink covering of flower-dust appeared. Trenches should have been dug, but there were no workers. In other years, whole crowds of women and girls had driven there from the surrounding villages. Between the rows of apple trees the white, fiery calves of the women could be seen, kneading the earth around the short trunks, and the shining shovels had risen and fallen, with the red tails of the caught-up skirts beating time. The earth thudded, and the women's voices hopped from branch to branch in the cherry thicket like answering bells.

Today all was quiet.

Each day the sun climbed higher and higher, the earth cracked around the porch of Silanti's cottage, the nights were windless and sultry, and the garden needed watering. That job could not be done by one person and no one from the city showed his head. Silanti wandered from morning until night with his hands hanging at his sides, gloomy and angry. He scolded his wife shamefully, as never before in his life, and even beat her, having finally gotten ready to go to the city. On the way he stopped at his godfather's house. The old man was a watchman in a brick factory, a peasant, alert and cunning. Seated at the linden table, he drank apple tea from a painted saucer and, while the plugged tap of the samovar spouted boiling water

into the bellied tea-pot, he spoke shrewdly, with a grimace:

"Talk about owners. It would make your mother cry. Everything is mixed up. Go into their world. You will see for yourself."

From the windows, wide gates could be seen, and behind them the grey buildings of the factory and storehouses, as dull and long as the brick shed.

"And what does our work amount to," continued the watchman idly. "What useful things bricks are. Even then they are not satisfied. They are after us day and night. And thieves?? They have gone so far there is not a single brick left in the factory. Nothing to throw at a dog, even. . . ."

Silanti did not return from the city until dusk. After supper he stretched out in the middle of the room. He liked to sleep on the floor in summer. It smelled of greasy pitch, carrying in its crevices the coolness of the damp cellar. Scarcely had the dawn broken before he roused his wife, ran to the shed for a shovel and spade, picked up an armful of tow from the thick bales, filled the tar bucket and, rolling up his sleeves, said to his wife:

"Pray to the east. If God is gracious, perhaps we shall manage."

He crossed himself broadly, touched the ground with his finger, grabbed up the shovel, the spade and the hemp, told his wife to bring a pail of tar and went down

the hill to the river, spreading his feet vigorously and bending his knees, village fashion.

On the shore lay the clumsy, enormous irrigating pump, in a nest of poles and beams which supported the absurd machine like elbows, harmless and good-natured, regardless of the monstrous pinions and platforms, drowsy after the winter's sleep, incongruous amid the peaceful verdure of the full-blown willows.

Silanti examined the covering of the water pipes, which went around the sides of the trough on the very top of the pump, looked into the well, then quacked, sat down on the ground, took off his boots and unwound his leggings. Getting up he unbuttoned his overalls which collapsed like an accordeon and lay in a figure eight around his feet.

The woman looked on silently, watching Silanti's veined feet chopping through the tangled blackberry vines and crushing the uncut luxuriant grass to the earth.

It was quiet. Over the river crept the raspberry tints of the morning and the same color was reflected on the still flats. Like weary hands hung the branches of the aspen, shivering in fright when in their thickness a bird awoke.

Silanti carefully climbed down into the well, which was full of sticks, twigs and all sorts of debris the high water had brought there, leaned with one foot on the framework and the other on the steps, and began to

throw out the rubbish. Then he shouted curtly and loudly:

"The pump."

The gardener's wife leaned with her whole body on the yoke into which a horse had formerly been harnessed and the garden, the river spaces and the sky resounded with creaking, yelping, groaning. The buckets gurgled, catching one on the other, the teeth of the ratchet clicked, the slow, clumsy gears squealed and the sluggish machine groaned unwillingly, discontented at being roused from its slothfulness.

As if the bird world, concealed in the bushes, had been waiting for this signal, in answer to the shrieks of the irrigating pump a variously pitched wailing rolled over the entire garden, scattered over the bushes, cast itself in violent gladness toward the sky, and died there, charmed by the wondrous red ball which appeared on the horizon.

Silanti crawled from the well, wet, his shirt stuck to his body, bent with fatigue, but contented and encouraged.

"The troughs are all right, thank God."

He climbed higher, smeared the trough with tar, then put his clothes on, sent his wife home, and began to tar the gutters and to clean out the grass which had grown in the drain ditches.

Suddenly he felt a hope that everything would come out well if he worked hard enough, so he dug, delved,

pounded with the hammer, and caulked the troughs with such earnestness that it seemed he wanted to make up for the weary weeks of inactivity. He needed a horse in order to begin irrigation. The pump was in working order, the ditches could be cleaned by his wife, but there was nobody to help dig around the roots. When would they give him a horse, and some workmen?

Like a black cloud, a flock of starlings came flying, lighting on the apple trees, busy in the denseness of the branches. Silanti whistled sharply, waved his spade and ran after the birds, shouting and cursing until the last starling had flown over the fence into a neighboring garden.

At dinner he said to his wife:

"We must get busy, if we want things to go along. The owners were some bother, but things went smoother. These are hard times."

The next day he went to the city. There he was promised that a horse and workmen should be sent. But the days passed, the sun baked the earth, the foliage blackened and dried, and nobody showed up, as if it had been forgotten that the garden spread upon the hillside was in need of a soaking.

Silanti became uneasy. He went to the brick factory, to the neighboring village, to other gardeners he knew, but there were no horses and nobody to go out and work. From the village he returned to the river,

gazed at the idle pump, walked along the shore, and picked some small green apples from a dry tree. He took them to his wife.

"Did you ever see such runts? The tree is like a wild one." He threw the hard, wrinkled apples on the table. Then he sat on the bench and remained there until evening without moving, looking through the window where the motionless garden was flooded by the sun. When it grew dark, he sighed and said to himself:

"Let it perish. There's no one to save it for."

. . . . . .

To the bird's whistling and other excess noises in the garden, the piercing voices of children were added. Schoolchildren from the city, a swift-eyed dozen of bold young boys with a sorry young woman all skin and bones, came to live in the country house where the old lady had lived before. When all else was quiet, the noisy crowd of newcomers started games upon the terrace, scattered like peas over the hill, hid among the trees, behind the frames of the hot-houses, under the floor of the house, in the attic, in the corners of the barracks, on the dried raspberry beds. There was not a nook nor thicket where the shouting of young voices did not resound, as if there were hundreds, thousands of them, instead of a dozen.

Soon a gang of youngsters appeared before Silanti's

cottage and the teacher demanded in a business-like tone:

"Lay out two beds for us to plant."

"And what are you going to plant?" asked the gardener.

"Kidney beans, radishes, all sorts of vegetables."

"Just the season for it."

A rag painted with flowery letters was tacked to the gate.

"Children's Colony." On the watch-tower, from which might be seen the city and the whole district, hung a piece of red cloth, shaking in the wind and snapping its end angrily day and night. In the evenings, the harsh words of songs carried over the tree tops, and there was in them something so foreign to the garden that Silanti pressed his head with his hands and rocked from side to side, like a dog who cannot stand the ringing of a bell.

Speechless and frowning, he would open his mouth when his wife, because of distress and loneliness poured out her soul to the cook who worked in the colony.

"Everything has gone to the dogs."

"The owners took everything away with them."

All three gave vent to their indignation in a stream of sighs, reproaches and regrets, until it was time to go to bed.

Three youngsters, bare-footed, in torn shirts, climbed along the long branch of the old apple tree, hung from

it with their heads down, swung as if they were on a bar, then sat up and crawled to the very end. The branch swung softly, elastically tossing the unaccustomed load, then squeaked, split and slowly bent to the ground. The acrobats screamed, burst into triumphal laughter and then, suddenly cutting short their shouts, ducked amid the trees and ran toward the house.

Hot after them ran Silanti, bending low to avoid striking his head on the branches, jumping over the ditches, like a beast in pursuit of its prey. Skillfully he got around the obstacles, holding his breath so as not to let his victims know where he was, his anger inflamed with every step.

The children became frightened. Danger increased their alertness ten-fold. They ran without looking back, exchanging warning shouts, throwing themselves hastily into the thickets of nettle and gooseberry bushes, breaking boughs and branches on the way, stumbling, falling, jumping up again, nearly breaking their heads. When Silanti, on their trail, leaped upon the terrace of the country house, the youngsters dove into their rooms and the puny, indignant figure of the teacher appeared before the gardener who was panting and covered with sweat. She moved her hairless eyebrows and said, unexpectedly:

"How can you frighten children so? Have you lost your mind?"

Her words seemed so absurd to Silanti and the thin

little teacher appeared so pitiful that all his anger poured out in one quiet, broken threat:

"I'll smoke you out of here like rats."

The same day, the whole colony went to town for some reason, and the country house stood peaceful and empty, as of old. At dinner time, Silanti walked out to the gate. Formerly, at that season, the long wagons loaded with fruit or packed with baskets of berries would go out, one after another. Now the ruts in the roads were overgrown with vines and not a single creak of a wagon was heard.

"It seems they took everything with them," thought Silanti and began lazily to watch two peasants who were approaching from the brickyard. Coming up, they asked:

"Whose garden is this?"

"What is that to you?"

"We were sent out to dig. . . ."

"Why so early?" said Silanti. "Now everybody works for the soviets. . . ."

He inquired further and, having made sure that the workers had been sent to him, said:

"This is not the place. I do not know of such a garden."

"Where shall we go now?"

"I don't know where you were sent. Everything is all right here. We finished the second watering not long ago."

After the workmen had gone away, he laughed shortly, returned to the cottage and sent his wife to town, having thought of a pressing errand for the housekeeping.

When the birds' song hushed at evening and stillness descended upon the earth, Silanti crawled up to the hayloft, gathered bunches of straw from the corners and carried them to the country house. While he was spreading the kindling under the terrace, he came across the small board with the owner's name on it. This had been taken from the gate in the spring and hidden in the hayloft. He held the board a little while in his hands, turned it over, then shoved it deep into the straw and went back for another armful.

Returning to the house, he picked up some dry sticks the wind had blown down, piled them at the other end of the building, and scratched a match. The dry straw caught in a friendly way, and the dry wood creaked gaily.

After he had set fire to the house, Silanti quietly walked to one side, sat on the ground and looked on, watching the light smoke turning in rings around the wooden posts supporting the eaves and porches. The carved banisters shook like black lace, and pink fire climbed through the many crevices. Dense, like soot, the smoke stretched to the sky in a spiral. Then suddenly, as if it had gathered its strength, the strong red

fire threw off its smoky hat. The house burned like a candle.

And Silanti sat there, motionless, his hands around his knees, his eyes fixed upon the fire. He sat there until a fierce woman's cry filled his ears.

"Silanti, God help you. What have you done? What shall we say when our people come back?"

He tore his gaze from the flames, looked sternly at his wife and said, more to himself than to her:

"You're a fool, woman. Are they ever coming back?"

She grew silent at once and, like her husband, watched the flames with unseeing eyes. The pink reflection of the dying fire wandered tremulously over their old faces.

Translated from the Russian, and adapted by SOFIA HIMMEL.

MURRAY GODWIN

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A ROBOT

MURRAY GODWIN

shortly after the World War came from his native town in New York State to Detroit, where he has since remained, living for the most part among the types he pictures in his writings. He worked for some time in the Ford Highland Park factory and later became editor of *Ford News*, the semi-monthly organ of the company. At present he is engaged in advertising work.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A ROBOT

A PROSE PANTOMIME IN FOUR PARTS

MORNING

The Goddess of Sleep.

Darkness and chill. Squatting buddhalike at the bedhead the heaped form of Old Ma Morphea herself—fat, flabby, frowsy—from between whose cheeks a blobnose and a mouth like a tired idiot *o* co-operated in a measured snoring and twistling which at rhythmic intervals riffled faintly the tatherytorn tencent lace edging of a lowcut shift that seemed a big old sack, poured so full of somnolent sweatmoist buttocks, belly, and breast that in despair the string had been tied leaving the heavy head—bent, neckless, wattled, slovenhaired —uncovered above.

The Sleeper.

Inwhirring, extwistling, eversnoozing, porewarmly enveloped in a smellaura of transpirfume, Ma Morphea with soft fat thermous hands smoothed the sleeper's hair, communicating to him by her touch the dreamless comfort which she is.

Faroff the stillness was lacerated and abraded by the squealing and rumbling of a streetcar. The sleeper moaned and turned unquietly. Smoothing, soothing, the old lady charmed him back to inertness.

A nearer peril arose. On a table near the bed the face of Roughhouse Bennie glowed suddenly with malignant light. A faint uneasy tremor stumbled the length of the sleeper's form. In fumbling frantic anticipation Ma Morphea tried snoozily to shield his ears from the assault which impended, while Bennie hefted his bat and set himself to go over the top. As a last measure the old girl clasped her hands imploringly, extended them toward the baleful batboy, who with a leap landed, rolled, and hurled a flurry of blows against the wilted ears of the sleeper. With frantic fistfuls of quilt and coverlet Ma Morphea tried to smother the attack, while her charge turned and pitched himself toward semi-consciousness. Then Bennie paused, and before he could break out again Ma Morphea had succeeded in snuggling the sleeping beauty well down toward the bedsfoot, under the quilts, which she seized and sat upon at the upper edge. Bennie's next attack therefore fell short in efficiency of his first. He pounced about in a paroxysm of rage as Ma Morphea and the sleeper between them annulled his efforts. Again he paused. His next assault had not the kick of the first or even of the second. Finally he returned to his perch and stood there threatening the sleeper with his bat at intervals. Sighing, Ma Morphea relapsed again into snoozeful soothing. Victory was with Ma Morphea.

Hunger, Ambition.

But Bennie had awakened others.

At the bedsfoot two scrawny forms sat upright, stared hard at the clocksface an instant, and with eyes bloated in unrelieved horror swiveled their gaze to the sleeper's inert form. Another instant passed. Then from the two arose a bereft mumbling, basted with inane and violent imprecations; simultaneously both got to their feet and hands and began rummaging about for their clothes. Gibbering they passed and repassed in the darkness. Presently one wove erect with a feverish throaty giggle and began to climb into his garments as though he were mounting a fence with a bulldog hot on his tail. In the pale glow of Bennie's malign features he inched around, forcing his foot into the thin twisted leg of a union suit of bitter black, and suddenly strained back with his head, while he stiffened his legs at a crazy angle and tried to fasten all the buttons at once. The other searcher had meanwhile discovered and donned a wideskirted coat sewn with brassbuttons, blooming with badges, and capped with epaulets; now he added a plumed admiral's hat and a pair of pants goldstriped and voluminous. The bitterblack brother seized a dinnerpail, the starspangled member grasped a sword in one hand and a book in the other. Then with one accord they rushed upon the sleeper.

Assault.

Ma Morphea tried snoozily to fight them off; the sleeper snuggled groaning closer to the footboard; feebly but in triumph Roughhouse Bennie continued to threaten. The bitterblack brother haled Ma Morphea up and down and made his dinnerpail jangle with the maddened belts he hurled against her wattled old head. The brassbuttoned member clouted the old girl with his sword and tromped back and forth along the prone groaning form of the sleeper, reading hamactorlike from the book which he could not see.

Thus doubleteamed, Ma Morphea fell over, kicking feebly. Throwing back the bedclothes the two assailants hauled the sleeper into the open by the hair and neck.

With inarticulate teeth-chattering noises the one slammed the semianimate man with his dinnerpail and made wild gestures at Roughhouse Bennie, over whose face had spread a grim indifferent leer. The other sought out carefully and jabbed him in the behind, withdrew his sword with a spasmodic despairing jerk, and leaped to the bedsfoot where he mussolinied back and forth, braying like a sick mule.

Evidently they wished him to arise.

The Awakening.

The sleeper shook his head and squinted woozily at

the bitterblack brother, at the prancing oofus in the plumed hat, and finally at the disdainful face of Bennie grinning sardonically down. Then instantly his hair, which had been lying every which way, stood perfectly erect, and he tried to follow it at once, while in the dimstance a factory siren skirled, supported by steam-whistles in tenor, baritone, and bass.

Bacchus Domesticuss.

The dinnerpail and sword men danced and whirreted distraughtly, gurgling and flinging their equipment about in agony. They dashed to the door, stopped short, flung themselves jabbering before Roughhouse Bennie, now standing implacable, his bat replaced by an uplifted axe. Then leaping and scrambling to their feet they went racing again about the room.

Straining and moaning the wakening man haunched himself sidewards until his knees projected over the bededge and his feet fell to the floor. As he pried himself to an erect position and stepped off toward his destination, the door to the bathroom, a bloated paw, all thumbs, swept gropingly from beneath the bed and laid hold of his right ankle. Continuing his course he hauled forth in his wake the inflated form of a creature who in turn dragged after him a battered pump for beer.

Pausing midway between the bed and the bathroom, the man shook loose from the hold of the cuss with the

pump and proceeded on his way. The beerpumper, staggering to his feet and following closely, lockstepped with him to the bathroom, and then with crosseyed concentration became absorbed in bumping the man's elbow, sending his hand askew, whenever the latter tried to grasp the door knob.

Time after time the man withdrew his hand, took aim, and pushed it toward the rounded crockery form; precisely as often the pumpuppet lurched himself against his elbow, so that to save himself he was forced to grab frantically at the woodwork in which the door was framed.

Finally our hero gave up his ineffectual task, turned, and began to search for light. Beerily pleased at his success, the pumper paused and covered his goldbergian features with his free mitt, sniggered, and wobbled forward again to his post. Painstakingly he guided the man so that he fell over a chair, stubbed his toe on a woman's shoe, and walked with widespread arms into the edge of the clothespress door. As the victim staggered back, holding his battered nose, his helper, swaying, alert, tripped him up, and he wheeled sidewise into the wall; his elbow crashed against a button, and he stood blinded in the glare of a bare bulb hanging in the center of the room.

Fracas at Daybreak.

After some blinking and eyerubbing, our hero sighted

his trousers, glued his gaze to them, stretched forth a hand, and began to walk cautiously toward the chair where they hung. Dragging his pump the other trod close behind, waited until he had raised one leg, and then with a smothered belch fell purposefully against him, sending him to the floor nosefirst.

While this manoeuver was being accomplished the bitterblack brother and the brassbuttoned bimbo, halting in their own antics, followed its progress with a fascinated gaze. As it reached its catastrophic conclusion, the eyes of both popped with horror, and brandishing their weapons they charged desperately on the pumper, who, unsuspecting, stood eyeing with studious intensity the wrestling man on the floor. Walloped with the sword of the one, slammed with the pail of the other, the beerpumper pitched gently about, his eyes widening in surprise. After a momentary survey he swung the pump in a random circle, registering on the eye of the bearer of the dinnerpail and on the ear of his companion. They rushed howling into convenient corners, while Pumpo the Pest occupied himself with twisting the loose end of the trouserleg into which the man on the floor, mad martyrdom in his eyes, was trying to thrust himself. Finally, despite the thoughtful attentions of the pumper, our hero succeeded in getting his jeans on as far as his knees. But when, rising, he attempted to complete the job, his little pal took three or four paces to one side, measured the distance with a

calculating eye, and waited until the man, slowturning in his task, faced from him; then bouncing forward merrily, he kicked him in the rearo, sending him to the floor on his sore nose.

Now, savagely, the rebuffed bozos dashed from their corners and flung themselves on the pump-bearer, who, however, for all his apparent preoccupied defenselessness, so stumbled against and staggered into them that half the time they were flailing each other or scrambling about on the floor. But in the confusion our hero managed to haul up his jeans and find his way to the bathroom, into which he disappeared, leaving behind him a wet meandering trail as evidence that he had delayed too long in his duty.

Ambition May Perish; but Love—.

Our hero came from the bathroom with a new light in his eye. While his helpers kept the pump-bearer from molesting him, he climbed into his shirt, put on his shoes, got his coat and hat from the clothespress, and made ready to depart. Advancing, he took one last squint at Roughhouse Bennie. Maneuvering to keep the pumpuppet covered, the dinnerpail and sword men stared intently over his shoulder. An exultant and fiendish sneer came over Bennie's features; his axe wavered as if about to fall. Instantly the badged and brassy bimbo tripped backward over his sword and passed out. The bitterblack brother leaped a yard into the air.

clouted our hero mightily with the pail, seized him by the neck and the bottom, and turkeywalked him toward the door.

He had flung him almost through, when the pump-bearer collided with them, delaying them momentarily. As our hero turned and shook his fist under the nose of his pestiferous pal, his eye fell upon the prone form of his bed-partner, up to now unnoticed, whom Ma Morphea still soothed and smoothed. He hesitated. Over his features settled a loony look. In either eye a tail-light loomed. As though answering a signal, a tiny bilikenlike fellow, girt with a blue ribbon and armed with a syringe, leaped from under the bedclothes, scampered forward, took aim, and enveloped him in a spray of whirling perfumed mist.

Agonized indecision strained the features of our hero. The lights in his eyes blinked from red to green and back. With a contorted herculean heave the bitterblack brother boosted him though the doorway.

Dragging his pump, the third surviving participant in the struggle staggered in their wake, rolled after them down the front stair.

JOURNEY

The Hosts of Industry.

The crowd at the carstop had swelled to fifty and more hunched, shivering men, coughing and spitting at the

grimed snow that squinked beneath their feet shod in shoes having as much relation to what they incased as the boxes in which they had been shipped from the factory had had to *them.*

Our hero was one of three or a dozen that joined the spore as with a calamitous gongongong a streettrain inched forward through the gloom shot with a needlespray of arcelectric blue and came to a reluctant stop at a point nicely calculated to prevent anyone getting aboard without working for it.

The entrance doors were hauled open with a slam. As the mob of workbound robots clotted in a thick, heaving, clawing, climbing, grunting mass against the side of car and trailer, the exit doors were wrenched open with a prodigious lot of straining on the part of the conductors, both of whom bellowed as a single ox: COMING OUT PLEASE!

There was need of please, but little use. The passengers waiting to be released made their way from the train against the pressure of a pushing, groaning crush of garlicbelching creatures, in common possessed by the fear that they might have to wait in the cold for another car which would surely get them late to the job.

Squeezed and mauled, leaving a button behind at every wading step, the passengers slowly tore their way to the outer air, now permeated with the sulphurous odor of bituminous morning fires, where they were

crammed against the cars by the mass thrusting forward from all outsides. One by one they rolled tortuously along the cars, dragged themselves loose, and staggered to the curb between the creeping automobiles.

At the very outside edge of the inpushing mass was our hero, Anthony G Robotnicz. All who preceded him bought tickets, gave the conductor bills to change, or argued with him about the validity of their transfers. Invariably the latter debated with the guardian of the farebox until he roared them down with flashing eyes and elastically muscular mouth and random-flying saliva; then they stood not quite aside and sulked.

When Anthony G got near enough to the trailer door to bark his shins on the step, a solid wall of cohering robots effectually stuffed the entrance. Beyond the wall shouted the conductor's fierce voice, imprecating an entrant who had tendered him a bad transfer. Suddenly the traffic bell sounded, and the conductor broke off his discourse to bark stentorianly: ALL INSIDE!

All were inside, or at least aboard, except our hero, who, already late to madness, caught hold of a slack bottom and a worn elbow and clung like a desperate insect to the mass blocking the entrance as the car began to grind jerkily away. The weaving of the clogged bodies had all but dislodged him when the lank form of the bitterblack brother sprang on behind him and by jabbing and thrusting won him the trace of a foothold.

Conflict—Disaster.

With iron hamhands the conductor of the trailer levered the door gradually shut. As slowly—for it had a frictional contact with the door—the head of Anthony G Robotnicz rotated until, while his frame was crushed flat as a bat to the door, his eyes looked emptily to the rear along the cardoor and the windows beyond.

As in their inexorably limited arc our hero's eyes gazed into those of the conductor, that official looked into them inquiringly, his brow marked by a slight frown. As his head was turned farther, carrying his eyes beyond the conductor's line-of-sight, he noted that the eyes of the other had become round, hard, stony, and had followed his own as far as they could be seen. Instinctively Anthony knew that the conductor's head had begun to bloat redly, like a drunken butcher's, and realized that the official was aware that he was being highhatted, superciliously surveyed in passing, and silently categoried as nothing much.

Spreadeagled there, with his heart thumping under his compressed ribs, Anthony regretted this intensely, feeling that it would come to no good. Even though a man is only a conductor, he does not have to put up with everything.

Our hero was not surprised when presently he heard the voice of the guardian of the farebox, steeled against the rage that pressed violently around his larynx, yet

shaken nevertheless by righteous resentment: FARE PLEASE!

The adamsapple of the pinioned Anthony G made four or five trips up and down, and a faint gargling sound issued from his mouth.

After a period of silence that vibrated with the intensity of the slighted official's feeling, the voice repeated: FARE PLEASE!

Our hero continued to look emptily along the wall in silence.

Another stillness that wavered with controlled passion. Then, somewhat more hoarse in texture, the voice: FARE PLEASE!

Anthony G raised his eyes toward the roof and emitted a faint squeak.

The conductor's tone when next he spoke was grim and threatening as a poised bludgeon, and simultaneously somewhat lilting, a trifle highhearted, like that of a burly warrior, slow to anger, who, having done his utmost to maintain peace with honor, is greeted still with contemptuous disdain by some utter fool who is blind to the destruction to which the gods have destined him through his adamant gratuitous insolence. Let come the worst—his conscience now was free.

Allright. Then GET THE HELL OFF THIS CAR!

With brisk decision he signalled the motorman to stop. As the car slacked gradually he offered his ex-

planation and justification to all who cared to listen, understand, sympathize, if such there were:

A man can only stand so much, even if he does earn his living working for the city. . . . You can only push a man so far. . . . I've asked this man for his fare three times, and done it like a gentleman, and he won't even notice me; he wouldn't even notice me when he come in! . . . He just looked me over like I was some kind of rubbish or something and began gawping out the window and that's what he's been doing ever since. . . . I can't make people out these days; they must think you can stand for anything. . . . Who the hell is this guy anyway, that's what I'd like to know. . . . Maybe he thinks he OWNS this goddamn street railway. . . . Ha-ha-ha—that's good! . . . Thinks he owns the street railway. . . . Hahahahahahaha—that's good!

He laughed, but, strong man that he was, he did not laugh in a manner convincingly mirthful. No. There was in his laughter, which one thought could be hearty and cheerful when the occasion was such as to merit it, the sad but enduring anger of that in some respects most sorrowful sight on earth, a disillusioned man.

Hahahahahahaha!

Bending back his head and pounding the button behind the cashgobbler with a forefinger like a nightstick.

Hahahahahahaha!

But not hearty. Not cheerful. No.

Hahahahahahahahaha!

Gripping his transfer book in his south lunchhook, until the printing liquefied, and the letters squoze out and dripped between his fingers to the floor.

Hahahahahahahaha!

But no glee in it. No. Not like you would wish to hear in the laughter of a strong man. No, none. Only the sadness, the bitterness, the sorrowful anger of a man who has lost his faith in his fellows . . . whose once fond belief in the high aims of the race has been slowly, utterly destroyed.

Hahahahahahahaha!

And as the car, skreeling, came to a complete stop:

We'll see! We'll see!

There was a moment of silence, broken only by another faint gargle from our hero. Then the voice of the conductor in short concussions spoke:

Allright! We'll SEE if anyone that comes along can say he owns this goddamn street railway and get away with it!

With a heave he shot the door open. With a weaving thrust he prowed through the mass that clotted the entrance and step. Spun round by the door as it opened, our hero had been deprived of its support immediately, and now lay on the pavement. The conductor stood for a moment glaring down at him.

Now you're off, he said finally; *stay* off until you can learn to pay your fare when a man asks you to!

Swiftly he returned to his post and slammed the door again.

FORWARD IN THE CAR PLEASE! he cried with new authority as he gave the signal to start.

Upward, Onward.

Anthony G Robotnicz remained nosedown for a few moments while the car rolled into the dimstance, disappeared from sight. Presently he rolled over and sat up, feeling of his nose. The bitterblack brother was hopping about him, tearing his hair and jangling the dinnerpail. As Anthony G shook his head and tried to get his bearings, the bitterblack companion slugged him viciously on the side of the bean, following through with a kickinthearse as our hero hastily stumbled erect.

Swaying for a brief space, Anthony G lurched toward the track. As he reached it, a trailer door belonging to another piece of rolling stock whammed open and gobbled him up. The train rolled onward, Anthony lay panting at the feet of the conductor against which with bitter tears he rubbed his raw and throbbing snout.

Temptation.

Upheld by his bitterblack mentor, our hero found six cents and deposited them in the farebox.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A ROBOT

FORWARD IN THE CAR PLEASE! the conductor cried, stamping on his toes and jostling him with professional unconcern.

Anthony G reached a strap and semispended himself from it, pitching and swaying, as the car jerkilurched ahead. His moon-empty eyes rolled purposelessly upward. Smooth, ruddy, jollicund, a Campbell Kiddie leaned forth from one of the rectangles above the windowline and socked him playfully with a redlabelled enticing can of soup. Our hero shifted his gaze to the rectangle nextdoor, from which instantly a feminine leg in sheening Goldstripe toetickled him beneath the potatotip of his swollen nose. He peered foggily toward the source of the runs which cannot pass the stripe. Swinging from nowhere to the strap on his right, the tiny fellow with the blue ribbon around his middle, whom he had last seen in his bedchamber earlier in the morning, handed him a rousing wallop with the business end of his syringe.

The car stopped and a newsboy got aboard leading a man with a bandaged head and a broken steeringwheel, a strangled chorus girl, and three hijackers with smoking pistols. They jostled Anthony G, tugging at his pockets fiercely, holding out their hands for tribute. Exhausted, our hero closed his eyes. At the next stop the newsboy left the trailer, followed by his troupe.

Another spasm of jerks and bumps, grinding and jolting, clanging of bells. Then the car stopped, and

pushed forward by the bitterblack brother Anthony G Robotnicz stumbled through the exit to the pavement.

JOB

Grit Wins.

On the outer edge of a stream precariously rushing with planttraffic, Anthony G. Robotnicz, a badge the size of a stovelid pinned to his collar, stood frogeyeing the fateful face of the timeclock, which clacked inexorably, indifferently, barely visible between piles of forgings and axles, smoking hot.

Behind and beside our hero, the bitterblack brother fiddled saintvitusly up and down, chawing his nails, pausing with trembling pail at every crack, every crevice, in the moving traffic masstream, to goose the object of his devotion and thrust him with orgasmic joltpoking forward.

As our hero resisted, drawing back his buttocks, while the skin of his fro-stooping neck wrinkled with the tussle between his cautious hinder and his eager foreparts, the bitterblack brother blessed the rearo of his charge with a shudder of kicks, as from a browningized mortar, and went prancing away in the throes of fear and suspense. After circling in a prancedance to rid himself of hindering reflex impulses, he came diddling back to his post.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A ROBOT

Clack! went the clock, marking a minute to work-time. With Old Faithful on his tail, Anthony G snake-spun snakelurched into the stream. Tractors-and-trailers, tractors-and-trains, chassis-with-racks, robots-with-hand-trucks, electric-buggies-with-pilots jerking forward to pedaled impulses, robots-toting-ladders, robots-toting-tools, robots-with-work-orders made a weaving maze through which our hero ducked, dodged, spurted, stopped, jumped, edged, oozed, and climbed, with the bitterblack brother walking on his heels. Stooping to miss a bundle of pipe thrust at him by a backing truck, Anthony rose to crack his dome decisively against a ladder shouldered by a greasy robot in coveralls who had just fanned by, and stumbled forward to scorch his elbow on the pile of hot forgings which shielded the clock. Recoiling, he burnt his ear on the pile of axles, turned sidewise, edgewalked through, seized the clock-rail, transferred his card from the board to the clock-slot, and leaned on the lever precisely in time to jump at the impact of the gong which, touched off by the masterclock, drummed a flock of bellbullets against his tympani.

Weakly he placed his card on the in-side of the rack and permitted the pressure exerted by a dozen outgoing robots to push him clear. Elbowed by them he was carried along the rail and washed into the open, where the bitterblack brother seized him by the collar and galloped him to his department.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A ROBOT

The Goal.

High above, the slant rays of the morning sun pierced the glass of the east monitor, striking in its impact a little glint of blinding light, and cut the dustgloom with a widening airpath of motes, brightmoiling and scintillant.

In the gloomier atmosphere far below, Anthony G Robotnicz made his way along an aisle flanked with piles of stock and junglestands of thickplanted presses, the tops of which blossomed with whirring pinions and more slowly revolving gears. Between their inert cast uprights, dead-blue and unshakeable, the brightfaced dies rose and fell, shearing and shaping the metal fed them by their tenders. Farther way from the aisle, flashings and finished forms were carried into the distance by belts that flowed endlessly in rollerippled noiseless streams.

A denimclad figure overtook Anthony G, deafening him in passing with a whistle, peathrobbing, shrill. As our hero drew aside between two presses, a pile of sheetmetal stock swung past him in short arcs along the aisle, going from ahead to behind the highrolling crane from which it hung.

Anthony G took the aisle again and tagged by the bitterblack brother, now somewhat glum, found his place beside a press.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A ROBOT

Well Started Is Half-Won.

Our hero struggled a sheet of metal onto the lower die and holding both safety buttons stepped on the pedal, which striking the bunion-toe of the rightfoot of the pest with the pump, who had unobtrusively tagged along, failed to trip the upper die. Galvanized into action by the interference of Pumpo, the bitterblack brother galloped up, unlimbered, set himself, and kinked the coccyx of Anthony G with an upsweeping kickinthearse. Thus encouraged, Anthony G with desperate power forced the pedal down, while the bleary beery little fellow, reflexly retaliating, swung his pump in a wide arc ending abruptly at the skullpeak of our hero.

Meanwhile the upper die fell and rose, crunching and shearing between. Now the flashing fell from the face of the lower die and was carried off on a flowing belt to the main belt which crossed it at right angles. In the manner of the late Hughie Jennings, the bitterblack brother followed the movement of the counter arm by bending tensely double with tightshut fists. As the arm clicked and snapped back toward the rest position, he vented his sincere relief by breaking wind in a barking baritone. Instantly afterward he jerked his fists toward the counter in an exultant gesture, simultaneously leaping upward and cutting loose with the old

one-two against the rearo of Anthony G, while grudgingly a figure 1 appeared in the counter slotwindow.

Our hero lifted the shaped metal section and stumbled round groggily in three interlocking circles before he recovered himself sufficiently to mistake his way to the main belt. Wandering out into the aisle he heard the shrill of the cranehooker's whistle, stopped, turned, and peered woozily in the direction from which the sound had come. But the hooker had passed him, and now the crane neatly hooked him up and carried him down the long hazy aisle to the conveyor which transversed the end of the shop. There it deposited him in the attitude of a Moslem at prayer, and holding above his head the form he had made, he was carried out of the building, while the crane went rumbling back up the aisle with the seat of our hero's workpants hanging from its swinging hook, as though it were trolling for frogs.

Saved.

Still allahallah, Anthony G landed with a bump on the floor of the loading dock, where the checker surveyed him in perplexity.

After some moments of perturbed meditation, the checker took the piece of metal from Anthony's hand and inspected it frowningly.

Look here fella, he said finally, this piece ain't

painted! Whatcha mean trying to run stock through like this?

Our hero struggled to his feet, shook his head, and tried to accustom himself to his surroundings. It was in vain. He was lost. But the bitterblack brother saved him by appearing suddenly, precariously balanced on the conveyor, rousing him with a stiff kick, and running him back into the shop by a sidedoor, bringing with him the metal section, which he had seized from the checker in passing. Before the checker could collect his wits, the pair were out of sight. The press of work saved them pursuit.

Visions and Victory.

Anthony G Robotnicz reached the press again with the bitterblack brother's fingers madly tangling his hair, blistering his ears, wringing his neck—with the bitterblack brother's feet abrading his heels, punching his buttocks with a fusillade of concussive kicks—with the bitterblack brother's teeth gnashing against his tympani or nipping his nape in dionysian desperation.

Made desperate in turn our hero elbowed and toetrod the pumpuppet aside and began to lay stock like a dizzywiz, making the counter curtsey again and again in unison with the jaws of the bitterblack brother, who stood jerking feverishly, with his bullseyes boring against the figures appearing in the little slotwindow.

2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14. . . .

First spasmodically, then rhythmically, the counter cracked, settling down at length into a heartlike beat that inductively eliminated the angles in the bitterblack brother's motionchart, replacing them with smoothbillowing curves. His eyes ceased boring for reaming, reaming for gentle milling; his explosive panting was metamorphosed into a dieselized sighing—peace at last.

A moment of relief for the guardian of the dinnerpail; and then renewed activity—but not dionysian activity; no,—more planned, more purposeful than that.

He strode out of the picture. When he returned he pushed before him the bed still wrinkled from the form of Anthony G, and containing Mrs Anthony G.

The die arose from its 40th robotrhythmic impact, and between the uprights of the press our hero was privileged to contemplate the pneumaticontours of his bedfellow, widespread and promising beneath the coverlet. A corner of the spread was raised, and the cuss with the blue ribbon around his navel peeped forth roguishly and aimed his syringe at Anthony G.

49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60. . . .

The washer between the counter and the counterarm began to shimmy under the increased rapidity and violence with which Anthony G drove the presspedal down. The bitterblack brother, standing aside, looked from the bed to Anthony and back to the bed again, joined his

hands high on his chickenbreasts, cast his eyes toward the roof, and assumed an expression beatified, imbecile, and slightly wet with tears.

Adding sweetly to the moisture with which his cheeks were dewed, the bitterblack brother backed out, his mouth hamactordrawn, his fond eyes fastened on Anthony and Mrs Anthony in turn, dragging the bed after him.

A minute later he returned, this time trundling a flivver streaked with dust, coated with rust, and betraying the effects of much interlocked traffic-travel.

As Anthony looked in love upon the faithful bus, the bitterblack brother stepped aside, made a single gesture of woe inexpressible, and postured before the vehicle with shoulders bowed despairingly, eyes downcast, and hands empty, open. Responding, the flivver gave a feeble cough that racked it from crank to muffler, rattled its sprung joints, and flapped its lace-like fenders in a manner pitiful to behold.

The bitterblack brother scuttled to the side of the little old rattleshake, bent down, and tapped its crankcase, listening. His intentive harklook turned to one of agony as only a tinny tunk rewarded his knock. With long slow tragic strides he reached the driveseat, lifted the cushion, withdrew a cork, and dipped a stick into the tank. It came forth slightly wet at its extreme end. The bitterblack brother raised his arms, threw back his head in a gesture of utter hopelessness; then, hiding

his sobs in a flexed elbow, he descended brokenly from the step, and, staggering as one wounded to the death, trundled the flivver from the scene.

78 79 80 81 82 83 84 567890. . . .

The counterarm fanned the air; the washer was a bright vibration; Anthony's pedalfoot became a blur. The stockpile lowered like a pack of cards from which a slightohand performer is palming; the flashings began to string out in a single twistangled vine of tin; the finished pieces overlopped as they flowed away.

The house in which Anthony slept, ate, and dried his socks moved slowly into the frame formed by the dies and uprights. A window on the groundfloor opened; from it the bitterblack brother fanned forth a luscious smell of pigsfeet and cabbage. A moment later, from a basement window, the beerpumper whooshed a malty cloud of brew. Next, from an upper window, the biliken of the bed whirling-sprayed an aery cataract of perfume of an odor between Jockey Club and salt fish.

The drum of the counterarm grew to a thrum, a delirious whirr of sound. The reciprocal motion of the die became almost rotary, so little pause there was between up and down. The tongue of Anthony G protruded in fervor and his foot became invisible with speed.

Then the front door opened, and out of it strode the bimbo with the badges and buttons. Up and down the porch he strode, reading with blubberlips the little

ritual of entrance and initiation into the Benevolent and Protected Order of Highbehinds.

The bearings of the counter poured out a stream of smoke; those of the press itself became transparent with heat; the oil in the glass reservoir above the upper die boiled over the top through the inlet. As for Anthony, he became cinemanimate: separating himself into three partially opaque persons, he laid stock, removed shaped metal, and laid finished forms on the belt so simultaneously that, had his employer seen him at the moment, he would have have been classified in his normal form as a surplus of labor.

Noonday.

In the nickotime the noongong exploded in an orgasm of reverberant ringing, and everywhere in the vast building upper dies stopped as they were, gears and pinions ceased whirling, belts halted in their flow; while the house trembled into aery waves, like those seen above a hot pavement, and Anthony G wiped his hands on a piece of waste and stumbled to the locker where his dinnerpail awaited him.

With his eyes fastened on the clock which ran like a racehorse, our hero feverishly opened his lunchbox. The bitterblack brother squatted over him, muscles twitching in anxious impatience. Anthony drew forth a frankfurter sandwich, and in a trice the bitterblack

brother was helping him spread his mouth with one hand and with the other was assisting him to cram the thing down. Anthony's eyes swelled and the sweat rolled from under his hair with the exertion of chewing in such close quarters. The bitterblack brother rose and went pacing back and forth with his gaze glued to the clock.

A prodigious flutter of the adamsapple marked the passage of the frankfurt into the central zone of our hero's hardworked trunk. Already his hand was in the lunchbox; no sooner had he regained consciousness than he hauled from its hiding-place a sandwich of cheese. With a single bound Old Faithful was at his post, wedging his knee between Anthony's jaws and poking the second load past the unfortunately narrow spot in his neck. Tears welled into our hero's eyes as he wrestled with his awful mouthful, but he made the riffle, and, returning from his swoon, lifted to his face a pickle and a peeled egg.

The clockhand had but a minute to go when the bitterblack brother helped him to his feet by the seat of his union-suit and scooped up the thermos bottle of spitbrindle guesswhat that formed the liquid portion of our hero's noonmeal. Uptilting it, Anthony G simultaneously made his way back to the press.

Spang! The gong cut his current gurgle short and reversed the previous one. The bottle fell to the floor, and a drivelsheet splushed down our hero's chin and

was blotted up by his shirtfront as choking he was turkeyed back to the pedal by the bitterblack brother.

Visitation.

Anthony had reached 452 when suddenly a distinct smell of something awful came to his nostrils. Between the uprights he was confronted by the wraiths of the frankfurter and cheese sandwiches he had eaten at noon; floating in a diaphanous brindle fog they gazed weepfully at him. Flanking them floated the spectres of the pickle and the peeled egg.

The bitterblack brother tried to motion them away. He wished to give Anthony a clear view of the lakeside cottage which he had brought in just previous to this ghastly interruption. But the spirits, ignoring his hints, continued to float about before our hero's wavering gaze, mournfully halitosing.

The bitterblack brother's efforts to repel the wraiths grew weaker and weaker. Presently he became pale, began to shiver, crept beneath a conveyor, and lay down. Meanwhile Anthony's pedalpace became slower; his foot began to slip; his rhythm grew irregular, and he commenced to knock the stock against the uprights, and to stagger in his gait on his way to the belt or the stockpile.

Finally he stumbled and felt his way to a stairway leading to a latrine overhead. Mutely, sadly, the spirits

followed him. Presently our hero returned, white and perspiring, clinging to the rail all the way to the floor, but delivered from the ghostly company that had hung in his wake on the trip upward. The bitterblack brother dragged himself from beneath the conveyor, and lamely aided by him Anthony G got slowly into action once more.

From then until the gong rang Anthony loose, the bitterblack brother made no further effort to show any lakeside properties. He was satisfied occasionally to offer his charge a glimpse of the bed awaiting him at home, and he did this only when Anthony's foot and hands began to slack in their movement to such an extent that they were in danger of becoming wholly inert.

EVENTIDE

The Hosts of Enlightenment.

The counterarm ducked and rose—653. The gong exploded. Anthony clackneed to the locker and secured his pail, the heft of which tipped his shoulderblades until they were horizontal. As he steered for the clock, the stern of his union suit caught six successive times on splinters in the floor.

The newsboys marshalled an army of thugs, beauty queens, rumrunners, homerunners, homewreckers, pneu-

matic clergymen, buffledheaded magistrates, ponybroke tellers, carbon-monoxidized babbitts, collisioned men-aboutown, lost lucies, and little nells across the line of escape, already broken into strays and clusters, of the forthsallying mob of robots.

Dr. John Strakt Roachen, pastor of the Fussed Malformed Kirk of Pewrified Piddlewimpuses, confronted Anthony G. Robotnicz, crying out shame and damnation on the police and magistrates who had refused to suppress sausage shops which displayed their wares right in the window. Beside him stood Judge Snufflewick, agreeing with him and regretting that present statutes provided no way of dealing with the evil. At intervals he commended Police-sergeant Dumpkin, who stood by, grasping Adolph Matusch, sausage vendor, by the neck, and protesting that he had only done his duty. On the side, the judge tried by painstaking insult to tempt Adolph into some remark that might be transubstantiated into contempt of court.

An ex-chorus girl who had loyally helped her sweet papa homicide a gas-station attendant waited expectantly for film contracts and freedom. Wearing the profoundly wise look of an inspired foetus, Arthur Brisbane crowned her with a wreath of Sweet Whimwhams, and directed his stenchman, a bluebummed mandril bearing a marked resemblance to William E. Gladstone, to cast another flatitude into the nonsense burner at the lady's feet. 'S a mud world! my marsters!

a merde whirled! he cried through a megalophone. Turning the instrument skyward he discovered a new comet fanning through space, and was reminded by it of the vastity of the universe, its age, and the possibilities of man, who would yet extend his conkwest to other worlds, provided that he made the best of Today and of the purling pearnels of wizzendumb that prowled therein much like our hairly hangcestors of the yungle who rued though they were yet laid the fumedation of all our best humps and strafings by which we rage to new haights and become fit subjects for conjugal fallacitude, gibberment by phallofthensirs, and the phutilanthropy of John D Rottenyeller Jewnyuh, Adelph Ox, Shelley Schwab, Oxtail Kan, and Wilhelm Scrambled off Wurst.

En route.

Somehow someway our hero bungled weakly through the importunate ranks of these formidables and reached a place in the line which an inspector was loading aboard cars and trailers in joggleswaying segments. In short slow jerks Anthony G lurched forward and was permitted at length to struggle up the step of a trailer.

With fingers that seemed stuffed and only half his he fumbled six cents into the box and stumbled to a seat. He found one next Ma Morphea herself, snoozing beneath the rim of her stoveblack bonnet—on whose unctuous inert shoulder he found sick and weary sur-

cease from the dead pauses, the instant hauls forward, the frightened halts backward, the drindle of traffic bells, the janglangbangdangang of cargongs, the pursy mooing of the conductor calling the stops where no one wanted to get off, the cursy shouting of the conductor when someone tried to get off at a stop he had not called, the crowy wrangling of the conductor with persons who knew where they wanted to go and wished to find out how to get there, the breezy bellowing of the conductor urging passengers forward in the car please, the sublabial mumbling of the conductor justifying himself before who-indeed-knoweth what conductor god, the mutter of street-noises and whirr of carwheels when the train was running, the flambamslam of street-noises preceded by the skree of braken wheels when the train was stopped, the spiraling siren of motor cars gathering speed and the bluestinking fog that resulted when the doors were open, the frantic compression of passengers to escape the doors levered shut, the cuffing and shoving and mulish snorting of two friskies who did not know whether they wanted to fight or fornicate, the permeant odor of grease and sweat strongactive though longlain.

A Pause for Refreshment.

Anthony awoke, shivering. The trailer was following the powercar around one of a number of switchcurves

in a yardful of tracks toward a row of yawning barns lit each with a single bulb. The conductor stood in the doorway with his dinnerpail and newspaper, ready to run for home when the train stopped. But for the rays that entered from without, the car was dark.

Anthony followed the conductor off. He wandered about among the tracks, pursued constantly by one or another of many slowmoving cars continually clanging, found a frightened way to the street. At the first corner he squinted at the streetsign and weakly guessed at where he was. The bitterblack brother shambled to his side as he continued his retreat toward home.

They approached a smelly row of workmen's supply and quickandnasty lunchstands. The bitterblack brother clawed feverishly at Anthony's elbow. Our hero right-wheeled and tromped wearily into a Coney Island Lunch, in the window of which thirty-odd weazened doggies in nitrocellulose coats scorched rawredly on a rustedged sheet of steelplate over a gasflame; beside them flat spores of hamburg frizzled in an oleic slime.

In response to our hero's ennuied pleading, El Greco, master of the hounds, gave him a wiener laid open around a spat of onion hash in a bun like a split disc of lacepulp, lacquered on its outer side to aid cohesion, and six ounces of coffee in a crockery mug, in the chipped and cracked surface of which were brown and black somethings, the accretions of months, perhaps years, venerable and inextricable.

The Banquet.

After one bite, Anthony's hair rose on end and sweat began to gather on his brow. The upward dripuffing grease-smoke from the blubbles of oleo on the cookplate drifted up his nostrils and compounded with the decadently high smell of the wiener in the bun beneath his nose; then together they attacked the centers controlling his gastric glands. He nibbled haplessly at the onion, nervelessly laid aside the sandwich, and drank the coffee from a still-glazed segment on the rim of the mug.

He scuffed out as vertically as possible, doing all in his shaken power to avoid a distracting overflow of the liquid he had poured into his twitching tank.

A Cheering Vision.

The bitterblack brother preceded him out of the lunchery. Pausing on the sidewalk he gestured dramatically in the direction of home. Made visible by his gesture, the bed, with Ma Morphea squatting benignly above the pillows, floated ethereally ahead of them.

Anthony, his eyes lit with faint gladness, quickened his stumbling pace. Unconsciously he breathed more deeply, once, twice, three times. Out of the chill air of the evening appeared heroic and diaphanous the animate image of Bernarr McFadden, his right hand upraised in benediction, his left maintaining a firm hold on the line of the neck-stretching apparatus by which

he was first lifted to fame, to which he has not yet succumbed. In his mouth he carried a wafer of bran and cracked oystershells, which he slowly pulverized with uncoated tongue and perfect teeth. The hand of an indicator imbedded in his navel oscillated with gentle regularity, infallible evidence of the perfect movement of the mechanism within. Between his knees fluttered a copy of the Evening Graphic.

The Hosts of Home.

Hand-in-hand with the bitterblack brother, our hero mounted the steps of his home, carefully avoiding the sleeping form of the wolf who lay waiting for the next interest payment to fall due.

Within the hallowed portal his spouse fell on his neck, snuffling in an ecstasy of joy, while the spirit of Kathleen Norris, suddenly tangibilizing, dipped her hand in an old-fashioned slop-jar, carried by Bathos Umbilikos, a flatulent little woofus born of an Olympian liaison between Felicia Hemans and Ik Marvel, and sprinkled the united pair with the chrism of domestic happiness—1 part each Lyd Pink Veg Comp and Fr Jno Med.

As Anthony G embraced his lady, an angel choir comprised of Little Rollo, Elsie Dinsmore, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Little Women, and other heroes and heroines from the folklore of the Republic, circled about them with glad carols of welcome.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A ROBOT

The Weary Warrior.

It was nine of the clock. Mrs. Anthony G helped our hero to a chair near the radiator in the livingroom, and while he removed his shoes made him up a mess of Herb Tea. The spirit of Sary Gamp hovered beside her approvingly as she stirred it and bore it to him whom she called by the sacred name of Hubby, now alas! hull-down on his hunkers. With dead eyes the bitterblack brother looked on.

And now, sacred-sad, came the last duty of the day, the procession upward to the chamber where stood awaiting them the marital couch.

Mrs. Anthony G led the way, holding aloft like a sacrament the hotwater bag she had prepared for the comfort of her spouse. After her, bottom dragging, socks scuffing listlessly, the master of the manor. Then the bitterblack brother, wan and strained. Then the shade of Kathleen Norris, followed by Bathos Umbilikos and the jar. Then the patron saint of corporal works of mercy, Sary Gamp, bedpan bearing. Disconsolately bringing up the rear marched Pumpo the Pestiferous, with the instrument of his calling trailing behind him, and the ribbon-girt Biliken-o'-the-Bed, with syringe reversed.

Sleep, Peace.

The little procession circled about the room, halted. Falling out, Anthony G Robotnicz disrobed, and aided

by Sary and his faithful spouse climbed into bed. Softly Mrs. Anthony G and the bitterblack brother equipped Roughhouse Benny with his bat for the next morning's assault. Then the bitterblack brother lay down beside the starspangled palooka, already asleep at the bedsfoot, and in a minute was snoring. Pumpo crawled under the bed, hauling his weapon with him. The other member of the rear guard heaved his syringe into the hay and followed it indifferently. Mrs. Anthony G turned out the light and in dark silence prepared to dispose herself beside her Hubby.

Afar off, the clock in the Church of Saint Mushwa struck ten. Nigher, the abrasive rumble of a streetcar raised the curtain of stillness, and lowered it, dying away.

Beneath the quilt the form of the sleeping Anthony G stirred uneasily. Smoothing, soothing, Old Ma Morphea, squatting buddhalike at the bedhead, charmed him back to inertness.

LEIGH HOFFMAN

CATASTROPHE

LEIGH HOFFMAN

was born in a small town of Illinois in 1896. He did photographic work in Detroit and New York for several years, later making two trips around the world as photographer for the Belgenland cruises. Following the second trip, he went to Paris and has since remained there, working on *The Chicago Tribune.*

Alone and with nothing to do, I raised my hands and simply out of boredom and loneliness wrenched my head violently from my shoulders. A second later I regretted my act and stood turning my head slowly between my hands, sadly and meditatively regarding it. Then, disgustedly, I threw it to the floor and began kicking it about the room, throwing it against the walls, dragging it from beneath the bed, and bouncing it on the floor, until at length it suddenly bounded through the open window to the balcony, where it lightly rebounded and dropped six stories to the street below.

With a cry I rushed to the railing just in time to catch sight of it, to my horror, disappearing around a corner at the end of the block, rolling swiftly along in the gutter near the curb. I dashed furiously to the door, then down the six flights of stairs and out into the street in mad pursuit.

Gaining the corner around which my head had vanished, I could see it, over a block away, still rolling rapidly along the edge of the walk. Summoning all my strength I rushed after it, calling entreatingly as I ran. Whether it heard my cry or not, it at least stopped abruptly for a second, turned, cast a hurried glance in my direction, laughed, and started to roll rapidly away again, redoubling its speed. I ran faster and faster, crying and calling, while people stood in the street evidently enjoying the sight of my unfortunate chase. I shouted to some of them for help, but everyone stood

paralyzed with laughter, their miserable sides shaking, looking on with huge delight.

Coming to a crossroad, thick with traffic, I saw my head rolling across the street beneath innumerable taxicabs, automobiles and buses. I stood watching it, trembling in fear, and then, as quickly and as best I could, I began to weave my way in and out among the swiftly moving vehicles. Once across the street, I could see my head about a hundred yards in advance waiting for me to catch up. As I ran forward it let out a shrill, piercing laugh and then started rolling on its way again, stopping at short intervals to turn back and laugh at me.

For miles the race continued, I chasing frantically through the streets after my runaway head. Up crowded thoroughfares and down deserted, narrow byways, circling corners and around city blocks, over bridges and through dirty alleys, across sidestreets and open squares, I continued to pursue it, dodging among people and automobiles, getting caught in the traffic, escaping death by a miracle—cursing, sweating, exhausted. Always my head would wait at a safe distance, if too far advanced, letting out one of its awesome, rending laughs.

Tired out, I was about to give up the chase in despair, when I saw my head stop suddenly, give a little spring, and leap into a passing perambulator that was being pushed along the sidewalk by a maid. With a sigh I gathered my remaining energy and rushed craz-

ily to the side of the carriage. Running around in front I stood directly in its course, and stooping down I peered into the buggy. Inside, nestling against a snowy white pillow and joined to the body of a tiny infant, was my head, a little white hood strapped under its chin, with wide open eyes, gazing fascinatedly out upon a strange and unknown world, and looking at me with laughter.

Greatly incensed by this ruse, I reached down and angrily jerked my head from the cab. The maid flew at me with a cry, and while struggling with her my head slipped from my grasp. A second later I saw it, to my utter despair, go soaring up in the air like a toy balloon filled with gas. Up and up it ascended, until at last I watched it disappear over a roof. I dashed after it through the streets below, catching an occasional sight of it floating over the houses and buildings, over roofs and chimneys, far beyond my reach, disappearing and reappearing at times.

An impotent rage took hold of me. I was filled with misgivings and despair. I began picturing myself as doomed to wander throughout the rest of life minus my head. Inwardly I cursed myself for ever having abused it. I was sorry now that I had battered it about my room. But, I told myself, I should have thought about that sooner. I looked back and realized what suffering it had been through. True, I had occasionally treated it to a rare and beautiful sight, but I had always done so

with indifference. I had never, however, put myself really out for it. Often I had indulged it in a soothing mental alienation of alcohol, in which I had sometimes even thought of preserving it permanently, but on such occasions I had derived an equal pleasure from the process.

As I stood helplessly watching my head floating in the air, wondering if I were ever to regain it, I saw it drift into an open window of an upper room in a large hotel. I ran into the building and dashed up the stairway with all my speed. Reaching the top floor I ran up and down the corridors until I found a door ajar and pushed my way into a room, breathlessly. There, standing before me, was my head attached to the body of a chambermaid. A feeling of infinite hopelessness and disgust came over me. In a brief second I visualized an entire lifetime of hideous drudgery. A chill passed through me when I saw myself endlessly and forever gathering up piles of dirty, discarded towels, making other people's beds, dusting off furniture, sweeping halls and floors, scrubbing out waterclosets; all this in an atmosphere of sweat, excrement and filth.

With a lunge I grabbed for my head, the chambermaid and I rolling to the floor in solemn combat. How long we fought I do not know, but what seemed hours afterwards I regained consciousness lying in the bed of the room where the struggle had been, sore and badly bruised, with a nurse beside me who declared that I

had fallen down a flight of stairs. I painfully arose and began again to search for my missing head, stopping on each floor of the hotel to peer eagerly into the face of every chambermaid I met. When I reached the lobby I saw the clerk standing behind the desk with my head upon his shoulders. He vanished as I ran toward him and I noticed a man, who had my head and face, arise from a chair and make his way quickly through the door into the street. I ran out after him, calling aloud, but he had been lost in the dense crowd.

Then began a long quest in search of my lost head. I wandered headlessly hither and thither, throughout the world, catching a glimpse of it here and there, sometimes on the body of a passerby, a stranger, or often attached to the shoulders of an intimate friend. Always I pursued it in vain, across oceans and through foreign lands, over deserts and mountains, until, after years, I grew weary and gave up the chase, wandering aimlessly through the streets, moving from city to city, in and out of strange houses and cafés, often seeing my head, but all the while aware that I could never possess it again and forever searching for another dispensation.

I wandered into a dingy house and saw my head and face on the body of an old man, bent gloatingly over a huge collection of postage stamps that had taken a lifetime to gather together. I walked into a house across the way just in time to see a young man, upon whose neck was joined my head, look sadly at a photograph of

a beautiful girl and then put a bullet through his heart. I went into another house where I saw a tall, bony woman searching in a cupboard for a morsel of bread and, finding nothing, walk across the room to a cradle and deliberately strangle a tiny baby, whose face, I will take an oath, was that of mine.

I caught a glimpse of my lost head another time attached to a body in striped convict's clothes, looking at me from behind iron bars and glancing longingly at the sky. In a sobbing voice it told me it was there because of another's fault, that it had done no wrong, and, as a black hood was thrust down upon it from behind and two guards pulled it fightingly away, it let out a horrible yell and called on heaven and hell to witness its innocence.

I walked slowly away and dived deep into a squalid drinking hole where the frail scum of humanity's dregs leered at each other over little glasses of alcohol in the putrid, smoky stench. I saw my face on the body of a prostitute, distorted with paint and powder, a cigarette hanging between its rouged lips, bargaining lewdly with a drunken profligate.

The pair arose and staggered out of the dive. I followed them to a cheap hotel and up a flight of stairs into a filthy room that reeked with the foul odor of human flesh. There I saw my face give itself up to a number of loathsome, nauseous kisses, while the body

to which it was joined convulsed with repugnance and hate.

I reeled in horror from the room into the open, shouting to a passing taxicab. As I was entering the cab I glanced at the driver and saw that my head was on his body. I slammed the door and silently climbed into the seat by his side. All night and all the next day and night we drove through the city's streets, picking up fares here and there, continually moving, until I heard the bones in the arms of the driver at my side cry out for a little rest.

When I alighted I found myself before the entrance of a large park, into which I took my weary, headless body. It was early morning and few people were astir. Walking to the end of the park I entered the zoo and stopped before the cage of a monkey on whose body, I recognized with shame, was attached my head. From behind its bars the animal regarded me superiorly and then with its thumb to its nose it gleefully wiggled its fingers, hooting at me with derision.

When I entered a restaurant I saw my face on the bodies of all the waiters, the cooks and busboys. As I walked through the streets I saw it attached to the bodies of merchants, grocery clerks and butchers. I saw it once, early in the morning, sorting rubbish out of a garbage can. I caught other glimpses of it on the bodies of tramps and beggars, on millionnaires and paupers,

and once I found it on the frog-shaped body of a stock broker, its hair all gone, croaking also like a frog as it gluttonously watched a ticker.

I saw my head in hospitals, on bodies writhing in agony, and again in an insane asylum on the body of a raving lunatic in a strait jacket. I saw it on a clown in a circus, turning somersaults and doing acrobatics. Again I saw it in an attic room on a body hanging by a rope from a beam in the rafters of the ceiling. I saw it once on a cow as it was being led away to a slaughter house. I saw it here, there and everywhere; on every side, no matter where I chanced to look.

I entered a café and sat down. Looking up I saw my head reflected a thousand times in the mirror behind the bar that was lined with people drinking. I saw it on the bodies of all the persons seated around me, both men and women, chatting gaily or bitterly arguing, intriguing or being duped, commanding or obeying, being lied to or lying, everywhere I saw my head, on the bodies of everyone who came within my range of vision.

I saw it on the body of a corpse in a hearse that was slowly passing the café, followed by a group of mourners all with my head which each one bent in sorrow. And I saw it on several small children as they went gaily skipping past.

Then, as I looked up at the heavens, I saw thousands of people coming down from on high, the interminable

procession of future generations, all having my head weighing heavily down upon their shoulders. Endlessly and endlessly the line came down and down and down, moving slowly by, century after century unfolding and passing before me, an eternity, until finally the earth grew dark and a flood of black water broke loose with a terrible noise.

When the earth had grown light again, it was lit with a sickly, pallid light, and I saw looming out of the sky a thing which seemed, at first, only a dark and delirious apparition, but an apparition which, at every glimpse, became more definite, clearer and larger, until it covered all the sky above me, a huge physiognomy, my face, a monstrous thing, girdled with clouds, which opened wide its mouth and began slowly to swallow up the human stream of countless generations, until at last, over all the land and seas, not a single human being was left upon the earth.

EUGENE JOLAS
WALK THROUGH COSMOPOLIS

EUGENE JOLAS

was born of immigrant parents in Union Hill, New Jersey in 1894. While he was still a small child, his parents returned to their home in Lorraine, and he was given his schooling in the educational institutions of that Department. Nourished in the double tradition of German and French, he went alone to New York at the age of seventeen, and worked at various jobs while learning the English language. Later he did reporting on a foreign newspaper and eventually on a large New York daily. He continued his newspaper work in Paris until the spring of 1927, when he founded *transition* in collaboration with Elliot Paul. He has published two books of verse in English, contributed to numerous French, German and American newspapers and magazines and has recently published an *Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poésie Américaine*, comprising translations of the work of more than a hundred modern American poets.

Are these hands real, I asked. Often the picture floats dimly across my vision, and my walls do not crumble. I am catapulted over the invisible islands of stone, and the transatlantic testament rises towards me from the electric sign-board. I no longer see the lines converging towards the center. I no longer wonder at the tears of the insect. Night is no more than day, and the lacerated heart can still sigh during the voyage. What is my will but a bell swaying with the wind!

The morning was a sonata by Scarlatti. The dream I had remained like the impotent flash of wings against the leaves, and noon waited around the corner with the paroxysm of a last malady: I had been in the marketplace of a medieval town. The evening was a macabre blue pouring itself against the square of fragmentary houses. Shadows screened parallelograms along the walls, and a horror went stumbling down the streets. Suddenly I saw the tower of babel, studded with barbaric gems. In the eyes of my friend there was a shadow of doubt. We climbed the stairs that wound themselves upward in the baroque insanity of the building, and the figure of a woman, whose hugely distorted face stared at us, bloomed into havoc and sleep. We watched her giant body tremble in convulsions.

When dawn came, the mystery did not leave me, and panic resuscitated fetid wings. I was caught in the gamut of the dark, shivering at a destiny infested with miasmata. The distance took revenge on my frailest hopes,

and my intransigeant time girdled the forgotten forest. Spring was born prematurely in the frontiers that guard the world from the pestilence. But my mind went home to its cavern, where a great myth fluttered around marble and sun. The rain unearthed the skeleton in a flail of hungry thunders.

The lamp was shaking near the parrot, while the fortune-teller made the rounds of the darkened room. Memory was a heather blooming with golden stalks. What would happen, I said, if I take the subway at the time of the home-coming, if the river beckons fanatically beneath the bridges, if I see the mysterious girl? Fear became a hallucination, and the voice of the grey-haired one tick-tocked gigantically against my heart.

I sought the unknown woman in the streets, where the holiday had scattered the white emptiness of languor, and where the day-dream had carved the phantom tone. Endlessly the boulevards serpentined around me, and the liberty that coursed through my veins made me hum a dance-hall air. Then a scar showed in the face of the riotous image that pursued me. The streets became white dust choking my nerves, and fruits began to rot in the monochrome.

I remembered the dream that returned in the ice of the street. The snow had shifted a universe to the confounding of invisible designs. Then I bathed in the pure water of the nomad, while the acid remembrance hung over the hieroglyphic of the moon. The train was the

explosion of my impulses. Soon I shall ripen in the sun, I said. The impossible fever will be stopped by sleep more magical than a drug, and the phantom boat will see an error floating in the tear-swollen eyes of my prisoners. The fugitive's revolt.

Then came the town by the sea, where the blood gurgled in the veins, and where the subterranean whispering spoke of murders in a silent street. The red house showed the carnage of the conflict, and the festival of the exiles in the humility of fright. The fire never went out in my eyes. Black men mangled their muscles and the girls betrayed the knives, the opium, the midnights. The monster came to me, grave and groaning with rage. The claws of its eyes were steel. The women whimpered their words to the dawn.

But the city burned with noon, and she hid her secrets behind the golden mask. I imagined her eyes tender as a deer's. Her lips were gentle, and her laughter rang in my ears. Again I sought her, and once more the gutter swallowed my waiting. The cafés heard my cries, and the last word was listened to, when the music went into a drunken stammering. The acrobats sought the illuminated story, but the impossible lured again, like that woman who appeared nude on the vanished morning.

I went towards the silver asylum of the unreal landscape. The funeral wreaths were hanging at the houses, with the adventures of the vampires. Why did I go on?

There was no prize on my head, and the policeman at the corner yawned into the afternoon. When I found the friend of tired frontiers with the girl whose mind was a stiletto and whose face was as bewildering as her shining words, I wondered at the storm in my heart. His eyes stared into the dreams that have no longer the whiteness of mornings at sea. Some day, I knew, he would find his Mississippi red with the blood of his visions, and the improbable woman would lie in the red loam, where the worms creep through the utter darkness.

I remembered a spring, when the cascades enveloped the filaments of my hungers, while the women with the white breasts strode down the street. The negro laughed epileptically against the rope, and his bitterness was a song of sadness. We are ebony and rhythm, the letter said. Some day we will forget that the streets are always our enemies, and the last indefinable moment will remain in the brain like a cyst. That road could not be forgotten. The warmth of your spirit lingered against the plague, and the love we have is a strange shudder beneath the sun. My solitude became a game of chance, and the loveliest of girls played in the thundering circus. The chants were heard from the eaves. When I thought of a reunion, the paradise became a dying fruit in my hand. I went home, and the horizon was a black shout, while the river cried into my room, until the ultimate ashes fluttered over the waters. The night

was the slow groaning of my heart. Death had no fears, but the road gave me a sick intuition through which I stumbled towards a sunless garden.

I went through the streets of the cosmopolis, like one possessed, and consternation held me, as the houses bent over my crushed laughter. Long have I been your slave, I said, cities, o whirring terror of the hearts! Down into your shimmering abysses I went, lured by the ore of the memories, and by the smile strangled by machines. I listened to the sound of your chaos in the nights of your disinherited ones, and I confessed my orphic confusions.

I remember you like the women that stormed into my life. Always I think of your ecstatic moments that sang down the avenues and boulevards with the delirium of savage dancing. The revolution of my senses blazed across your towers. The enigmas waited in fearful nights, when the transatlantic steamers went down the harbors, when the skyscrapers slashed the humble sky, when the crowds stampeded the asphalt. Your crisis came, after the song had died in the heat of the afternoons. Then I watched you in the vertigo that made me see the distorted films of my vision. The loneliness was demolished in a war of words. Endless stood your gloomy rows of houses around my spirit, and my voyages were fears of geography.

The street-fair made me forget the insistent rhythm of my remembrances and the trumpets followed the

hunting horns around the booths, where the gipsy held out the revelations I had been waiting for. Deserts glowed in her eyes like furnaces. Savage summer nights had devoured her tenderest thoughts and her laughter was born beneath saturn. Then the newspaper hid the metallic words. All that breathed was a fluorescence of mobility, and my heart beat to a rhythm of steel. The whir of the letters became a hallucination, and the scandal beating black wings above them became an obsession. Their ears were deaf. Their fingers dissolved in space, and the gallows waited outside. The sky was garlanded with obscure designs that brought the sting of a desire. They contrived to cut the bodies into little pieces and midnight vomited a hymn.

My friends languished over the old voyages, and over the time, when the tranquillities were slumbering, and the hermetic tides were waiting on the dunes. O nomads, I cried, your secrets have a flower that blooms always in the hours of the last sorrow. Storm blew over you with huge wings and the street-girls haunted your nights. The music was full of agony, while the linotype machines hammered out the paranoiac rhythm of the time. I remembered the tears of a woman, whose house was asleep against the menace of a nightmare. When she begged for the silence of the grave, I smiled. My pity was a drugged slumber in a hermit's cell.

I was no longer at peace with the real things. Something whipped me across the asphalt and the square saw

dusk go into night. I watched the man and woman disappear into the shadows, the pavement on which the white girls showed their ankles under the arc-lamp, the auto fleeing into a mystery, the moon climbing blue over the chimney-pots, nude bodies in a dimly-lighted hotel-room, the tears of a girl in a cafe, orpheus singing in sleep-walk, the rivermen loafing on the barges, the murder in the narrow street, the voices swelling from out of the park, carrousels sprinkled with music. The girl I wanted remained hidden in the fatigue.

Then the railroad station came towards me. The crowds reeked into the dream, and the silence retreated towards the wall. The pestilence was carried off by the train that shot into the distances, and the peace I tried to hold was killed by a bacillus. One lone nightingale persisted in retaining its composure. The hysteria of the people burned the tracks. I had a glimpse of the lonely girl once more, but she was caught in the whirl, and my cries echoed against the bodies.

Again I swallowed the wine. The night had begun to be a whirring shriek. Suddenly all the houses opened before me. I stepped into the janitors' lodges where the spiders weave their sacraments, I went into dance-halls reeking with lusts, I raced across the roofs, where my voice sounded immensely over the world. What is this demon that always drives me from place to place, I asked, that makes me cruel and murderous, when the darkness comes with its endless deformations, that

makes me assassinate the somnambulist children?

I stood on top of the tallest building, where the coolness enveloped me like music. Men, I called, amorphous apes, minuscule lice, I vomit your memory. Your odors float around the houses you built, and the dried-up muscles of your hearts twitch in the heat. With the knives of your terrors you slash open the long-scarred wounds. Once I thought I could love you, little cretins, mangy dogs, swine, liars, thieves, holdup men of the spirit. Purge yourselves, dark beasts that race in the sun with your tongues hanging out. Men, what shall I do with you? I have no use for you. Something beats into your nakedness, but sometimes when the mask slips off, I see a face eaten by cancer, and eyes that have the coward's look of phantoms. Your thoughts are little explosions that die crackling like weed. Hysterical eaters of dusk, transparent idiots of satanic illusions, caricatures of scelerotic vigils, I spit on you. Always your thoughts wheel in the monotone of the infamous words that end in the gibberish of your vainglorious hopes.

Suddenly the consumptive words tumbled. I knew no longer the presence of the malarial alleys. Stricken by my longings to escape, I thought of the hallucinated town, in which my adventurings had begun so many years ago. Would the gas-lamp sputter again its welcome to the rust-sprinkled wanderer from countries of steel? There was always a moan in the garret-beams like

an evoe. Somewhere in the forest was my childhood, buried amid the withering leaves, where the boar comes for its refuge, and where the timid animals shiver in the wind. Surely, I said, the books are dusty in the abandoned room and the folk-song has died, strangled by the bitterness of the years.

Once more the street enveloped me, as I followed the woman in the alley, where the lights were shrill and where the music whimpered a pallid joy. The dance went on with a perfumed melancholy. A drunkenness came over me and I stumbled to the river bespattered up to my throat.

When I arrived in my last refuge, the strange woman looked up from the contemplation of the missal. I gazed at her. Before me was the face of a carp. Between her yellow teeth there oozed the slime of many nights of horror. Her hands were claws. Her hair was dyed, and had the texture of straw. Her body had the misshapen angles of a nightmare, and her dress was the color of urine. In her hands she held a book called: Tut-Ankh-Amen's Dreambook. Her smile was the hideous waiting for an execution.

A great rage went into me. While my fingers clutched her sallow throat, I thought of fabulous lands, fruits in tropic climates, people with children's faces. When the blood trickled from her mouth, I longed for a utopia that would not have the weariness of a sick dawn nor the odor of the hospital. I fled down the street. A shriek,

as if coming from millions of throats, crashed across the sky. The city began to burn at the four corners, and the sheaves flamed into the moonless night. I looked back and watched a huge explosion.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON
LIONEL AND CAMILLA

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

was born in 1899 in Brooklyn and studied at Columbia. After his arrival in France in 1922 he became associated with the Dada group and with *Broom*, *Secession* and *Æsthete 1925*. He also translated Guillaume Apollinaire's *The Poet Assassinated*. At present he works with a New York publishing house and is contributing editor to *transition*. Through his instigation, a group of young New York writers prepared a manifesto which appeared in *transition* No. 13.

A cigarette thrown from a window lodges in the branch of a tree and burns brightly between heaven and earth. Thus do the importunate defy apparently the familiar statutes of a Newton. Ecstatic outcries from Camilla caused Lionel to descend into the garden where by the shaded pool she had captured a brilliant orange and green centipede. The surprised insect fled up and down the changing incline of her white forearm while she clattered with irrepressible laughter. Then Camilla turned solemn and slowly began to execute a *pas-seul* about the little pool, balancing the insect nicely the while on her palm and forearm. Lionel could not contain his laughter. The slender limbs of the woman were paraded deliberately about the garden, the buff colored silk of her slight morning garment echoing gently against the deep verdigris of the ilex trees and the cypresses.

"Let us put him into a crystal," he cried. "He is probably an hermaphrodite, amphibian and preternatural. We might keep him living as long as we are here, and when he dies, let us go." "Let us call him The Heteroclite," ventured Camilla; and thus he was known.

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When the sea turns to a glaucous blue and the land bleaches under the meridional sun, they go down to the Little Beach and stand for a while arm in arm. His body has been burnt to a dusky brown, while she, thanks to a cunning cream, has remained perfectly white. He

swims for long minutes with his face furrowing the tepid wave, and peering down at the stone floor which, is not only mottled but is opal. With a shake of his head he may turn toward the sharp horizon, or regard her green myopic eyes whose vision is so much the creature of his will. Far out his breath dwindles and he floats and rolls to relax his limbs.

The sea is a blue gum when the sun is at its apex, he reflected toward the opaque sky. O liquid slave of the vision which disquiets and disarms us at will! O virago, prone to all the tempers and permutations of Chimera, how am I permitted to ride safely upon your lap and within your big rundle? On what smiling day will I be caught up and sucked into your fabulous snare, the dupe of all eternity?

That night from a low precipice, Lionel found an incessant and spurious pleasure in casting stones into the sea and watching the phosphorescent spray sizzle for many hours.

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In the pure incandescence of the southern sun the mind is at once fevered and whetted to the felicity of voluptuous secrets. Camilla lying alone upon a high rock in the unconscionable blaze felt her body quiver with fresh purposes. The most casual little winds could evoke new suggestions, to set the heart flying down deep stairways of sensation. But most curious of all it was to watch the flood of heat assemble or contract to a

wedge of force, that pinned her helpless to the stone floor. Thus, to be revivified out of dreadful torpor, thus to arise and face the blue sea with the body more astonished, more clamorous than ever before! What did Camilla do? Did she comb her hair with a golden comb? Did she play upon a lute? When she confided her disturbances to Lionel he embraced her disquietude as but a further occasion for the display of the palliative virtues which brimmed in his loins.

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There are radiant men who bend the natural world to their will through the fierce emanations from within. It may be said that Lionel, although aware of the impartial universe, lived within a Nature which was guided to his pleasures. Of Camilla it must be said that she lived only in Lionel. He had adored Camilla, as virgin, as matchless clay upon which his most vivid sensual dreams could be imposed. These were superb material to the hand of the virtuoso: the innocence, the boundless generosity, the unawakened senses.

Soon, the loved thing becomes the beautiful mirror of the self.

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It is a persistent illusion that the career of voluptuousness is easy and blissful of attainment, given a certain influence, pelf, or any other form of impunity, whereas the fulfillment of such a faith is more exacting than the penitence of the most zealous anchorites.

This lonely and yet fulsome existence which Lionel and Camilla had launched upon is accounted for in part by their great gentleness. Having discovered once this barbarously beautiful promontory of the Sicilian coast (practically an island!) it was an easy matter in their informed enchantment to forsake nearly everything else and refuse to proceed any further. The rather worn villa, which dominated the lovely neck of land, passed easily into their hands; one by one the implements of a civilization, renowned certainly for its comforts, were brought in to embellish their refuge. Given the faculty of absorbing beauty from external things, were it not best to choose the most favorable sky and the most grateful landscape? A little time longer in the oppressive metropolis of their people—sepulchral city!—and their high contentment with each other would have rotted, their most lavish instincts would have parched. It is a stubborn fallacy that sensuality is consonant with ruffianism and incontinence with dishonesty! Vainly a fatuous world has come to believe that there is no sweetness in voluptuaries.

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Too happy, happy birds! Within the sensual frame there is enough to sate the leaping mind. Nothing further remains, loves, flies, beyond this monism of their senses. Where is the grateful spot where their wings rest? It is an island. Go and search it out. Fools, your words, your lives deny the beauty and lawlessness of

their world. There are many such islands. They fringe the elaborate shores of the great inland sea. From whatever side you approached, it would be surrounded by water, rocks, distance. Your steps, which know only the stone stairs of cities, lead you under a pall. Walk under the rain of cities, stare from window into window. Of what avail would it be to tell you where their island was?

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If I stole upon you at some unappointed moment of the day, through a door which you had unwittingly left ajar (I knowing this) would I not find you uncouth, vacant, your mouth hanging open, your hair in curl-papers, in short *unprepared?* But here, invade the island of Lionel and Camilla from any vantage point, at any hour. You will not surprise them save at some gesture of dignity or pleasure. (Contemptible sophist, you say that since here there is fulness and perfection, from this point the process of decay begins . . .) See, you have arrested Camilla, who stops in a pose as she is taking the scented fruit from the branch. Or here, you have spied Lionel running beautifully along the sand. Have you an island surrounded by seas and distance, and where there are no seasons?

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Lionel was standing tranquilly by the window of the library, looking out over the choppy sea where the gay sails of fishermen came dancing in the sunset. He was

moping agreeably, permitting not a single general thought to cross his mind. Suddenly there was a scream of fear from the terrace. He craned out of the balcony as far as he could to see around the wing of the house: Camilla was perched on a low imbedded Greek column, used to support an urn, and an ugly mongrel of a dog was leaping and snapping at her. He rushed for his revolver and ran down to the garden. The dog turned at his approach, but from a few feet he fired two shots into its muzzle and the animal crumpled up in its last menacing leap, its belly heaving on for a few more violent moments. Camilla tumbled from her perch, quite beside herself, and was carried upstairs by the sinewy young man. You will say that he was a hero! He laid her tenderly upon the bed, while she sobbed in sharp spasms. "Oh, the dog, the poor mad thing. He came upon me while I was working in the garden. Made a crazy leap at my face, and the first thing I could think of was to climb up on the urn." She would tremble sharply, with a gasp, every now and then, while he said nothing but reassuring soft things and looked steadily into her eyes whose pupils were abnormally dilated. He flung the insect netting about the bed, shutting them in. Her dark hair lay very placidly upon her shuddering body. The revolver lay on the little night-table by the bedside. "The dog! The dog!" she cried again, as his wide arms embraced her. Her eyes strained nearly out of her sockets. The veins in her forehead were dis-

tended. Her heart beat abnormally. His heart beat abnormally too. A cypress towered above the tumbled limbs: INCIDENT.

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Lying in sunbath, Lionel was perfectly naked, relaxed, on the terrace. The sun, in his magnificent progress, struck powdered roads, fell upon the rose roofs of houses, sent a thin haze up from the edges of the sea. This inert man was filled with an uncommon anger. A veritable fever burned from his toes to his temples. But he continued to lie in the sun. Impossible to think of moving, come what might. The paler Camilla lay on a bench under the palms, sleeping evenly after a long swooning fit. He could watch her by turning his head a very little. In the sun, however, his lids at length closed painfully; the opaque sky leaped against them, and the words Propinquity and Death pressed against them. Isolation sought out and staged elaborately. Explore only the moment that turns in your hand. Bloom body, in the southern sun, until the senses have no secret that does not harbour death. The stretching of nerves to a sinister pitch had brought an unwelcome train. Never had he felt more repugnance for his own cunning savagery than during the last night when the shattered nerves of both shrieked at the long darkness. He recoiled at the thought of a protracted and involuntary suicide. How contemptible is the reason when it starts and falters, unwonted through long months and

years to any but the perceptive processes. The man lay like a stone, unable to resolve into measures of defense or action until the sun dropped. When he had determined at length upon an expedient, he was almost beside himself with shame: the whole conception posited a rigid psycho-physical dualism, such as he had been taught in his schooldays!

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Camilla danced no longer. Her gait was heavy and proud. With how great mystery a savage strain stirred her blood and moved her fondly to count the beads of her happiness. Each shy warning of maternity is enjoyed with a serious pleasure. Each step of the blossoming within thrilled her sweet mind. I must be calm for the sake of my child, she told herself. How beautiful he will be for us! Camilla, Lionel's matchless clay, now charged with a purpose most remote from the Lionel motifs. She sinks now into a transfixed mood which is an odd mixture of feebleness and dignity, but is completely exasperating to Lionel. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, it is said in the other lands. The forest of tiny legs folded up and shrank, quite still. In the bright conservatory our friend The Heteroclite died slowly within his hard, colored crust, which turned blue-black!

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Forget this glittering aria. The false coloraturo swoons and her trill is as immediately dead. For Lionel

too, the magical curtain of music has been as suddenly rent.

Lionel: How happy are you, Camilla?

Camilla: I am so happy that I am terribly afraid. But I wonder sometimes, are you as happy as I am?

She looks up at him with anxiety. His face is turned away, as it has seldom turned from her. Camilla! head droops then, and she is weeping. Her weeping is unimaginably beautiful. Bother the blue sea. I am minded that there is only rain now. There is a fine light sleet driving in. The sea is a negative grey plate fixing the whiteness of Camilla's face. Lionel at length speaks with a heavy melancholy: "I have a presentiment of changed circumstances which we cannot control. O Camilla, let me confess to you that it is something I had neither foreseen, nor welcomed. You will say that I speak from vanity and egoism. But I have feared above all such an intervention. With this vanity, this egotism I had fortified us against all dangers which menaced from without. These rocks, this sea. But from within, this poisonous plant, this strangling vine."

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My dear Lionel: What real pleasure it gives me to consider visiting your happy island and hearing your laughter again. Believe me, although I must renounce it, I have thought of you and of Camilla a hundred times and wept to flee this town. Friendships fall like ripe fruit from the trees and rot on the ground. I won-

der if you will understand my terrible plight. There is nothing under heaven that bars me, actually, and yet I could not move toward you, as you request; I can only ask you to come to me if you wish, if you dare to approach the edge of the morass in which I find myself. Ten years, and I am still a child. I have given myself eternally to the smallest promptings. I have wandered, wept, fought, played. I have defended my friends and with blind partisanship hated their enemies. In a man they do not tolerate these simple qualities. Ultimately I have lost my friends. My writing? I have sought to waste it, to run it aground. I sit in cafés and write fretful poems against old men, leaving them on the table as I go, and have only the silly pleasure of knowing that the old scoundrels next to me and behind me will read them after I have gone and be dumbfounded. I sleep in the daytime and roam about with a mob of fools at night, whom I feed and entertain. This mob of clowns is of my own choosing. What a loss. What a sad waste! But am I worse than those who walk erect and defend their correct position? They who covet and honor the first wench they have hit upon and live out their angular lives. I see in them only the influences of propinquity and submission to a sort of social slavery. They are all *INVOLVED*, involved, involved, without will, yielding to the first commandable weakness at hand. I have refused to be involved, and in this refusal they have seen only frailty and fatuousness. Very well.

I speak to the wall. I spend hours with the chambermaid of this drab hotel, and with freaks who excite my sympathy. I am still a boy, and I have been a boy too long, they are saying, But I am not *INVOLVED.* And what of you, Lionel? Is your island still as you have created it? You have had the rare gift of shaping the souls or the parcel of earth which you adopt. If you keep this extraordinary control, you have composed a happiness which is beyond my power of knowing or having, and you must never approach me, for your own sake. I break off, because I am now overcome by a splendid fatigue. I have reached that perfect exhaustion which I spend my days in seeking—Paul.

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Lionel: Boredom, my dear is not a mere conceit of the French poets. It is exactly the monstrous, all consuming poison they have defined it to be. *ENNUI!* How hollow the word sounds. How popular. Cultured people have agreed never to use it, never to admit being *BORED.* But look, here I am for weeks without a proper thought passing through my head. There is no degree of change whatsoever. I cannot deny having suddenly lost all concern in what I am doing here. I am all dried up here, I tell you (striking his temple vigorously). I steal off and play solitaire for hours guiltily. Could anything be more idiotic? It is as if I were waiting at a great railroad terminal for someone to come. The train is retarded, and I have a sudden conviction

that no one will ever come, a frightful chagrin at the uselessness of my presence. How terrible it is to wait at empty railroad stations for trains which never come.

Camilla is sorrowfully kind. Proposes change of scene, a few months of travel again, visiting a friend, *the friend.* Both had a vision then of Paul. The long thin, over-youthful person, talking constantly and beautifully. He paced the room always as he talked, his hands folded behind his back, tangled in his coat tails. His awkwardness was poignant to both of them. This singularly lovely character fought and parted with his friends no doubt, from too great warmth. But it was an old habit to love him.

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I will ride northward, thought Lionel, and encounter my friend in one of those lovely watering resorts which are harbored in the eastern Alps. Our meeting will be most affectionate and many delightful hours will be consumed in imparting to each other the stored reminiscences of as many years. It will be in an old hotel that we will meet, and we will sit upon the balcony which gives upon an inner courtyard of palms, talking in hushed tones the whole night. There a subdued music comes from the stables and the kitchen below where the servants are still at their labor. It will be a rare pleasure, then, which the company of my friend offers. To feel the hot breath of the night together, to sense the

same flowers, the same sounds, to comment upon them almost simultaneously.

We will undress slowly, and he will speak to me for a long time from his bed across the darkened room. At this hour of fatigue he speaks very slowly, as if from a hypnotic state:

"It is good to have you with me. After all, the ease with which I may speak to you and be understood is most soothing. I have pulled the sheet over my head. (His voice becomes indeed muffled.) This is how I fall asleep now. Else I should never convince my unresting brain that it is unconscious. You can hardly conceive what a torment these nights have been. With such an itch upon me, I have been carried from heaven knows what country to the next. Once the sheet is thrown over my head, I have a sense of utterly enforced repose and of death, even. It is for the moment my winding sheet and I sleep."

"But there has been too long a season of repose for me. I am very happy that I exercise such a sedative influence upon you. But on the contrary you stir me to a new unrest. I wish for all the disorders and the sinister enterprises which you have enjoyed in these four years. In short, I long for external *movement*, that my days may be an eternal Atlantic. I am prepared to enlist all of my fresh faculties in the most impossible or preposterous of causes. I can hardly wait for tomorrow."

There would be just such a grave beauty in the hushed voices of friends talking in the darkness before sleep.

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Do you believe that it was an easy thing for Lionel to leave the island? He went swiftly and shamefully away, without pausing to look back lest he be turned into a pillar of salt. In the house a woman was weeping in the most heart-rending manner. It was not violent. I have always loved the way Camilla wept. There is something silvery and euphonious about Camilla's tears. Those of a patient returning softly from an anaesthetic sleep.

JAMES JOYCE

A MUSTER FROM WORK IN PROGRESS

JAMES JOYCE

needs no introduction to readers who make any pretense of following modern literature. The publication of *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* attracted the attention of discerning readers, writers and critics, and, when *Ulysses* appeared in 1922, the name of Joyce at once spread to all parts of Europe and America. Since that time, he has been working steadily on a monumental new book—still far from finished—which clearly represents as great an advance on *Ulysses* as that amazing book did on *The Portrait.*

Short excerpts from the new work have appeared in several reviews during the past few years, but the first consecutive presentation was given by *transition,* in which the entire first book, an extract from the second book and half of the third book have been published to date.

Arousing violent discussions, Joyce's latest writing, under the provisional title of *Work in Progress,* has been almost unanimously condemned by the critics, most of whom have been so bewildered by the revolutionary form and verbal structure that they have made no attempt to understand the multiple space-and-time-embracing conception which has demanded Joyce's new technique. It is useless to deny that *Work in Progress* makes heavy demands of the reader and that it presents innumerable difficulties, yet once one has passed the preliminary barriers, this work opens up little by little,

revealing literary and intellectual possibilities that have never previously been envisaged.

It is impossible in this limited space to go into a detailed exposition of *Work in Progress* (a number of essays in recent numbers of *transition* have treated various phases of the composition). However, it should be pointed out to the uninitiated reader that the work contains no single hero and heroine, no single time element and no spatial limitations. It is founded on the *New Science* of Vico and it treats of the universe and all humanity. The central characters—if characters there must be—are the male and the female, represented by the symbols of the mountain and the river and by dozens of names, the most frequent of which are Humphrey C. Earwicker and Anna Livia—the latter representing specifically the River Liffey which runs through Dublin. According to the author's desire, the male and the female may for the moment be also represented by any characters on the contemporary scene, in history, legend, fable or theology.

The presentation of such a multiple conception naturally calls for the creation of a special vocabulary, which, among other things, may embody several symbols at once. Consequently a single word—often combined from several languages—sometimes has a dozen different meanings which are all condensed into a composite image. A complete understanding of such a text

naturally calls for an immense erudition, while some of the local applications would escape any but a Dubliner. Nevertheless, to follow the main stream of the work, one need possess only the background and the sensitivity to beautiful prose that are to be found in any sincere and intelligent reader.

The *Muster from Work in Progress* is composed of short selections from various instalments which have appeared in *transition*. It is aimed at showing Joyce in various moods, as well as giving a representative idea of his *Work in Progress*. The first selection is of especial significance as introducing the composite central figure Humphrey C. Earwicker and laying the foundation for themes which later appear and reappear many times. Another extract presents the subject of sleep—an important element in this work—in a manner which is remarkable from a scientific as well as a literary standpoint. The universality of Joyce's mind is easily discernible in this "muster" and American readers, at least, will observe, in the Joycian treatment of an affair which recently caused a sensation in New York, the author's ability to elevate current events to an importance equal to that of any great occurrence in the world's history. These fragments should also be a convincing answer to those critics who find that Joyce has no sense of humor.

A MUSTER FROM WORK IN PROGRESS

No Concern of the Guinnesses?

Now, concerning the genesis of Harold or Humphrey Chimpden's occupational agnomen and discarding once for all those theories from older sources which would link him back with such pivotal ancestors as the Glues, the Gravys, the Northeasts, the Ankers and Earwickers of Sidlesham in the hundred of manhood or proclaim him offsprout of vikings who had founded wapentake and seddled hem in Herrick or Eric, the best authenticated version has it that it was this way. We are told how in the beginning it came to pass that like cabbaging Cincinnatus the grand old gardener was saving daylight under his redwoodtree one sultry sabbath afternoon in prefall paradise peace by following his plough for rootles in the rere garden of ye olde marine hotel when royalty was announced by runner to have been pleased to have halted itself on the highroad along which a leisureloving dogfox had cast followed, also at walking pace, by a lady pack of cocker spaniels. Forgetful of all save his vassal's plain fealty to the ethnarch Humphrey or Harold stayed not to yoke or saddle but stumbled out hotface as he was (his sweatful bandanna loose from his pocketcoat) hasting to the forecourts of his public in topee, surcingle, plus fours and bulldog boots ruddled with red marl, jingling his turnpike keys and bearing aloft amid the fixed pikes of the hunting party a high perch atop of which a flowerpot was fixed earth-

side hoist with care. On his majesty, who was, or often feigned to be, noticeably longsighted from green youth and had been meaning to inquire what, in effect, had caused yon causeway to be thus potholed, asking sustitutionally to be put wise as to whether paternoster and silver doctors were not now more fancied bait for lobstertrapping honest blunt Haromphreyld answered in no uncertain tones very similarly with a fearless forehead: Naw, yer maggers, aw war jist a cotchin on thon bluggy earwuggers. Our sailor king, who was draining a gugglet of obvious adamale, upon this, ceasing to swallow, smiled most heartily beneath his walrus moustaches and indulging that none too genial humour which Willian the Conk on the spindle side had inherited with the hereditary whitelock and some shortfingeredness from his greataunt Sophy, turned towards two of his retinue of gallowglasses, Michael, etheling lord of Leix in Offaly and the jubilee mayor of Drogheda, Elcock, (the two scatterguns being Michael M. Manning, protosyndic of Waterford and an Italian excellency named Ginbilei according to a later version cited by the learned scholarch Canavan of Canmakenoise) and remarked dilsydulsily: Holybones, how our red brother of Pouringrainia would audibly fume did he know that we have for trusty bailiwick a turnpiker who is by turns a pikebailer no seldomer than an earwigger! Comes the question are these the facts as recorded in both or either of the collateral andrewpomurphyc narratives. We shall

perhaps not so soon see. The great fact emerges that after that historic date all holographs so far exhumed initialled by Haromphrey bear the sigla H. C. E. and while he was only and long and always good Dook Umphrey for the hungerlean spalpeens of Lucalizod and Chimbers to his cronies it was equally certainly a pleasant turn of the populace which gave him as sense of those normative letters the nickname Here Comes Everybody. An imposing everybody he always indeed looked, constantly the same as and equal to himself and magnificently well worthy of any and all such universalisation, every time he continually surveyed from good start to happy finish the truly catholic assemblage gathered together in the house of satin from the assbawlveldts and oxgangs unanimously to clapplaud Mr. Wallenstein Washington Semperkelly's immergreen tourers in the problem passion play of the millentury *A Royal Divorce* with ambitious interval band selections from *The Bo' Girl* and *The Lily* on all gala command nights from his viceregal booth where, a veritable Napoleon the Nth, this folksforefather all of the time sat having the entirety of his house about him, with the invariable broadstretched kerchief cooling his whole neck, nape and shoulderblades and in a wardrobe panelled tuxedo completely thrown back from a shirt well entitled a swallowall, on every point far outstarching the laundered clawhammers and marbletopped highboys of the pit stalls and early amphitheatre. A baser meaning has been read into these

characters the literal sense of which decency can safely scarcely hint. It has been blurtingly bruited by certain wisecracks that he suffered from a vile disease. To such a suggestion the one selfrespecting answer is to affirm that there are certain statements which ought not to be, and one should like to be able to add, ought not to be allowed to be made. Nor have his detractors, who, an imperfectly warmblooded race, apparently conceive him as a great white caterpillar capable of any and every enormity in the calendar recorded to the discredit of the Juke and Kellikek families, mended their case by insinuating that, alternately, he lay at one time under the ludicrous imputation of annoying Welch fusiliers in the people's park. To anyone who knew and loved the christlikeness of the big cleanminded giant H. C. Earwicker throughout his long existence the mere suggestion of him as a lustsleuth nosing for trouble in a boobytrap rings particularly preposterous. Truth, beard on prophet, compels one to add that there is said to have olim been (pfuit! pfuit!) some case of the kind implicating, it is interdum believed, a quidam abhout that time stambuling haround Dumbaling with his tarrk record who has remained topantically anonymos but (let us hue him Abdullah Gamellaxarksky) was, it is stated, posted at Mallon's at the instance of watch warriors of the vigilance committee and years afterwards, cries one even greater, Ibid, a commender of the frightful, seem-

ingly tropped head (pfiat! pfiat!) waiting turn for thatt chopp pah kabbakks alicubi off Hawkins Street. Slander, let it lie its flattest, has never been able to convict our good and great and no ordinary Southron Earwicker, as a pious author called him, of any graver impropriety than that, advanced by some woodwards or regarders, who did not dare deny that they had, chin Ted, chin Tam, chinchin Taffyd, that day consumed their soul of the corn, of having behaved in an ungentlemanly manner opposite a pair of dainty maidservants in the swoolth of the rushy hollow whither, or so the two gown and pinners pleaded, dame nature in all innocency had spontaneously and about the same hour of the eventide sent them both but whose published combinations of silkinlaine testimonies are, where not dubiously pure, visibly divergent, as warpt from wept, on minor points touching the intimate nature of this, a first offense in vert or venison which was admittedly an incautious but, at its wildest, a partial exposure with such attentuating circumstances (garthen gaddeth green hwere sokeman hrideth girling) as an abnormal Saint Swithin's summer and a ripe occasion to provoke it.

A Mole.

This wastohavebeen underground heaven, first in the west, our misterbilder openly damned and blasted by means of a hydromine, system Sowan and Belting, ex-

ploded from a reinvented bombingpost up ahoy of eleven and thirty wingrests (*circiter*) to sternbooard out of his aerial thorpeto, Auton Dynamon, contacted with the expectant minefield by tins of improved ammonia lashed to her shieldplated gunwale, and fused into tripupcables, slipping through tholes and playing down from the conning tower into the ground battery fuseboxes, all differing as clocks from keys since nobody appeared to have the same time of beard, some saying by their Oorlog it was Sygstryggs to nine, more holding with the Ryan wacht it was Dane to pfife. He afterwards carefully lined the ferroconcrete result with rotproof bricks and mortar, fassed to fossed, so encouraging additional useful councils public such as the Breeders' Union, the Guild of Merchants of the Staple *et*, a. u. c, to present unto him over and above that a stone slab with the usual Mac Pelah address of velediction: We have done with you, Heer Herewhippit, skidoo! Show coffins, winding sheets, goodbuy bierchepes cinerary urns, liealoud blasses, snuffchests, poteentubbs and for that matter any kind of funeral bric au brac would naturally follow, halas, in the ordinary course, enabling that roundtheworlder to live all safeathomely the presenile days of his life of opulence, ancient ere decrepitude, whaling away the whole of the while, lethelulled between explosion and reexplosion from grosskopp to megapod, embalmed, of grand age, rich in death anticipated.

A MUSTER FROM WORK IN PROGRESS

Peaches.

Take an old geeser who calls on his skirt. Note his sleek hair, so elegant, *tableau vivant.* He vows her to be his own honeylamb, swears they will be papa pals, by Sam, and share good times way down west in a guaranteed happy lovenest when May moon she shines and they twit twinkle all the night, combing the comet's tail up right and shooting popguns at the stars. For dear old grumpapar, he's gone on the razzledar, through gazing and crazing and blazing at the stars. She wants her wardrobe to hear from above by return with cash so as she can buy her Peter Robinson trousseau and cut a dash with Arty, Bert or possibly Charley Chance (who knows?) so tolloll Mr. Hunker you're too dada for me to dance (so off she goes!) and that's how half the gels in town has got their botom drars while grumpapar he's trying to hitch his braces on to his trars. But old grum he's not so clean dippy between sweet you and yum (not on your life, boy! not in those trousers! not by a large jugful!) for someplace on the sly old grum has his gel number two (bravevow, our Grum!) and he would like to canoodle her too some part of the time for he is downright fond of his number one but O he's fair mashed on peaches number two so that if he could only canoodle the two all three would feel genuinely happy, it's as simple as A. B. C., the two mixers, we mean, with their cherrybum chappy (for he is simply shamming

dippy) if they all were afloat in a dreamlifeboat, hugging two by two in his zoo-doo-you-doo, a tofftoff for thee, missymissy for me and howcameyou-e'enso for Farber, in his tippy, upindown dippy, tiptoptippy canoodle, can you?

Be Sage and Choose.

—There is some thing-more. All I can tell you is this, my sorellies. It's prayers in layers all the thumping time begor in the suburrs of the heavenly gardens, once we shall have passed through to our snug eternal reward (the scorchhouse). Shunt us! shunt us! shunt us! If you want to be felixed come and be parked. Sacred ease There! The seanad and pobbel queue's remainder. No petty family squabbles Up There, nor homemade hurricanes in our Cohortyard, no cupahurling nor apuckalips nor no nothing. With the Byrns which is far better and eve for ever your idle be. Iereny allover irelands. Hogmanny di'yegut? Hogmanny di'yesmellygut? And hogmanny di'yesmellyspatterygut? You take Joe Hanny's tip for it. Postmartem is the goods. With Jollification a good second. Toborrow and toburrow and tobarrow! That's our crass, hairy and evergrim life! We may come, touch and go, from atoms and ifs but we're presurely destined to be odd's without ends. Here we moult in moy Kain and flop on the seemy side living sure of hardly a doorstep for a stopgap, with Whogoesthere and a live sandbag round the corner. But upmeyant you

sprout all your abel and woof your wings dead certain however of neuthing whatever to aye forever while Hyam Hyam's in the chair. Ah, sure, pleasantries aside, in the tail of the cow what a humpty daum earth looks our miseryme heretoday as compared beside the Herewearegain Gaieties of the Afterpiece when the Royal Revolver of these real globoes lets regally fire of his *mio colpo* for the chrisman's pandemon to give over and the Harlequinade to begin properly SPQueaRking Mark Time's Finist Joke. Putting Allspace in a Notshall.

On the Death of Mrs. Sanders (Pippip).

To the Very Honourable The Memory of Disgrace the Most Noble, Sometime Sweepyard at the Service of the Writer. The just defunct Mrs. Sanders who (the Loyd insure her!) I was shift and shuft too. She was the niceliest person of a wellteached nonparty woman that I ever acquired her letters, used to babies and tottydean verbish this is her entertermentdags for she shuk the bottle and tuk the medascene all times a day. She was well under ninety poor late Mrs. and had tastes of the poetics, me having stood the pilgarlick a fresh at sea when the moon also was standing in a corner of sweet Standerson my ski. P. L. M. Mevrouw von Andersan was her whogave me a muttonbrooch, stakkers for her begfirst party. Honour thy farmer and my litters. This, my tears, is my last will intesticle wrote off in

the strutforit about their absent female assauciations which I, or perhaps any other person, have the honour to had upon their polite sophykussens in the real presence of devouted Mrs. Grumby when her skin was exposed to the air. O what must the grief of my mund be for two little ptpt coolies worth twenty thousand quad herewitdnessed with both's maddlemass wishes to Pepette for next match from their dearly beloved Roggers, M. D. D. O. D. May doubling drop of drooght! Writing.

The River and the Mountain Converse.

O foenix culprit! Ex nickylow malo comes mickelmassed bonum. Hill, rill, ones in company, billeted, less be proud of. Breast high and bestrid! Only for that these will not breathe upon Norronesen or Irenean the secrest of their soorcelossness. Quarry silex, Homfrie Noanswa! Undy gentian festyknees, Livia Noanswa? Wolkencap is on him, frowned; audiurient he would evesdrip, were it mous at hand, were it dinn of bottles in the far ear. Murk, his vales are darkling. With lipth she lithpeth to him all to time of thuch on thuch and thow on thow. Hairfluke, if he could bad twig her! Impalpabunt, he abhears.

Vikingfather Sleeps.

Liverpoor? Sot a bit of it! His braynes coolt parritch, his pelt nassy, his heart's adrone, his bluidstreams acrawl, his puff but a piff, his extremities extremely so.

A MUSTER FROM WORK IN PROGRESS

Fingless, Pawmbroke, Chilblaimemds and Baldowl. Humph is in his doge. Words weigh no no more to him than raindrips to Rethfernhim. Which we all like. Rain. When we sleep. Drops. But wait until our sleeping. Drain. Sdops.

FRANZ KAFKA
THE SENTENCE

FRANZ KAFKA

was born in Czechoslovakia and died in Germany in 1924 at the age of 30 years. He published nothing during his lifetime, although he wrote enough to form a dozen volumes. This work was rescued by a friend after Kafka's death and a large part of it issued in book form in Germany. Among his stories are *Meditation* (1913); a series called *A Country Doctor* (1919); *The Sentence* (1916); *In the Penal Colony* (1919). Among his longer novels are *The Metamorphosis, The Trial* and *The Stoker.*

THE SENTENCE

It was before noon on Sunday of a most lovely spring. George Bendemann, a young businessman, was sitting in his private room on the first floor of one of those low, lightly built houses, strung along a river in a row, and different from one another in height and color only. He had just finished a letter to a friend of his youth who was now abroad, had sealed it with playful slowness and then gazed from the window, his elbow on his desk,—out over the river, the bridge and the summits on the other bank with their frail green.

He thought of how his friend, discontented with his progress at home, had taken refuge in Russia years ago. Now he carried on a business in St. Petersburg, which had begun under excellent auspices, but for some time had been facing difficulties, according to the complaints he made during his visits which became rarer and rarer. Thus uselessly he worked himself to death abroad. His strange full beard hid but scantily his face wellknown from childhood days, and his yellow complexion seemed to point to a progressive illness. According to his story he had no real connection with the colony of his countrymen there, and hardly any social contact with native families. Therefore he had adjusted his life definitely to a bachelor's existence.

What could one write to such a man, who had obviously gone to seed, for whom one could feel sorry but whom one could not help? Should one perhaps advise him to come home, to begin his life here over again,

to resume all the old friendly relations,—simply to have confidence in the aid of his friends? But that meant nothing more than telling him at the same time,—the more hurtingly the more delicately it was said,—that his attempts heretofore had failed, that he should relinquish them, that he should return and let himself be stared at as one who had come back to stay, that he was an old child and would simply have to follow the successful friends who had remained at home. And was it certain that all the trouble to which one would have to put him would bear fruit? Perhaps nobody would even succeed in getting him to come—he himself had said that he could no longer understand conditions at home —and so he would in spite of everything remain in his alien state, embittered by the counsels given him, and separated from his friends still more. But if he really should follow the advice and be crushed here, if he should not be able to adjust himself, with his friends nor without them; would it not be better for him if he stayed abroad, the way he was? For could one under such circumstances assume that actually he would get along?

For these reasons one could not, if one were really willing to keep up any correspondence, let him know of details such as one would explain to the most distant acquaintance. The friend had been absent from home three years, and explained this very unsatisfactorily by the uncertainty of the political conditions in Russia,

which would not admit even the briefest absence of a small businessman, while a hundred thousand Russians were riding quietly around the world.

But in the course of these three years a great many things had changed for George. To be sure, his friend had heard of the death of George's mother, which had occurred about two years ago, and since which George had lived with his old father; the friend had expressed his condolence in a letter of such coldness that it seemed to be explained only by the fact that such an occurrence in the outside world was simply inconceivable. George had plunged into his business since then with much more energy. Perhaps his father had prevented real activity on his part while his mother was alive, by insisting solely upon asserting his views. Perhaps his father had become more reticent since his mother's death, although he was still active in the business; perhaps—and this seemed more probable—a few felicitous accidents had played a much more important role; at any rate, business had been flourishing these two past years most unexpectedly. They had had to double the personnel; the earnings were five times more than formerly and further progress seemed likely.

But his friend had no idea of this change. In the old days, the last time perhaps in that letter of condolence, he had wanted to persuade George to emigrate to Russia and had expatiated on the prospects that existed for George's business in St. Petersburg. His friend's earn-

ings were small compared with the expansion of George's business now. But George was not inclined to write his friend about his commercial successes, and now, after all that had gone before, it would really have looked strange.

Thus George limited himself to writing his friend about unimportant happenings, as they accumulate in the memory, while one muses about them on a quiet Sunday. He had no other desire then to leave undisturbed the impression of his home town which his friend had developed in this long interval, and which he surely found to his liking. Then it happened that in three letters, following one another at long intervals, George had notified his friend of the engagement of some man to a girl, equally unknown, until the friend, entirely against George's intentions, had begun to get interested in this curiosity.

But George preferred writing him about such things, rather than admitting that he himself had become engaged a month ago to Miss Frieda Brandenfeld, a girl from a well-to-do family. Often he discussed this friend with her as well as the special relationship they maintained by correspondence. "I suppose he won't come to our wedding then," she said, "and still I have a right to know all your friends."

"I don't want to disturb him," George had replied, "don't misunderstand me, he probably would come, at least I think so, but he would feel forced to it and

would be hurt, perhaps he would even envy me, and then go back alone, certainly dissatisfied and incapable of getting rid of this dissatisfaction. Alone—do you know what that means?"—

"Yes, but may he not hear of our wedding in some other way?"

"That, of course, I can't prevent, but it is improbable, considering his mode of living."

"If you have such friends, George, you should never have become engaged." "Well, we're both responsible for that; but I would not have it otherwise even now."

And since she, then, breathing heavily under his kisses, had objected: "It really hurts me," he thought it unavoidable to write his friend everything.

"That's the way I am, and he will have to take me that way," he said to himself. "I can't carve a human being out of myself that perhaps would be more suitable for friendship than I am."

And, in fact, he had announced his engagement in the long letter to his friend he was writing this Sunday afternoon, in the following words: "The best news I have saved for the last. I have become engaged to Miss Frieda Brandenfeld, a girl from a well-to-do family that settled here long after your departure, and that you probably will not know, for that reason. I hope to have an opportunity to tell you more about my fiancée; I will only say today that I am very happy and that the only change in our relations is that you will have,

instead of a very ordinary friend, a really happy one. And then you will have in my fiancée, who wishes me to send her regards and who will herself write you soon, a sincere friend, which is not without importance for a bachelor. I know many things prevent you from visiting us. But don't you think that our wedding might offer the right opportunity to throw all the impediments overboard? But however that may be, please act without taking us into consideration, just as you see fit."

With this letter in his hand, George sat at his desk a long time, his face turned to the window. Smiling absent-mindedly, he hardly answered an acquaintance who passed by and greeted him from the street.

At last he put the letter in his pocket and crossing the room went through a little hallway into his father's room in which he had not been for months. There was never any real necessity for his going there, for he saw his father during business hours every day. They ate lunch together in a boarding house, although they had dinner separately. Then both sat for a little while, in the common living room, each with his newspaper, unless George, which happened most frequently, went to see a friend or, as now, visited his fiancée.

George was astonished to see how dark his father's room was this sunny forenoon. Strange, that the high wall rising beyond the small courtyard should throw such a shadow. His father was sitting at the window in a corner which was decorated with diverse souvenirs

of his mother, and he was reading the newspaper which he held sidewise in front of his eyes, with which operation he attempted to compensate his feeble eyesight. On the table there were the remains of breakfast, of which he evidently had not eaten much.

"Ah, George," said his father, walking toward him at the same time. His heavy bath-robe opened while he was walking, the ends fluttered about him. "My father is still a giant," thought George to himself.

"It's really unbearably dark here," he said aloud.

"Yes, it's really dark," his father replied.

"Did you close the window?"

"I'd rather have it like this."

"It's quite warm outside," said George, as if adding an epilogue. He sat down.

His father took the breakfast dishes away and placed them on a box.

"I simply wanted to tell you," George continued, while observing absent-mindedly the motions of the old man, "that I finally did announce my engagement to St. Petersburg." He took the letter from his pocket, and let it wander back again.

"To St. Petersburg," asked the father.

"Why, to my friend," George said, looking for his father's eyes.—"In business he's entirely different," he thought to himself. "The way he sits here, his arms crossed over his broad chest."

"Yes, to your friend," his father said emphatically.

"You know, father, I first intended not to tell him anything about my engagement. For reasons of consideration simply. He is a difficult man. I said to myself, he may find out about my engagement from other sources, although that is hardly probable, considering his solitary mode of living—I cannot prevent it, anyway—but he should not find it out through me."

"And now you have changed your mind again?" his father asked, putting the large newspaper on the window sill and upon the paper his glasses which he covered with his hand.

"Yes, I thought it over again. If he is a good friend, I said to myself, my happy engagement will be happiness for him. And therefore I no longer hesitated to send him the announcement. But before mailing the letter, I wanted to tell you about it."

"George," his father said, pulling his toothless mouth apart, "now listen! You have come to me with this affair to talk it over. That is doubtless to your credit. But it is nothing, less than nothing, if you now do not tell me the whole truth. I do not want to stir up things that do not belong here. Since the death of your dear mother certain disagreeable things have happened. Many things escape me in business, perhaps no attempt is made to hide it from me—I do not want to assume now that it is being hidden from me—I am no longer strong enough, my memory fails me. I no longer have

control over many things. That is first of all the running down of nature, and secondly the death of your mother has affected me much more than you.—But since we happen to be discussing this letter, I must beg you, George, not to deceive me. It is a small matter, not worth a breath so don't deceive me. Have you really a friend in St. Petersburg?"

George got up, embarrassed. "Let's leave my friends alone. A thousand friends cannot replace my father. You know what I think? You do not take enough care of yourself. But old age demands its rights. You are indispensable for me in business, you know that well enough; but if business should threaten your health, I should prefer closing it tomorrow. This can't go on. We shall have to introduce a new mode of living for you. But something fundamental. You sit here in the darkness, while you could have a nice light in the living room. At breakfast you simply nibble a bit, instead of nourishing yourself thoroughly. You sit here, with the windows closed, and the air would be so good for you. No, Father! I will get the doctor, and we will follow his advice. We shall exchange rooms—you must take the front room, and I will stay here. It will not be a change for you, everything will be moved over there. But we'll do that in due time, you might lie down now a bit, you need absolute rest. I'll help you undress, you'll see I can do it. Or perhaps you would

prefer moving to the front room at once. Then for the time being you might lie down in my bed. That's a good idea."

George was standing beside his father, who let his head with the scraggly white hair sink to his chest.

"George," his father said softly, without emotion.

George knelt down at once beside his father; he saw the pupils in his father's tired face, over-large in the corners of his eyes, staring at him.

"You have no friend in St. Petersburg. You have always been a practical joker, even with me. Why should you have a friend there, of all places? I cannot believe it."

"Think for a minute, father," said George, lifting his father from the arm-chair and taking off his bath-robe. The old man seemed very weak. "It's almost three years ago that my friend was here for a visit. I can still remember that you did not care much for him. At least on two occasions I denied him before you, although he was sitting with me in my room, for I could easily understand your aversion to him. My friend has certain peculiarities. But then at other times you got along with him very well. I was so proud that time that you were listening to him; you nodded and asked questions. If you think about it, you will surely remember it. He told incredible stories about the Russian Revolution, for instance, how during a business trip in Kiev he saw a riot and a priest on a balcony who

cut into the palm of his hand a wide crucifix of blood, raising his hand in an appeal to the crowd. I remember you yourself repeating this story from time to time."

In the meantime George had succeeded in getting his father to sit down again and he began to take off his drawers and his socks. At the sight of the not particularly clean underwear, he blamed himself for having neglected his father. It certainly should have been his duty to watch over his father's laundry. He had not yet talked with his fiancée about his father's future, but silently they had presupposed that his father would remain in the old home. But now he decided briefly and decisively to take his father along with him into his future household. It might be that such care would come too late.

He carried his father in his arms to the bed. A fearful feeling was in him, as he began to notice how during the few steps to the bed his father was playing with the watch-chain on his chest. He could not at once put him to bed, he clung so firmly to the watch-chain.

But hardly was he in bed, when everything seemed all right. He drew up the covers himself. He did not look up at George with unfriendly eyes.

"Of course you remember him, father, don't you?" asked George, nodding encouragingly towards him.

"Am I covered up now?" asked his father, as if he did not know whether or not his feet were sufficiently covered.

"So you're beginning to like it in bed already?" said George, putting the cover closer around him.

"Am I well covered up?" asked his father once more, seeming most attentively to await a reply.

"Just be quiet, you're well covered."

"No!" his father cried, hurling the answer against the question. He threw the cover off so hard that it unfolded and stood for a moment erect in bed. Only one hand he held tightly against the ceiling. "You wanted to cover me up, I know, my little lad, but I'm not yet covered up. And even if it is my last strength, it's enough for you, too much for you. Of course, I know your friend. He would be a son according to my heart. For that reason you deceived him all these years. Why otherwise? Don't you think I wept about him? That's why you lock yourself in your office, nobody must disturb you, the boss is busy—only that you may write your false letters to Russia. But fortunately nobody warned the father to find out about his son. The way you thought just now you had conquered me, so that you could flop down on me without my stirring. And then my Honorable Son decides to get married!"

George looked up at the terrifying picture of his father. The friend in St. Petersburg, whom his father knew suddenly so well, captivated his imagination, as never before. He saw him lost in immense Russia. He saw him at the door of the empty business which had been looted. He saw him standing amid the debris of

the shelves, the shreds of the merchandise, the falling gas-fixtures. Why had he gone so far away?

"But look at me!" his father called, and George ran, almost without thinking, to the bed, but stopped on the way.

"Because she raised her skirts," his father began to say in a flute-like voice. "Because she raised her skirts, the trollop," and in order to picture it, he raised his shirt so high that the scar from his war days could be seen on his upper thigh. "Because she raised her skirts like this, like this, like this, therefore you went to her, and in order to satisfy yourself with her without being disturbed, you have dishonored your mother's memory, betrayed your friend, and put your father in bed, so that he cannot move. But he still can move, or can't he?"

And he stood clear and threw his legs into the air. He was luminous with cunning.

George was standing in a corner as far as possible away from his father. Some time ago he had decided to observe everything very accurately, so that he might not be surprised in a roundabout way, from behind or from above. Now he remembered again his long forgotten decision and forgot it, as one draws a little thread through the eye of a needle.

"But your friend is nevertheless not betrayed," his father cried, and his index finger bobbing to and fro affirmed it. "I have been his representative here."

"You're joking," George was unable to refrain from saying this but recognized his mistake, and bit his tongue, although too late—his eyes rigid—so that he bent with pain.

"Yes, of course, I am joking! A joke! Excellent word! What other consolation did an old widowed father have? Look—and for the moment of the reply be still my living son. What was there left for me, in my back room, persecuted by unfaithful employees, old to the very bones? And my son raced jubilantly through the world, concluded business affairs which I had prepared, stood on his head with joy, and avoided his father with the enigmatic face of a man of honor. Don't you think I loved you? I, from whom you came?"

"Now he is going to bend forward," thought George, "if he should fall and crush his head." These words hissed through his brain.

His father bent forward, but did not fall. Since George, contrary to his expectations, did not come nearer, he rose again.

"Stay where you are, I don't need you! You think you still have the strength to come here and you hold back, merely because you are so minded. But you are mistaken. I am still much the stronger. Alone perhaps I might have had to draw back, but your mother has now given me her strength; I know all about your friend; the list of your customers is in my pocket."

"There are pockets even in his shirt," said George,

thinking this would bring his father to his senses. He thought this only for a moment, for he always forgot everything.

"Just stick to your fiancée and be condescending to me. I will sweep her away from you, you will never know how."

George made a grimace, as if he did not believe it. His father merely nodded towards George's corner, affirming the truth of his statement.

"You really amused me when you asked me if you should write your friend about your engagement. Why, he knows everything, you fool, he knows everything, I wrote him, because you forgot to take my writing material away from me. That's why he has not been back for years, he knows everything a hundred times better than you yourself. Your letters he crushes, unread, in his left hand, while holding my letters in his right hand to read them."

Enthusiastically he swung his arm over his head. "He knows everything a thousand times better," he called.

"Ten thousand times," said George, to sneer at his father, but the words had a deadly serious sound even in his mouth.

"For years I have been waiting for you to come with this question. Do you think that anything else interests me? Do you think that I am reading newspapers? There," and he threw the page of a paper, which somehow had been carried to the bed, in George's direction,

an old newspaper with a name with which George was unfamiliar.

"How long you hesitated before becoming mature. Your mother had to die, she could not experience that day of joy, your friend is perishing in his Russia, three years ago he was as yellow as death, and I, just see, how things are with me. Haven't you eyes to see?"

"So you spied on me?" said George.

Pitifully his father: "You probably wanted to say that sooner? Now it's not the thing to say."

And louder: "Now you know what was going on outside yourself. Before you only knew about yourself. You really were an innocent child, but in reality, diabolical!—Listen: I now condemn you to death by drowning."

George felt himself chased out of the room; in his ears rang the blow with which his father had crashed onto the bed. While on the stairs, over the steps of which he raced as over an oblique plane, he stumbled against the cleaning woman who was about to go upstairs to arrange the rooms after the night. "Good Lord," she called, and covered her face with her apron. But he was already gone. He jumped out of the doorway, something drove him across the streetcar tracks to the water. Already he had hold of the parapet, like a hungry man clutching his food. He swung over it, being an excellent athlete. Clutching the railing with weakening hands, he saw an omnibus which would

break his fall most easily, cried softly: "Dear parents! Yes, I have always loved you," and let himself go down.

At that moment very heavy traffic was crossing the bridge.

Translated from the German and adapted by EUGENE JOLAS.

VLADIMIR LIDIN

THE SIXTH DOOR

VLADIMIR LIDIN

is one of the most unorthodox of the Red Russian writers, both in syntax and in form. The present extract —the first to appear in English—is taken from a book dealing with the same background.

A black morning,—and from it unrolls a grey day, a slow day of thaw. The snow is limp and dirty, with twigs floating in the puddles, and suddenly at intervals the air is filled with fine, slanting sleet, melting as it falls. But as the storm drizzles, early locomotives roar raucously into the stations. And people already are hurrying here and there. They materialize from the raw mist dragging their bags or perched behind the horse collars of sleighs. Throughout the whole city, from the station or to the station, they lug their burdens,—and the train goes far away into deaf and snow-ridden Russia. Where will fate, and the scarcity of fodder, drive the meagre spirit of man? Women in shawls and soldiers in overcoats they have cursed for five seasons bristle upon the roofs of the double-decked cars, and from the broken windows, shoulders, and corners of trunks stick out. Roaring and cannonading under jet black smoke, the train departs and already a different one is arriving on another track, its crowd dragging their prey in bags. The blueness of March intensifies, and wet newspaper sheets are pasted on fences and walls. Like flies upon a sticky sheet, men and women glue their paws and snouts to the bulletin boards, hiding their hands in their pockets, warming their noses in their coat collars, shifting from foot to foot. . . .

Labor movement in Spain growing . . .

Wholesale grocers' association announced . . .

Famous bacteriologist dies in Germany . . . Actions and decisions . . .

Literary evening . . . the poets will read . . .

Abortions of Mary Magdalen . . .

Stop . . . Look . . . Listen . . .

Debate . . . Religion and Hypnotism . . .

Court sentences thirty-two . . . seven bandits.

The crowds pass on, noses further in their collars, into buildings and establishments,—isolated dwellings, six-story buildings, banks, corridors . . . room 1 . . . 34 . . . 66 . . . third story . . . information on the ground floor. They rush from No. 1 . . . 34 . . . 66, from the third to the sixth. The scrubwoman gathers up thousands of littered papers, and already the employees crawl into empty rooms, over the floors, behind tables, writing tables, desks, even small boudoir tables with torn covers and rococo legs, in front of machines, "Underwood," "Smith Premier," "Remington," "Monarch," "Royal." . . . The universal office gets to work, killing time, flicking off dust. Was it not the same formerly, except that now the dry whooping cough of the typewriters has replaced the hoarse bronchitis of goose-quills. The applicant coughed in his hand, as he coughs now, and while then he found official, empty, colorless eyes, now he catches the blue, brown or grey eyes of a young lady, holding her little finger with its pink nail apart from the rest, fur boa around her neck, and

slowly she draws the applicant into a non-seeing stare. The carriage squeaks and the ratchet jumps from tooth to tooth. . . .

"Dear, precious mother,

"I have grown weak and tired from this commotion. How are you at home, dear? Surely you don't get enough to eat, and times are generally hard. . . . I live with Niusha in one room, but the room is nice. One thing makes it terribly hard, it is large and impossible to heat. There is no wood, anywhere, one has to economize so. How I should like to see you, mother. My hands are swollen and ache from cold, but that is nothing. When warm weather comes, all will be fine. Ah, little mother, when I think of warmth and our lovely Liubimovka, I want to cry. . . . Will the time ever come. . . ."

". . . the general assembly of fellow-laborers voted to dispense with the house committee in its past form and to nominate a new. . . ."

". . . just the same, we must separate, Nina. This is nothing but sorrow. I have given this way and that,—evidently I cannot break. Such is my nature. . . ."

". . . Report on pro-rata system, 31st instant, number of persons, horses and vehicles. . . ."

And so the papers are swept out and down, from floor to floor, bells ring in all the passageways, machines thump, visitors climb to the sixth floor, out of breath.

"Permit me to ask. . . ."

"Get into line. . . ."

"But I only need a little information. . . ."

"Everybody needs information, citizen. . . ."

. . . Each person sixteen years of age is entitled to . . . cubic feet of sanitary air and . . . cubic yards of space. Right here, janitor of No. 6 . . . citizens inquire about authorizations, expulsions, requisitions, confiscation. . . .

From the stubbs: children's, ¼ lb. rye, medical personnel, 2 codfish, card for a dray-horse, —— lbs. bread. . . ."

"The rest of you come tomorrow, if there is any bread. . . ."

A high school boy with glasses walks along the line and women, children and old men turn their backs to him while he marks them with chalk. They walk away numbered. A retired general, series B, red stripes and copper backs upon his rubbers, a pregnant woman with an infant, series A, No. 1, a priest in a cassock, series D. "Nothing today, tomorrow if there is anything left. Go sing your mass on an empty stomach."

Autos penetrate the fog, mists of snores, myriad whistles, groans of wood demons, like black devils, a Figaro, no, wrong . . . the secretary of Comrade Snetkov's committee. . . .

"Wait at the corner, Comrade chauffeur." She steps into the mist, like a small winter creature in her deli-

cate fur, small feet in fur-topped boots, pocketbook under her arm, veil tinged with frost. Her small heels tap upon the steps, she stops on the platform, takes out a pocket mirror, shakes powder from the puff. The door is marked,—Trofimova, one ring; Doctor Katz, two rings; Ivanov, three rings; Glagolin, four rings; Niusha, five rings. . . . And Mme. Snetkova rings four times. Glagolin appears, blue-cheeked, clean-shaven, and kisses her hand through the opening of the glove.

"I came for one minute. The car is waiting at the corner . . . the committee meets at three. . . ." And papers, a seal, a lip-stick, powder, a pink ribbon, a blue ribbon, fall from the pocket book.

"How wonderful that the stove is burning."

"Yes. They cleaned it yesterday. It draws excellently."

Glagolin sits at her feet.

"I will kiss every finger and toe."

"Sit quietly, read some verses. . . ."

"Which verses, my heart? Hoffman or Achmatov. . . ."

"I am putting the right glove on the left hand. . . ." Who wishes to be heard upon the question of adding two baggage vehicles to the state's list?

"Comrade Snetkova, bring in the record of the special opinion. . . ."

Candles burn with a bluish mist in the church, like Aniuta's golden eyes, before Saint Nicholas in the pres-

ence of God,—a bell intones copper longings in the dampness.

A Jewish catafalque rides into Dorogmilov covered with a black shawl with a six-cornered star, a Jew in a black cap upon the driver's seat. Beat, beat your breast, grey mother! Sit upon the floor seven days! Children, clutch your father's coffin! Do not insult the poor at the cemetery gates, or they will shower curses upon the deceased. . . .

"Don—don . . ." Balmont, the poet, in torn rubbers, crosses the puddles. Will a golden Oceania rise before him in the mist? He passes in a worn beaver hat, frost on his red moustache.

"We shall be as the sun. . . ."

And there is no wood. His hands are swelling. The priest proclaims under the round arches of Saint Nicholas, announces dully to the very arches from which looks out the smooth-faced, almond-eyed Visantia: "I, unworthy Jew, with the power given me . . ." The deceased professor lies in the boarded coffin, grey hair smoothed which was always ruffled in life. He carries away forever the secrets of the Sanskrit . . . "the newly presented slave Iouri. . . ."

The driver sits on the wagon and waits. The wagon is from Tramot. They must hurry or he will become impatient and drive away. The books of the deceased should go to a museum. They will be useful to the writers. In Leontievski they pay more. . . . Deacons

burn incense, clouding the narrow windows. Blue smoke spirals up to God.

Carried on a hearse together from Tramot, two dead men go in different directions. One to Vagankovo cemetery, the priest with rubbers in front, the wife sitting upon the coffin board like a sack. The other to Dorogomilovo, in orthodox fashion, with no coffin, just a shroud. Jacob Abramovitch, dentist. Where are your extractors and creosote, poor Jewish Yorick?

In one cemetery, the melting snow covers the crosses, crows flap, water trickles into the graves. . . . Dust to dust . . . and the chain of the incense-burner tinkles. Snow melts also on the other. White stones with inscriptions, right and left, crows, water on the graves. His wife in Morseika will sit seven days on the floor, and the children, swaying. In Paradise Professor Iuri Viacheslavovitch Smorogin and Doctor Jacob Abramovitch Davidson will meet. . . .

The third meeting is called in the institution. The guard before the military school is mounted. In the office of the war and revolutionary council, a general without shoulder straps sits behind a map upon which "we" retreat then "they" retreat? And who are "we" and "they"? This is no place to joke. The Commissar is due any minute. Below in the corridor, bread is given out. Comrades Plotnikova, Prove and Zemochkina stamp their feet a little. The soldiers smell sourly of boots and sheepskin.

"A bit of soap for Easter . . ."

"A half pound of white flour . . . Honest to God . . ."

"Comrade Podskakuchin! A crust for me."

In the vegetarian dining-room a sign, "Try it and be convinced." Arbat street, near Samsonov, the tailor. Sour cabbage soup, a beefsteak made of carrots, nourishing coffee, all for eighty kopeks. The ones being convinced burn their lips with the soup; and a dry little old woman, a small cockatoo feather in her hat, walks around and watches for those who do not clean their plates, drinking the soup or finding a potato here and there. The white-faced waitress with six pound breasts and a tuft of hair tied with blue ribbon says,

"Madam, how many times must I tell you not to kill yourself eating."

Seven carloads of grain . . . given out to asylums . . . cribs . . . dining rooms . . . Basmanaia . . . Blagusha . . . Lefortovo . . . The food dictator groans, the pen squeaks. Tomorrow will announce . . . distribution will not be made. . . . This means that in Balagush, Lefortov, Zazep, they will eat kidney soup without bread, dried codfish.

How the stairways smell of fish. Lie down and die!

Four o'clock! Locks click. Young ladies, public prosecutors, attorneys, hurry to the pavement in the evening dusk. There is more room on the covered-up car tracks. Small sleighs, bags, frozen potatoes stain with black

fluid. Nothing but fish grease in which to boil a cutlet. Chopped anchovies mixed with herring, something like meat. Poet, where are you going in loose felt boots, on the cartracks? At home is a mask of Pushkin, carrot tea and "Laclos" opened to page 37. You translate, earnestly, in fur coat and gloves. It is cold in winter in an unheated house. The wind blows through broken windows on the stairs, snow freezes on the steps. Somebody hauls pail after pail to the fifth floor. He runs to the empty lot where they carried the backhouse. No, he will squat by the wall. The wind will not blow there. A good verse will come, while his insides are torn by prickly chaff. His neighbor is richer, lights the little oven in the evening, bakes fritters and sings, "I sit by the fire." The little boy, George sits in front of the oven on his heels and warms his hands, first the palms, then the backs. He is solemn, grey-eyed, and already knows by heart a part of "Ruslan" and the scene on the border of Lithuania from "Boris Goudunov."

The black autos still shove their noses again and again into the blackness of the night . . . from serfdom to the public hall.

—Comrades, those who have felt the bony hand of hunger. . . . First, transportation . . . I ask for a vote by the holding up of hands . . . those not in favor, hold up your hands. Passed. Agreed unanimously. Enter it on the records.

The theory of price increase, developed by Marx.

Groping in the dark.

"Who is on duty at the door. The comrade from high school? Open."

The breezy student runs to pull the bell rope. . . . Bom . . . bom. . . . A sally of bandits . . . all with revolvers. All citizens walk out! The gong sounds, the whole house is alive, men run down in their underwear, quilts over their shoulders. Chairman of the house committee, explain yourself. One for you and three for me. . . .

"The devil. Searched, and they did not even search carefully. A government raid . . . thought they were bandits."

"Write, Comrade foreman. Apartment No. 4 . . . two pounds of rye flour, 2 quarts of kerosene, five pieces of soap. . . ."

Darkness again on the street. The House of the People floats on darkness like a steamer alight.

The play produced, comrades, is "Schelmenko, the Orderly," and shows the whole socialistic fraud about the officers and our brother who must lick the gentlemen's boots. . . . Right. Here, here! Down with the hangers-on, the middle class. Tear off a polka, comrade . . . the one I took by the teats, right here under the stairs, by God. . . .

"Comrades, red army men, you are the pride . . ."

" . . . got all worked up, by God. Bit my ear. Said, 'Here I am, all yours.' . . . And now I am almost dead

from her. Two hundred roubles for medicine . . . and the end not in sight. . . ."

"Comrades, so long as we are not to conquer the whole world, because the leash of the bankers and manufacturers is so long . . ."

Keep time with your feet. He plays so well your feet move. . . .

"No, of course everything is for the people, now. . . ."

Who comes whistling gaily through the darkness?

"Give me a cigarette, sailor! Ada. Rige. Anything you want. I like Raini better, longer mouthpiece."

I'm hot stuff, kid. I'll wear anybody out. Try me once. You'll make no mistake.

Hear the mare neigh. Don't listen to her. I will satisfy you. I won't roll you off. Stop a minute. Talk sense. All night, or a short time? Too much? And what is the price of horsemeat?

Hell, I never ate horsemeat. That's what makes her neigh, nothing but horsemeat. That's where she gets such a long chin.

A son of a bitch, he is, and nothing else. He sold a muff and a pair of fancy shoes, and earrings with amethysts. And he fools around with Verka, takes her money away, buys himself yellow boots, tomcats around with all the others. . . .

Huge locomotives on the rails whistle for the station, click over the switches. The snowy road leads through

the deaf land. A curtained car stands on a sidetrack. Outside, silence. Inside, in a lighted salon a black-haired woman sits on green morocco cushions and plucks the thin strings of a guitar.

"Mad nights, mad nights! Still I yearn for you with eager memory."

A man pulls at her clothing. "I was on seven fronts. I fought with the whites, with the green . . . all rubbish. Drink."

And they drink. . . . "If you like, I'll stir up the guards and have war in two minutes . . . only the Letts . . . and they will die."

"Nights with the last light blazing,

"Oh, Come with me. Everything, my soul."

Road, road, road, road, road, road, the locomotive cries, and the switchman gives it clear track. Night, mist, fog. Toward morning, a little frost. And the snow smells of spring.

Translated from the Russian
and adapted by SOFIA HIMMEL.

RALPH MANHEIM

LUSTGARTEN AND CHRISTKIND

RALPH MANHEIM

was born in New York in 1907. He was educated at Harvard and has spent several years in Europe. His first stories appeared in *transition,* although he had previously done translations from German, Italian and Hebrew.

Lustgarten, Christkind, and Fräulein Poscht, the intelligentsia of Bosnianski Gradiška, sat at their table in the court-yard of the Honest Slav.

"Twelve years ago to-day," said Lustgarten, "they killed poor Ferdinand, and now they make a national holiday out of it." Lustgarten had been out in the world, had been from Vienna to the Balaton, and south as far as Sarajevo. Then, long, long ago, he had been sent to Bosnianski Gradiška to buy grain from the Bosnian farmers.

"I can remember the time," he said, "when this place was called the Honest Goth."

"Yes," said Christkind, "as Goethe put it" 'Everything passable is only a comparison.' 'He was the representative of modern life in Bosnianski Gradiška. He sold ladies' dresses, and his store was the only house in town, which had all its windows intact.'

"Yes, yes, life is like that," said Fräulein Poscht. She had not been paying attention, but she said this with deep conviction. Every day for ten years she had brought forth the same conviction at half-past twelve.

"What good is a holiday?" said Lustgarten. "I get up at ten o'clock and go to the barber shop. I get a shave, a shampoo, a haircut, a manicure; everything he's got. When he's finished, I feel like a new-shod horse; but I ask him if he can't do something else to me. No, he says, that is his whole repertory, but he can begin at the beginning if I want. So there's still an hour left

to lunch-time, and what should I do? I go down beside the Sali, and wonder how there can be so much mud in a river. All the time I wonder."

"The rivers of Babylon we sat down and cried," said Christkind.

"When I was in Vienna, life was different," said Lustgarten. "I lived out in Mariahilf, right behind Gerngross. You know Gerngross? A pair of shoes cost twelve Kronen, and better shoes than you can get now. You could get a suit, good as new, for twenty-five Kronen, and an overcoat for the same. You could get a meal, from herring to Raschinkes for seventy-five Heller. And women, women, ach women!—dirt cheap like water."

"Don't worry," said Christkind. "In ten years Bosnianski Gradiška will be a little Vienna. Maybe even the streets will be paved and the windows fixed. The Turks will stop wearing fezes, and the women will take down their veils."

Lustgarten paid no attention. "In Vienna life was different. All my days I ask myself why I didn't stay there. Why didn't I stay there? Because my mother was dying in Osjek, and, when she got through dying, I couldn't get back. Not even would they let me stay in Osjek; out here they have to send me, to buy wheat from the Turks."

Christkind went on. "When once the women begin

wearing my latest Viennese models around, it will be time for the men to get a little up-to-date."

"Who ever wears your funny-looking dresses anyway?" said Lustgarten. "I never saw one yet."

"Oh, the little Turkish girls, they come in and buy them. They can't wear them on the street, or their husbands would kill them. But at home, in front of the busted looking-glass I tell you they put them on. Pretty soon we'll be able to sell them looking-glasses." He spoke the language of hope, but without the transfigured enthusiasm of the merry salesman.

As the conversation became animated, they gradually sank into German. Fräulein Poscht was a Slavophile. They called her Fräulein Poscht, because she was the post-office force of Bosnianski Gradiška and because her real name was unpronounceable. She was hundred percent Croatian, and since the war was trying not to be ashamed of it. As the two spoke German, she looked on disapprovingly.

"Why do you speak that ugly language which I do not understand?" she complained.

"If I spoke Chinese as well as you spoke German," said Christkind, "I'd go to China and sell sun-bonnets."

"Don't be ashamed you're not Jewish," said Christkind. "A lot of great men weren't Jewish. Napoleon for instance, and even poor old Ferdinand. And the poor old druggist in Osjek. Do you know about the druggist in

Osjek? Well, once there was a druggist in Osjek, who was a Catholic. Of course he kept it quiet on account of business, so every year he pays taxes to the Jewish community, sixty Kronen. Till once all of a sudden they raise his taxes to a hundred Kronen. What does he do? He saddles his old mule, and rides to the synagogue. For ten years, he says, I've been a patient, law-abiding Jew. Every year I pay my taxes, sixty Kronen. But when it's I should pay a hundred Kronen then I have to insist on my rights as a Catholic."

After lunch they walked down the Avenue of Banyaluka, which is the main street. Nearly every shanty on both sides of the way was called a café. Turks sat in small groups, drinking dark brown coffee, and trading hypothetical horses. The Croatian population sat or stood in the street, wondering what to do, a problem which only came up on national holidays. Otherwise people worked seven days and fourteen hours a day in Bosnianski Gradiška. One could not leave the Jews Saturday, the Mohammedans Friday, and the Christians Sunday, so lest anyone's feelings be hurt, there was no day of rest at all.

They went to see the festival dances. Under the village Linden boys and girls sang, and danced in a uniform, neverchanging figure. They sang the same melody over and over again, first the boys, then the girls, all afternoon if you stayed till the end.

"It is very beautiful," said Fräulein Poscht.

"How can they go on like that all afternoon?" said Lustgarten. "It's worse than Schul."

"But it will draw foreigners to our town," said Christkind. "Croatian national dances in national costumes."

Lustgarten looked at the girls in red-on-white blouses, with pink dish-rags around their heads. "Oi, oi, oi," he said.

Fräulein Poscht left them, and they wandered down towards the Sali. Bosnianski Gradiška gradually sank into the mud-flats. From the broken-down houses on Banyaluka avenue to a one-story shanty is not far. And it is not far, from a one-story shanty to a wagon-shed; from a wagon-shed to a wood-pile, or from a wood-pile to plain mud-flats.

They walked beside the river. Lustgarten was gray and bent. He dropped his head between his shoulders, and at each step he took his nose hung nearer the ground.

"In Vienna if it were a holiday," he said, "we could go to the Prater."

"There will come a time," said Christkind, "when Bosnianski Gradiška will be larger than Banyaluka." He had the wit and physiognomy of a metropolitan delicatessen dealer; but he was out in the country.

The water mills out in the river groaned and seemed to float down stream. Lustgarten and Christkind walked,

and sat down, walked and sat down again, till it was nearly time for supper.

When they returned to the Honest Slav, Katyitza came out to meet them. "Oh, Mr. Lustgarten," she said, and threw up her arms into the air, "a foreigner has come on the bus from Okucani, and nobody can understand him, so you must talk German to him. We got him to put his name in the book, but then there was something he kept on saying, which none of us understood."

Lustgarten and Christkind, in great excitement, hurried to the Big Book. Jeremias Rosenhain, Gonzagagasse, Vienna, they read.

"He will tell us the lastest news," said Lustgarten. "Prices have gone up since my time, I guess, and a good many places must have been shut down by the socialists. Maybe he knows friends of mine, Livschitz in the Sterngasse, Mendel in the Taborstrasse; maybe even old Tintenspritzer, if he isn't dead."

Fräulein Poscht arrived. They sat down and waited. Supper time came, and a little later steps were heard on the balcony above the court. They shuffled back and forth, but did not descend the stairs. "What is he waiting for?" asked Christkind. "Is it a sensation he wants to make?" A voice full of soft, Viennese plaint called out: "Fräulein, wo ist das Closett?"

Katyitza recognized the words. "That is what he kept saying when he came." Lustgarten explained, and Katyitza showed Rosenhain down the back stairs to the gar-

den. When he finally appeared, however, it was on the front stairs. After all one could not just come in from the garden.

As he descended the stairs he had reddish-brown breeches on, coat of the same colour, and a mauve shirt. His hair was well-combed but going; he had russet spats and a pince-nez.

He was a young man with the face of a tolerant middle-aged aunt. With the dignity of a man who has not been introduced he walked to a table where one place was set, and sat down.

This was more than Lustgarten could bear. He went over to the stranger and said: "You're Rosenhain. Well, I'm Lustgarten. You'd better come over and sit with us, because they're poor, ignorant people here, and they don't speak German."

"I shouldn't like to intrude," said Rosenhain.

Lustgarten insisted. "For two years we have nothing to look at but ourselves, and you talk about intruding."

Rosenhain moved to their table, and the soup came.

Christkind began to get acquainted. "I never thought there was anything in Bosnianski Gradiška to interest a Viennese. Tell me, if the question don't seem impolite, what is your line?"

"My line?" said Rosenhain. "What's a line?"

"What do you sell? Maybe I can be some help to you. I run the biggest ladies' confections establishment

in town. But then maybe you're in hardware or ploughs or something?"

"How can a man be in hardware?" asked Rosenhain, patting the air gently with his left hand. "To be sure, the spirit of man can be in all things, but why just in hardware? Yet it is a quaint conception, and quite what I might have expected to find out here. It is the soul of man, I gather, which goes out into his implements, and it is so that from generation to generation the soul is immutable, until by an artistic or a scientific change there is a new birth of tools and implements. It is then that a soul really dies and another is born. Or else have I misunderstood?"

"What does he say?" asked Fräulein Poscht.

"He must be kidding," said Lustgarten.

"But nobody ever came here for his health," he went on to Rosenhain. "So if you haven't come to sell hardware, it's to sell tooth-paste. And you're on a bad track, my boy. Because outside us three, nobody brushes their teeth in this town. What do you do, really?"

"Oh, I came down here to see the holiday dances. The bus from Okucani took so long that they were half over when I arrived. But what simplicity! What rhythm and profound symbolism!"

"What did I tell you?" said Fräulein Poscht. "I told you that our folk-dances were very beautiful."

"Tell me, young man," said Lustgarten. "Do you know Livschitz that lives in the Sterngasse?"

"Oh, is he one of the Jewish avant-garde? I am sorry, I do not know any Yiddish, but I have often thought of learning. What realism, what subtle mystery!"

"He sells second-hand clothes, poor old Livschitz. Do they call that avant-garde these days?"

"It is hard for artists. We have to do something on the side. I often think that the old system of patronage would be better after all. To-day an artist has all the servitude but the name. I, for example, I write stories, and poems, and articles, but I am reduced to living on my family."

"But Mendel's Restaurant you must know, in the Taborstrasse."

"Yes," said Rosenhain dreamily. "Two years ago a friend of mine took me there."

"Their Kreplach must be more expensive now," said Lustgarten. "It was twenty Heller in my time."

"That I do not remember," said Rosenhain. "I remember old men in kaftans, eating strange food. They looked so sad, and proud, and profound, that I wondered what God was back of their eyes, what heavenly adventure shaped their noses."

Lustgarten was losing patience. "Even if you are baptized," he said angrily, "you have a nerve talking about Jewish noses."

"Do you know the story about the Jew and the parrot?" said Christkind. "Once an antisemite trained a parrot to say: 'Dirty Jew, dirty Jew, all the time. So he

sells the parrot to his friend who isn't an antisemite. And when Israel Mendelssohn comes to see him, the man introduces Israel to the parrot. 'Dirty Jew, dirty Jew,' says the parrot. 'Well,' says Israel Mendelssohn, 'with your nose I call it a nerve to talk like that.' "

"Don't mind these Jews," said Fräulein Poscht. "They killed Christ on the cross, and you'd better look out for yourself."

"You must be Croatian," said Rosenhain. "That is easy to see from the purity of your features, from the sad restraint in your whole being."

"Are you going back to Vienna when you leave here?" asked Fräulein Poscht.

"Why yes, I'm afraid I shall have to."

"Then could you do me a very great favour?"

"I shall try."

"Oh, could you possibly send me a post-card with the parliament on it, and a Viennese post-mark? I have never received a post-card from Vienna."

Lustgarten made a last effort. "Tintenspritzer you know at least?"

"Ah," said Rosenhain sadly. "I know so few of them. Hoffmansthal I know, and Schnitzler a little, but there are so many whom I do not know at all.—And now, gentlemen, I must leave you. I have just the time to write an article for the Wiener Journal before I go to bed. Good night, dear lady, and I shall certainly send

you your post-card as soon as I return to our Capua of souls."

"Well," said Lustgarten, when Rosenhain had left, "all in all, I guess he was a disappointment."

"But he's going to send me a post-card from Vienna," said Fräulein Poscht. She was overjoyed.

PETER NEAGOE
KALEIDOSCOPE

PETER NEAGOE

was born in Transylvania of Roumanian parents. His early childhood and, later, his vacations were spent with the peasants and shepherds. He studied in Transylvania, then at the university and Beaux-Arts in Bucharest, as well as in Munich and New York. The first translation of Gorky to appear in Roumanian was his, and he also translated several stories of Poe into Roumanian. Neagoe claims at present that he can think more clearly in English than in any other language.

Warm sunlit veil, buzz punctured. Grimaud crumbling its stony past into the mellow oblivion of future. Sharp granite crags sticking in the hill-side. Time's forgotten spearheads, gripped by closed wounds.

I like sharp points. When a child I played with long pointed sharply filed objects. Keen cutting tools fascinated me. My penknife, when my parents allowed me to carry one, had razor sharp blades. I loved to shave the hair off my forearm and shins. To this day on both lower limbs spots remain on which no hair grows, the size of a large nut leaf, where I have shaved so much that the hair cells were destroyed. Destroyers. A craft, grey upon blue water, smoke pouring from the stacks. The war, the paper littered streets of New York on Armistice day. Two girls—shopworkers—smiling and with bag in hand stand out. Why? Footsteps in the hall, a door opening and the voice of the hostess infringe upon me. I write! Outside the noises go on parallel with the lines of my words. Occasionally a voice breaks which bends or gives a crook to the rest of the noises, my written line bends with it. Yet the mind is neither entirely in the noise nor in what I set on paper. I am split in three. I listen, write and think. And still it can't be said, I cannot really say that I do any of the three. For in the sound some escape me, what I set on paper is less than what I intended and the mind trails lazily or watches with one eye. Yet all the three, mind, work and sound perception, are pleated together like the

tresses of a woman's hair. Tresses! Onions! The Saxons in Transylvania weave long ropes of straw—tress-like—in which onions are caught by their dry cork-colored stems. They are purple onions, large and very pungent. I always shed tears when I ate them, and the Roumanians, in revenge perhaps, say that the Saxon who planted the odorous vegetable was cutting wind at the time. Tall, knock-kneed, freckle-faced men, shod in high squeaking boots looking like stove pipes. They reach above the knee, those boots, wrinkled at the ankles and the knees. I can see the Saxons stride lazily with wide steps through the dust covered streets, and with this picture jumps to mind the warmth of the day, the noise of sparrows dusting in the road, the flicker of warm air over stone walls. Also the grating of heavy laden wagons drawn by oxen. They carry sheaves from the fields and the air is filled with the fragrance of ripe straw. To my left, crowd a row of pictures of those days, myself as a boy in them, waiting to range themselves along the written lines.

There is the shape of a little girl. I said shape, but it is the girl herself standing there. She smiles, I know her well. Her face, I have tried to kiss her, has a sweet perfume. Once I thought, on those days, that it smelt like fresh milk and a rose. The two scents mixed. Milk, corn mush makes its appearance. It is on the table in the house of an old couple. Its golden yellow steaming on a wooden board, in the shape of the round bottomed

iron kettle from which it was just turned out by the old man. I had left the word "out" unwritten, and that set me back. This word shows me the old woman's back, which always looked to me as friendly as her wrinkled smiling face. A face in the window. Someone come to look for me. On the window panes drops of water grow and trickle down. It is crisp outside, for it is fall, and the fire heats the room excessively. But the old folks like the warmth. They sleep on a bed one end of which is on the hearth, so that if the feet get uncovered the lingering embers warm them, and in the dead of night cast a glow over them. In those hours the cricket wakes sometimes and chirps shrilly, like a silken twirled thread and zigzagging in the dark, catching the glow of the embers. In that play of the thread, the bright spots change from one place to another and look like red sparks. Roumanian riddle which runs "here it is and is no more—what is it?" The answer is spark. Crackling logs on the hearth and the burnt core of oak falls into embers with a metallic sound. Like when you tap a scythe with a whetstone. Nothing gave me more pleasure at one time than to move barefooted after my scythe in a dew-drenched clover-field. Swish the scythe goes, the purple tufts and deep green leaves and stems lie down. What a fine half circle the blade cut. The lowing of cattle hung in the moist morning air and I moved in the cool shadow of the hills. But to my left the trees were tinged with gold as the sun moved

towards me. Soon it warmed the ground and my red toes were glad, for they were chilled, not staying in one spot long enough to warm the ground under them. Another Roumanian saying depicting a lazy person: "He steps twice on the same spot when he walks." Now the peasants with their toil-heavy walk, always they seem to shoulder something when they walk. But on Sundays, in their white trousers and full skirted shirts, their step changes. They are going to the house of God to pray for rain or thank him for the crops.

The wheat is golden and with each ripple of the wind a silken rustle comes. Way up in the sky thrills the skylark. The dusty road is hot, but my bare feet love this powdered heat as it pushes between the toes. Yonder my father swaying a bit in his jaunty walk, a lilt on his lips. He swings his heavy thorn cane; he catches sight of me and one of his eyebrows goes up in happy ridicule;—"Where is little soldier marching?" he says and twists my ear. Then he kisses me and lets me go. I have tears in my eyes from the tingling. His breath is like the smell of the vats in which we crush the grapes. My ear tingles and I think of the moon. The full moon tingles when it rises around the belfry over the cemetery. My mother says that the voice of the priest's wife has a silver tone. How beautiful she is, the priest's wife. Once she bent down to kiss me and I put my hand to her bosom as babies do. Her body and her breath had the perfume of all the flowers in the world, mixed in

one, and stirred by her golden hair. Her hair danced about her face and fanned perfume on me. From the vineyards comes song of many voices. There seem to be as many voices as there are clusters of wine grapes. Is it the harvesters who sing, or is it the ripe fruit that has burst into melody? Zunky, the gypsy cymbalo player, is on the porch. My mother pours out wine for him and his six men. "God almighty, Good Lord, keep me awake to-night!" Zunky's eyes are as quick and black as the ebony hammers with which he dances on the strings of his cymbalo. When he smiles, his black moustaches point to his eyes. But when he looks at me I hear the whirr of his cymbalo. The horsehair cloth on the sofa is so smooth that whenever someone sits down beside me I glide down from my corner; and have to push myself back on to the warm place. But when Lina sat down to rest from the dance, her smiling lips parted and her bosom heaving, I remained where I slid, close to her. "Good Lord, do not put me to sleep yet! My eyes are heavy with sleep but you can keep me awake!" There is Lina in my father's arms. She looks up and my father's head is bent towards hers. Among the dancers I get a glimpse of my mother's flushed and beaming face. Just now she looked over her shoulder at Lina. Lina's shirt is open in the front. Flashes of pink gleam from the white richness of her shirt and her two aprons fly away from her body as she twirls and twirls. Swish, swish goes the amply folded skirt of white linen over

the moving limbs. My eyelids fall like lead. I slide on my sofa. Who is sitting beside me?

There is singing and uproarious laughter. Fragments of music break away from the hubbub and float to me caressingly. The morning has come. How did I get to bed?

ELLIOT PAUL

STATES OF SEA

ELLIOT PAUL

was born in Boston in 1891. His career includes a wide variety of jobs and escapes from work in all parts of the United States, service in France and Germany during and after the war and newspaper work in Paris, his present home. He has published three novels, *Indelible*, *Impromptu* and *Imperturbe*. In the spring of 1927 he left journalism to start *transition* with Eugene Jolas, and, since then, has contributed articles and stories to nearly every number. In the summer of 1928 he gave up his active work on *transition* to complete another novel.

STATES OF SEA

I

How the months drifted backward over the blue tides of an afternoon, with the waters seeping higher in the marsh grasses, and the faint crunching of powdered glass at dawn, returned to me gradually, on the nerves between my fingers. . . . We were shooting brittle shells of sea urchins on the ledge, and the moments, measured three miles inland between two ranges of hills, were encroaching silently. . . . Dixon was in his shirtsleeves, wiping his glasses, and his eyes. The skiff, which an hour before had been hauled safely to the slanting surface of a rock, floated gravely past, bearing the oars like a stiff dismantled staging, the rope coiled in the bow. Until then I had not noticed the steady breeze toward the mainland.

Surcharged with the stream of amber sunlight, the air flowed from behind us over the bay, with crackling shortcircuits in the globe of a lantern on the mainmast of a schooner, along the jagged tops of evergreens which sheltered the island, kindling a vicious spark beneath the talons of the gull. . . . Driftwood, bleached and gray, encrusted with salts and cluttered with bulbous stranded seaweed, littered the crescent, and, goaded by each seventh wave, oval stones rumbled sluggishly. . . . The island set itself against the current of cooling sunlight, with a spray of gold, trembling as the reeds tremble in the weirs. . . . In front, along windrows of in-

digo and ultra-marine, whitecaps burst in erratic harvests of cotton. . . . Dixon, his glasses quickly aside, started to dive, then tugged and hauled off his boots. . . . Languor in a long season, like summer, sustained by the dark and distant wedges of assembled treetops, swayed by the masts of harbor craft in unison. As the tides turned, the dories had pointed northward from their moorings, all in like angles, among the coves and promontories . . . compass needles . . . schools of minnows . . . sand peep in platoons. . . .

A wisp of smoke arose and fluttered, just beyond the point.

I stood up, chilled, and saw that in an angry scalloped line, the dried moss was glowing, close to the roots of the pines. In the shack was a single bucket, the wire handle broken on one side. The foothold was treacherous, seaweed lashing up and down, sails snapping, hidden crevices, steps up uneven in stone, whitened clamshells. . . . The island was burning in the sun. . . . Steam hissed as the glowing moss sucked in the slopping bucketfuls of sea. Then the descent to the water's capricious level, in afternoon silence . . . Bruises of hostile granite . . . A half hour . . . An hour . . . Charred relics in an evening of forgetfulness. The lingering taste of wood smoke and a lantern nailed to the rafter . . .

The distance between the last boulder and the skiff was not more than six feet. . . . Take off your britches,

I said. . . . While he did so, the space of water widened and the wind caught the bow, shoving it around. . . . Water slapped under the stern. . . . He handed me his fountain pen. . . . It is cold?

I did not hear. White shells exploded soundlessly all across the bay. . . .

With the utmost caution, I stepped back into the grove, upon the auburn needles of the pines. . . .The trunks were uniform in size, scabbed with bark and oozing resin. Just above my reach, the lowest branches were bare and snapped off abruptly, but the intermingled twigs overhead, sparsely covered, held a mesh against the sky and guarded an uninvaded twilight. Unwholesome fungi clung to the stumps. Wary feet of crows in runic scrawls . . . Audrey unmistakably, surreptitious and as an ember.

A guitar to remain in its case, with dust beneath the strap. How bitterly I envied the Spaniards and Portuguese, who could commence with an invariable prelude no matter what selection. It tingled in my skull. Do mi sol . . . Do mi sol . . . Fa *le* sol fa me re. Over and over again . . . That was it. The subtle inevitable shift from major to minor, timed so there was no need for dampening the strings . . . The minor interval so poignantly remaining . . . Auburn hair cut stiff at the nape of her neck . . . Brimstone in the coffee . . . And quite as insistently, the falseness of my solitude, the stain upon my sleep, a circle tightening astringently

from the outside ever inward. I could interpose a screen to achieve diluted twilight, aging with the pines and less effectual.

The shore line crept to the edge of the grove, the chill of the water carried by the chill of the wind. Hours gulped through the lense, blotched upon the film, soaked, stretched, recovered and preserved in snapshots lurking in the old clothes of the memory, lingering in closets, falling unexpectedly upon the floor, with heelmarks on the corners.

I lifted the log upon which I was sitting, with the old distaste for the grubs and teeming leafmold on the underside. Not knowing why, I put it upon my shoulder and carried it to the rocks. Dixon was swimming fifty yards away, the skiff derisively drifting in the same direction, almost within reach, neither gaining nor losing. He turned, catching a wave full in the face, gasping, raising an arm to which his shirt stuck doggedly. . . . For moments he was stretched between the skiff and shore. . . . The wind had risen, pushing words against his face . . . my name.

The log bobbed incessantly upon the waves. I could no longer make out the skiff among the whitecaps.

II

At the time when their engagement had been broken for a short period, through some slight misunderstand-

ing or perhaps because they had been seeing one another too often, I had first met Audrey.

She had sat opposite me, in a low Morris chair which exposed an inch of each knee above her rolled stockings, her eyes of burnt sienna brimming with tears.

"What shall I do? I love him," she had said.

Still I knew very well that her actions and words, like my own feeble reactions and half-hearted responses, formed a mere accompaniment to the mutual advances which, since we both were aggressors, seemed to result in nothing more than excitement. Seeing that she was in no sense ashamed of this, I began at once to admire her. She was tawny and athletic, wore flat heels and let the hair grow under her arms. I told her she was immune from harm. She thanked me and went to Cuba to visit an aunt. So that as I sat upon the shore, dismayed by my lack of presence of mind, I tried to place myself between her and the door and to relive the intervening months as if the black lace pattern of her sleeves had been impressed upon the palms of my hands and blood had trickled from the corner of her lips.

I had not gone into the water. It would have been useless, but I should have done so. Looking carefully, to be sure no boats were in sight, I went to the edge of the rocks and stepped in, feet first, with all my clothes on, wetting even my hair. On shore again, my teeth began to chatter and I crossed the beach and hurried

to the shack, filling the stove with drift wood and lighting it. The sea, all around me, was dark except for the schooner's lantern far west in mid-channel.

Just before dawn, I took a turn around the island. The waters, grey-green and smooth, slipped slowly to the low water mark and a trifle beyond, baring the littoral area. I walked along the rocks to the gaunt ruin of a tree and at first sight of me a pair of sea hawks rose like rockets, screaming. At my feet lay a copper-studded sea chest, a pair of corroded stove covers, bundles of weir poles with faded cotton flags, caved-in lobster pots.

The tide withdrew, sliding over the woman's round damp knees in the black-laced seaweed smell, with olive portieres and no regrets. Star fish, pink, and pale buff beaches. Lobster buoys turning to show their numbers. Thus was the island's solitude. A great ocean shifting and the barnacles clinging to the rocks. Ledges fringed with auburn seaweed, streaked with vermillion and orange. Foul nesting place of the gulls a tilted pallette. A whiteskinned woman, hands behind her auburn head, while the seaweed rose in the crevices of all the rocks and fell with each receding wave, progressively stark and abandoned. Time was a wind, blowing fitfully in the faces of those who stood erect.

As I turned, a one-legged man, with sticks of driftwood under each arm, hopped from the water's edge toward me. I told him I had lost a skiff.

He sat there shucking clams with a hunting knife while I made coffee and once, as I entered, Dixon, who could not bear to wake up in the morning, grunted and buried his face in the blanket. Jesus Christ, I wish I had a woman, he had said.

III

We anchored about four miles southeast of the Petit Manan lighthouse, in line with the water tower just outside of Steubenville. Norwood's boat was about thirty feet long, with a yawl rig and a six-horse-power engine. There ought to be codfish here, he said.

Not a sign of the wind had come up, except for a breath as the sun had overflowed the horizon, blazing all over the sea. Then the water surface had undulated and glistened softly, without its having been broken. The smell of gasoline made me a trifle sick.

Because he had but one leg, Norwood's arms were abnormally developed, long like those of an ape, and he hauled himself from bow to stern, ducking the boom and vaulting the smokestack over the cabin as spryly as any man. He handed me the body of a scallop, bright orange, for bait, and slowly I unreeled my line. He thought we might ask the lobstermen if they had seen the skiff, since a number of them passed that way. My sinker had not touched the ledge, two fathoms under, before I felt a tug and pulled up a tom cod four feet

long. That's a good one, he said. I knew there'd be codfish here.

We fished about two hours, until the tender was nearly full, but no matter how we shifted, I caught them as fast as I could bait my hook and throw over the line, while Norwood, more and more uneasy, got nothing but the top of an old rubber boot, a streamer of water-soaked confetti and one ship-carpenter's awl, half eaten by the salt water. Dixon came shamefacedly from the cabin, where he had been tinkering with the engine, and lay face-downward across the bow, heaving and groaning. For miles, the sea was calm, with occasional dots which might be motor boats, but nowhere the skiff, which should have been easy to spot, painted white and in plain sunshine. . . . What, for God's sake, is that, asked Norwood. The topmast and spars of a wreck stuck four feet out of the water, not more than a hundred yards to starboard. I've never seen that before.

For some time I had noticed that the distance down to the ledge above which we were fishing had slackened, and that a good fathom of line was plenty, but, being in another man's boat, I had not wanted to mention it first. This is the day for the low run tide, or ain't it? Norwood said. Dixon thumbed his pocket almanac. No, it's not, said Dixon. The moon's not full. I could see the red cod swimming below, getting thicker and thicker.

Look here, said Norwood. He had taken out his spy glass and trained it on the shore, in the direction of

Steubenville. I fumbled with the screw to get the right focus, then saw a lot of people running back and forth, all dressed in black and bent over as if with rheumatism. The church bells began to ring, and, along the whole length of the coast, the hills began to smoke faintly. We can't make the Steubenville landing at low tide, Dixon said. We'd better pull out just the same, said Norwood. The masts and rigging of the wreck were clear out of water and the hulk could be seen, stove clean in two and hanging over a rock half buried in sand. Six yards from our stern, another rock rose above the surface.

Dixon started the engine, and I steered, with the old sailor in the bow, waving us off the rocks he could see. I felt the keel rise and the boat tip up, balance a second, then slide on. That was a close one, he said. I knew he could not swim. The water level was sinking steadily, lower than any tide had ever brought it and the whole ledge stuck up between us and the open sea, littered with planks and metal, window frames, anchor chains, drums of hoists, boilers, all scaled with auburn rust. In front, below the beach at Steubenville was a wide stretch of slate-blue clay with a steep down grade, a hundred yards or more across, with stranded fishes flopping here and there, iridescent jellyfish in copper-stained masses, squid, sculpin, all sliding back into the ocean which almost kept pace with them.

The bottom scraped. We listed to one side. High and

dry, said Norwood. Waiting an hour, until the tide line was well behind us, we put on hip boots and started for land. The stones were slippery and the gravel, for the most part, was firm, but when we got to the clay between us and the beach, we had to stop. It was impossible to get a foothold. The entire population had gathered on the shore and finally a tall man in a stovepipe hat and sleeves too short for him stepped out on the clay, slipped and fell and came careening down the slope toward us, spinning slowly around. I caught him by the small of the back at the edge and helped him up. He took off his white gloves and introduced himself as Azra Strout. The crowd cheered. He waved his hat. The ocean had disappeared over the horizon.

"That," he said, pointing to the wreck over which we had just been fishing, "is the Esmerelda of Keesport, sunk in '81."

Plodding over the damp exposed seabottom, groups of lobstermen who had abandoned their craft came to join us, one of their number pointing out the ledges on a chart. That was Judson's Folly, he said. Those rocks to the south are uncharted. It's a wonder the government wouldn't get on to itself. Azra Strout was signalling to the shore for some one to follow him. A man and his wife stepped to the clay, skated along erect a few yards, then fell to their stomachs and glided on, hand in hand. I helped them to their feet. The harbor, veined with small rivulets, was dotted with groups of people,

prodding the sand with parasols, propping up their boats, disputing as to where this and that took place. Crabs scuttled through the dank patches of eel grass and rushes.

A line was formed from the shore to the sardine factory and new box covers were passed along, so that those who wished to cross the strip of clay could sit upon them. The chairman of the board of selectmen said a word to them as they started off, then gave them a gentle push, as if they were on a sled. Remember it's town property, he said.

I was receiving at the foot of the chute, for a groove had already been worn, and soon the mud toboggans came faster than I could handle them, piling men, women, household objects and domestic animals in a heap. Beside me, Norwood was writing furiously with a crayon, on the box covers dropped by the new arrivals.

Civilization in the United States

Professor Hugo Münsterberg, Dred Scott and Mme. Nungesser.

Raskolnikoff and Ezra Pound

Colonel John Brown

Colonel John Coolidge

Louis Aragon

The Pig Woman

Mr. and Mrs. Berry Wall

Quaker Oats

Sir Thomas Lipton

STATES OF SEA

Hart, Shaffner and Marx, De Valera
Humphrey's Specifics, 1 to 81
George Bernard Shaw
Faith, Hope and Charity
Nebuchadnezzar Mutt and Jeff
Montgomery Ward Blasco Ibanez Zonite
T. P. O'Connor
Bombadier Wells
Solomon Levy
Mars' Henry Watterson Chang Tso-lin
Josephus Daniels
The Mann Act
Garibaldi
Gertrude Stein Erasmus Landru
Czerny's School of Velocity
The heroes of the Battleship Maine, in their coffins
Yugo-Slavian flags
The Full Dinner Pail
Florence Nightingale, Quelques Fleurs, Jenny Lind, David Warfield, Mme. Curie, Mme. Coué, Mason and Dixon
Mason and Hamlin
Saint Augustine
Limehouse Nights
Moody and Sankey
Sergeant York John P. Squire Sinclair Lewis

Sacco and Vanzetti Johnny Walker Stanford White
Admiral von Tirpitz Lew Dockstader Peter the Great
Auprès de ma blonde
The Ancient and Honorable Artillery
Gutenberg Steve Brody Minette
The U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey
Robert Fulton
Robert Morse
Cy Young Bethlehem Steel
The subscribers of the diamond horseshoe
Cotton Mather
The United Shoe Machinery Company
Dan Patch
The Morris Plan
Dr. Jung Dr. Cook Dr. Ehrlich
The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
Buffalo Bill Theda Bara Ammon Ra
The Fratellini
Field and Stream
Casey Jones
General Butler Disraeli Star of the Sea
Hudson Maxim
Simon Legree
Simon called Peter Dudley Field Malone
Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenstein, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenstand, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Rosenfeld, Mr. and the Misses Rosenblum, Mr. and Miss Rosenblatt, Mr. and Mrs. and Master Rosenwald

The Boston Red Sox
Carrie Nation
The skiff, trimmed with turkey red bunting, and loaded with Prince Albert coats and trousers from which the backs had been torn.
Watson's Beef Trust
The Interstate Commerce Commission
The Marquis de Sade
Oom Paul
Joseph Caillaux
Joseph Smith
A deck chair marked "Portland"
George Hackenschmidt and the Princess Astrid
Geronimo
The House of David
The Swedish Ballet
Jack London
Abou ben Adhem
The House of Usher
Dr. Osler
Armenian Refugees
The Little Grey Home in the West
The Calf of Gold
Mumbo Jumbo
Abd el Krim
Robert E. Lee and George Sand
The Bicycle Railroad
Swedenborg

Zinovieff
Lord Kitchener
Who's Who in South Dakota
Fatty Arbuckle and Commander Byrd
Custer's Last Stand Ophelia
Victor Hugo Krishnamurti
The Police Gazette
John Philip Sousa and Israel Zangwill

Together with cases of Gorton's codfish, canned salmon, minute tapioca, pewter mugs, hooks and eyes, trowels, agates, coathangers, belaying pins, egg beaters, fossils, oarlocks, nose-rings, whale's teeth, bath mats, match scratchers, guinea fowl, tulip bulbs, petunia seeds, sassafras root, vises, lathes, winches and spokeshaves, step-ladders, gravy boats, wagon tongues, mortars and pestles, Jamaica rum, steam calliopes, horse collars, inner tubes, envelope chemises, cork jackets, international postal coupons, bills of sale, affidavits, sub-poenas, testaments, grape fruit, sea biscuit, window weights, prayerwheels, rat traps, assorted contraceptive devices, cayenne pepper, sand soap, dog collars, sextants, fish glue, etc., etc.

IV

Before the squall struck us, we were on the beach. In the half darkness, thousands of umbrellas ballooned, pitched and collapsed. People scrambled up

the rocks for shelter, and the booming of the gun from the life saving station, between flashes of lightning, was drowned before it reached the ships in distress. Rain washed the decks and poured down the hatchways. Tenders were smashed, rigging blown down. The red eye of the lighthouse gleamed twice, then rested every other second.

It cleared as quickly as it came, with women praying on the docks.

Evading the crowd, I hurried from tree to tree, stepping over heaps of rubbish and soiled paper left by the picnickers in the Jewish cemetery. The village was strange to me, except for their vague descriptions. A pebble beach skirted the back of the stores and I followed it, close to the buildings, although by then it was quite dark. Windows, blood orange with kerosene flame, glowed on the hillside, then were dimmed by the shades pulled down. In the carriage shed next to the meeting house, two men were talking of the disaster. I covered my nose and mouth, to muffle my breathing.

The street curved up the hill, with a wall on one side and the houses dug into the bank upon the other. Below, the surf was pounding the shore, shooting up in angry geysers which splashed over the breakwater. Even here my scruples threatened to impede me. The cartracks were close to the sidewalk, and almost grown over with weeds. In the switchbox was a crimson light, which struck me as a remarkable coincidence.

There, surely, was the long flight of wooden steps turning at right angles. The house, without a doubt.

Why had I not met the situation squarely? Why had my hand shrunk from resting upon a friend's bewildered shoulder? Was always my hope to be extinguished by a rush of blood to the head, a stammering, evasion?

Already I was at the door. Through the narrow panels I could see her father sitting in an easy chair, the oval frame of the wax flowers upon the wall, a red worsted catch-all,—and then the clang of the bell, a movement within, her look of surprise erased in the fraction of an instant to make the deception complete, and at last the warmth of her breath in my ear and her auburn hair across my eyes as she whispered,

"I knew you would come."

GEORGES RIBEMONT-DESSAIGNES

HUMAN FRONTIERS

GEORGES RIBEMONT-DESSAIGNES

is one of the few members of the Dada group who has retained that movement's purely destructive ideas and who has developed them into an arresting personal method of expression. These ideas, coupled with his ghoulish humor, his inhumanly sadistic outlook on life and his acidly precise style, give him a unique place in modern French letters. Of his eight published books, *Celeste Ugolin* is the best known. *Human Frontiers* is the first of his works to appear in English, outside some short essays published several years ago by *The Little Review*.

I remember Pou Island, said Ulysses. But do you know what an island is? It is just like any other land except that we know it is an island. When we know it, we can no longer live there, and we find out right away. The air is stale.

Pou Island was bought by Mr. Arthur Beef, a very wealthy man who had been discharged as cured from an insane asylum. Some say he had never been mad, others that he had always been mad. However, the fact is that he had killed his wife because she resembled the mistress of a man whom he had met in a café, as two drops of water resemble one another. He killed her in that very café, before the man and his mistress. Jealousy made it impossible for him to endure the presence of a person having such a resemblance, that is, a dominant part of his wife, near a gentleman whose mistress she was. You say that all he had to do was to kill the unfortunate woman she resembled? A nice how do you do! That would only have complicated matters! He would then have had to live near his wife thinking that, as one drop of water is like another, she looked like the dead mistress of some other fellow; that is, with the certainty that a part, perhaps nine-tenths of his wife had belonged to this unknown man, and that nine-tenths of the body he held in his arms were unfaithful, and what is more frightful,—dead. He preferred to kill her outright and thus change his life.

He was locked up in an asylum following the ex-

planations he gave of his crime. But ten years later, because of the stability of his reason and his exemplary conduct, he was liberated.

I got to know him later on, in this fashion. In a newspaper I read the following advertisement: *All you who have felt human justice and despair of good, all you who flee from the hand of God, because it has been withheld from you, I offer you the means of making your lives over again by disregarding goodness, men and God. Write to Arthur B. this paper.*

That day I was sitting on a bench, watching a crowd of men and women pass by. Actually I was lying on the bench, one might have thought I was sleeping, because I was drunk. Was I really drunk? Did you ever ask yourselves what the men you meet sleeping on a bench in the open air are doing, or on the parapet of a quai, or along the roads by the fields, after night has fallen? Have you asked yourselves what they are and what they do? They are motionless, like the dead. When you pass near them, ah, ah, you are sure that their flesh is not like that of other men. Did you ever dream of touching the flesh of one of those men?

I was on a bench and with half-closed eyes I observed the continuous movement of the passers-by. Thus I asked myself what they were and where they were going. What a fearful ant-heap! I saw them in their mad haste, as if the ground had swelled up first in one direction and then another to let them roll along more

quickly. Yes, I asked myself what they were doing and where they were going, and, in spite of myself, I saw them with their bones covered with flesh and the essential organs of their bodies, all out of breath, as a result of their labors. They were going to work. Or else, coming from work. Those who were through went quickly to their dinner, I heard the clicking of their teeth and that little noise of saliva that obviously no one hears, but which I guessed. And then what? They would sleep and do what they had to do and fornicate. And I saw them alone, understand me, alone, as they are when they are sure nobody sees them, and when their being changes into that of an animal full of fleas and itching. Then they would take up their work again, quickly, quickly. Tomorrow they will pass through this street once more. They will gather in a group somewhere, and, in order to feed their stomachs, they will manufacture or sell something. And the trimmings! The trimmings of all this! The nerves, the pleasures, the irritations, the suffering which only cover up this daily harness like a pretentious dust cover. Why all this, I asked myself? Why should one even ask why? Would it not be simpler to throw everything over, to scatter everything, old papers and souvenirs, registers and inept proverbs, in which their efforts are summed up ironically. There is not enough blood-shed. There is not enough effort to improve things, nor are there enough pleasures without a reason why. All-right and good, that

the belly should eagerly open a little way, but not in the name of morals and the future.

There are women who passed by, stirring the air. Women—they are the frightful part of this mechanism. Ah, why must it be, when we have held, willingly, or by force, amid sighs and revolt, her by whom we wanted to be renewed, as if she contained the whole world and its power, and when we have absorbed her suddenly in the degree in which we empty ourselves into her,—why should it be that as soon as it is done we recognize with implacable certainty that everything is useless, that everything is finished, that we shall have to start over again with another woman, because . . . isn't it so . . . do we ever know . . . till the next time when we shall find out again that there is nothing to be done. . . .

But they, women, what do they really think? What are they, what are they, and what do they hold in their hands? Does it end for them also quite suddenly? . . . With me, you see, it sometimes happens that I look brusquely into their eyes, without any reason, beyond the little surrounding scales against which one grates one's skin to feel something and note just the continuous breath of time. Thus I look at them and see only death. Something changes underneath their skin, around their eyes and the corners of their mouths, the smile of their glance turns sour. They look for help, help against the only thing for which there is no de-

fense. They are there between the spasms of sobs and those of enjoyment. Anything at all at that moment, but nothing comes. I stop looking at them. They stretch themselves. One might say that they delicately shake their wounded skirts and think at last of something else. The ornaments quickly are inscribed in the air, the sky, the ground.

And men, the idiots! My beloved little brothers! My kindly idiots. Ah! what a horror men are! Let us excuse women. The more ignoble of the two, she hides her aim under her ignominy; but just tickle her chin, or kiss her breasts, and she will open up like a flower that tries to fulfill its task. But men, what are they here for? Everything is lie and falsehood, in a hard crust, and not in rice-powder, in a cement crust, in a crust of lava and feldspar. Let us pull the beard of that judge, with his fat warm body under the black and red cloth, let us take him outside and box his ears and then take his pants off. Look here, Judge, can you keep a serious face with your decisions? I bring in a wench who lifts your shirt, or else a knife that slits you open—does nothing of all this hold? Do you believe that your work is serious and that your seriousness is also serious? There, there, old man, good body, soft and warm with its odor evocative of a man and not of a judge, that's something else, that's the satisfaction of Venus or blood and agony, but nothing else. Then why? Man's noble elements, not those of his shame, are repulsive.

I was on my bench with closed eyes; there was enough room between my eye-lids so that all the men and women could be seen passing by. But I, I, what was I really? What was I doing there with my revolt? Had I repudiated and torn up the ornaments and ribbons of life? If I fled from the hand of God, because it had avoided me, just like the others, what did I do this for, this simulation of sleep on a bench like a drunken man? Suppose I jumped to my feet and stopped them with my fists to prevent their advance by crying; "Stand back, at the end is death!" Yes, yes, they would laugh in an embarrassed way—or rather they would be furious. But afterwards? What would be changed for me? Nothing, nothing, nothing. Let him who wants to be a good apostle preach! And what a marvellous relief to have preached!

At that moment I rose and left slowly. A newspaper was lying on the ground. I gathered it up, like a box of lozenges we know we shall never eat. Although I did not want to read it, it forcibly spat into my eyes the advertisement of Arthur Beef; *All you who have felt human justice and who despair of good. All you who flee from the hand of God, because it has been withheld from you, I offer you the means of making your lives over again by disregarding goodness, men and God. Write to Arthur B. this paper.*

In spite of the ridiculous grandiloquence of these words I wrote to Arthur Beef. And I learned what he

had gone through with. At least in my memory this is how it happened.

Sometime later I found myself at sea on a steamer chartered by Arthur Beef. I had time to meditate, no longer stretched out on a boulevard bench, but on the deck of a ship. No longer did men pass by, snatched along by some mysterious, abominable thread which they did not have the courage to cut. There passed only eternally identical waves, waves without life, which take hold of the mind and perform over it a service of healing ointment.

I had time to meditate. But did I meditate? I had cut the thread in question, as far as I was concerned. I had no life any more. In the hollow of the waves my eyes did not retain a single image. I thought neither of the evening nor of the morning. Nor did the crests of the waves bring within their brief space of time the parcelled-out beginning of the days I might anticipate as belonging to a new mode of life. No, I had no life any more.

Still I knew it was only a period of waiting. I had seen Arthur Beef and that man had offered me simply a resting place for my feet and air for my lungs on the island of Pou. According to his explanations, what was the surname one might find for the Island of Pou? Isle of Liberty? Devil's Island—island of this, that and the other thing? All labels disappeared. But Arthur Beef swept away what the other side of the world had called

evil, whatever belonged to the domain of Satan, as the lovers of angels say.

In order to have an assured place on the island of Pou, it sufficed to be at loggerheads with human justice, either in its legal aspect or simply that of the censorious tribunal of public morality; but you must have been annoyed and punished, I repeat, by the chastisement of the law or else by public maledictions, for having acted according to the liberty of your individual instincts. The clever, unpunished crook, living to the detriment of the group, in honor and peace, was excluded as a calculator of crime. At least that was my understanding of it. But it sufficed for admission to have had just about enough of things, no matter what the reason.

It took really a curious enthusiast to indulge such a fancy, and I suppose that the steamer which carried the innocent name of Bel-Air was just a pretty jar of cast-off fruit. In reality she did not seem like that. And the passengers on the Bel-Air were nice people who would not have hurt a fly, at least judging from their appearance. They strolled around the decks as is customary during sea-voyages. Of course, there were women and among them mothers with their daughters. What were they fleeing from and what bonds were they breaking? While following the crest of the waves, this idea came to me mildly. Groups were organized and played gravely; others made music. And I got to ask-

ing myself if a why had ever come to me at the sight of a busy crowd, or if anybody even, no matter who it might be, ought ever to be faced by a why.

Arthur Beef appeared almost never. But he was accompanied by one Castor who was thought to be his secretary. Then suddenly he never appeared at all. When questioned, Castor replied that Mr. Beef was meditating with a view to the accomplishment of his task, and that he remained in his cabin.

I do not remember any other detail of the journey. At last we had to land on Pou Island after a trip lasting forty days, and I noticed that a slight fever gripped the passengers, when they set foot on the island bristling with cocoa-nut trees, where not a living being appeared to wish them the most elementary welcome. Everyone was face to face with the future. We should have to put one foot in front of the other in order to go anywhere. The waves of the sea were behind us.

. . . . . .

I think the following morning I was awakened by someone who said to me: Listen, Ulysses, Mr. Castor is going to speak.

Arthur Beef had not appeared during the landing of the passengers and the material, nor during the installation of the tents on the shore. And now Mr. Castor climbed on a big rock and began to declaim:

"Comrades, I am speaking to you in the name of Mr. Beef. You know why you are here. . . ."

Suddenly I had ceased to hear the voice of Mr. Castor. For me it became confounded with the rustling of the palms. But my eyes had taken especial precedence over my ears and what I saw prevented me from hearing. There are cases, like this, where a big noise, or the sound of a trumpet prevents one from enjoying a meal. So I looked around: the people who were there seemed to me entirely new. Were they the same who had surrounded me on board the Bel-Air, when nothing was visible save sky and water? I turned my eyes in every direction and stopped when I saw a corpulent lady and her daughter, to whom I had sometimes spoken during the trip, especially towards evening when the brain had seemed to hang from the skin of the sky by a big silver thread, supple and fine. The smile of the lady and the look of her daughter stayed by me, while I asked myself as through a fog, who those persons were: I had difficulty in recognizing them. There was certainly something changed. Instinctively I turned around and saw at a certain distance from the shore the contour of the Bel-Air, motionless on the calm water. I saw the steamer and the sea, and then near me the sand and the rocks and the ground covered with vegetation. Then our tents and all the stores of necessaries for our new life. What then was this moving? I started again to question myself and felt such an irritation that I tapped the ground with my foot. At the same time I

thundered with a voice which was piercing enough for me to hear myself above everyone I saw:

"But where is this Mr. Arthur Beef? I have several things to ask him."

At once a number of persons turned around and looked curiously at me. I even think that the lady and the young girl in question sent me a little sign of understanding. And at the same time they seemed ignoble to me. But I paid no heed to it, because Castor, perched on his big rock, appeared before me with the clothes and the look of a Protestant pastor in the midst of a sermon. And in fact, after looking at him twice, I saw that he was dressed like a pastor with a frock-coat and a stove-pipe hat. His voice at once pierced the veil of appearances which engrossed my eyes and I heard his words:

"Yes, comrades," he said. "This is normal. For at bottom you understand that there is a norm, an arithmetical mean of the spirit, I might say, for those who understand me immediately, and for the others I will say: we must needs go our daily jog-trot. And this is only possible when there are cars! rails! engineers and brakemen! Ah, ah, isn't my comparison a good one? Comrades, do you want to find happiness at last? Here is your aim, if I am not mistaken. Rails! You must above all else place rails on this track, and adjust yourselves to their direction. As regards the engineer, I think

I know where he is, as well as the brakeman. It is, moreover, in the name of Mr. Beef that I am speaking."

He spoke very fast and in a monotonous voice. I really believed that a telegraphic ribbon was coming out of his mouth already printed and this ribbon was going to wind itself in serpentine fashion around the branches of the cocoa-nut trees. But I also believed that this ribbon was of tin, notched like a saw, and that it sawed my marrow and brain into very soft rundles which fell at once on the ground amid the trampling of the attentive crowd.

"I know well," he continued, "that some will play with the name of liberty. But I stop you there at once. We have broken with the earth, haven't we? And down there they talked to you about liberty until they made an iron collar out of it. The liberty of goodness has a fine iron collar. Well, what was white has here become black, and what was black has become white. There is no question of liberty. It is a word that is prohibited, and when we shall have public monuments, we shall certainly not write on them: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Either we are free, equal and brothers, or we are not. But if we are not, we shall never become such. Here lies the vice of the societies we have left—to imagine that sentiments can be forced, and in the name of these imitations to want to imprison the instincts which are lifted toward the light. But when I tell you in the name of Mr. Beef that liberty is not in question, it does

not mean that we are against liberty; but if there is one vain word, it is liberty, and it has nothing to do with what we are doing here. And now let us get to work. All for the happiness of each one? Hum, yes, that's it. And each one doubtless for the happiness of all. I've read that somewhere. We must profit by our reading. . . ."

He continued to speak fast, with the same tin voice. I cannot say whether or not there was unanimous sentiment uniting his audience, or if there was a majority among them. Insensibly in the heart of the mass before him, groups had formed, hardly distinct from the others. People exchanged rapid remarks in a low voice. But I only know that I cried out:

"No, no, all this is tiresome. I don't care a rap for your talk. I did not come here for the happiness of humanity, but for myself. Where is Mr. Beef?"

Castor interrupted his speech and sent a withering look in my direction. Then he continued in a still louder voice which had become more and more tinny:

"Comrades, I say that black has become white and, vice versa, white has become black. I want to say that we, too, will be in possession of power. Civilization is a force, because it has a moral system. We, too, will have a moral line of conduct. But here is where we, the exiles of Pou, will be different: our line of moral conduct will extend toward the depths, while that of those good honest people will go toward the heights. Do you

understand the difference? They have their summits and we have our abysses. What with them is plus 20 is with us minus 20. To give you an example—they have an army to defend the group. Here is the group that will defend the army. Consequently, the latter, or rather what would be the inverse of the army of down there, would hardly be more important than a toy. There is nothing left for it but to disappear, albeit it has been proposed that for memory's sake this virtual existence be given to Mr. Arthur Beef. On the other hand, the group, having become the strong party, what is down there the army, has no reason not to call itself army, because it sustains its functions. Thus we have an army dilated to the greatest possible degree. . . . And you may all be proud of being members of it. . . ."

A slight humming rose from the lips of the audience, like the whir of wings of a flying swarm, which permitted the metallic chips spouted from the tongue of this astonishing pastor to fall gently as though on a bed of sawdust. For I do not believe the manifestation was one of discontent. For my part I began to find that the preacher gave them a very indigestible sermon.

"After all," cried Castor, "this might give you a symbolical idea of the army you are to constitute. There must be, of course, a command and ranks to distinguish those who take part in it. Whether it be here or there, the change from private soldier to marshal is effected by increasing the number of stripes. Here all the sol-

diers, that is the great majority of men, will wear the maximum of stripes. The number of these stripes will decrease with the rank of corporal, and the marshal will wear nothing on his sleeve, nor on his cap. Now, you will say, are all the soldiers to be marshals then? That is not entirely it, and it is even better than that. They, the marshals, will be soldiers, which I think is worth a marshal, since it is not true that men are equal —what nonsense—but are worth as much one as the other, and to prove this, they will have to carry on their soldiers' sleeves the insignia of the marshal. As regards the marshal, he will also see that a man and another man do not make two men save through an abuse of power, for men, comrades, cannot be added together. And he will see what a marshal is without his stripes. That is, a very feeble force. But to show you that there is no question at all of humiliating an individual, in the manner of the undisciplined we left behind, it is understood that this function of the marshal will go to Mr. Arthur Beef."

I burst into such laughter that the grim-looking serpentines of Mr. Castor's voice stopped suddenly. This time the orator had enough: he made a menacing gesture in my direction and swore:

"God damn it. I know what I'm talking about, and what I say shall be done. Who is this tame spirit that belongs still to the past centuries of civilization, and tries to . . ."

"—Excuse me," I cried, "it is not I who talk about civilization, but you . . . you don't even do that. What you propose is inept. It is exactly the same thing we have fled from, but the reverse of it."

—"You are not only one of those minds whose softness I vomit, but among them still a child at its mother's breast," yelped Castor. "And for children I say they must not play with certain things in certain gardens, for there are wolf-traps. Here they are, look at them."

Whereupon I saw at Castor's feet three creatures whose aspect made me think. I had seen them, moreover, on board the Bel-Air, and during the landing, but I had attached no importance to them. The feeling of importance now seemed to come entirely from the fact that I saw them together. They were three very dissimilar beings, but they appeared absolutely inseparable, as soon as they were together. And these three beings were women. The three Graces, you would say, or the three Fates. The number three interests the imagination. It is also the real beginning of the plural. But in this circumstance there was question only of three women Castor called his wolf-traps. They were his body-guards, as it were. Ah, ah, the body of Mr. Castor was well guarded by these three females. One could not have any doubts as to their being women, non-males, albeit each one of them was repulsive in her way. But wolftraps? A strange wolf who would let the

essential part of him be caught in such a jaw on springs and remain imprisoned there, howling at death.

Later on I knew their names. Castor called one of them Leonie, another Georgette and the third one Mme Chou. Leonie was a big woman with blackish hair which fell over her face like leaves from a frost-bitten plant. She had a skin that was dirty and oily and black eyes without lashes, teeth irregularly broken like the posts of an old palisade, and behind them her tongue could be seen, like a caged hyena, pacing from right to left and left to right, indefatigably. The corners of her always half-opened mouth seemed gnawed by some bad acid steam or a persistent humidity. But all this was as nothing compared to the two enormous hands which one suspected as being shaggy on the upper side, and which she directed slowly at the end of her arms in a frequently repeated movement, one after the other, from her abdomen which stuck out like a keel, to her high breasts.

Georgette was quite different. Beside Leonie she was very small. By herself she had no size. She might just as well have been very large or very small. You know those caterpillars that by a curious sort of imitation take on the appearance of a dead twig or put themselves straight along a branch as soon as they are threatened by danger. You grasp them, and they move, soft and strong at the same time, both worm and serpent. But since we are talking about caterpillars, do you know

also their aspect when they are about to become metamorphosed? They lose all motion and their skin becomes pale and transparent. They have the same feeling, dead or alive. Well, Georgette seemed one of those caterpillars imitating the wooden twig, motionless and soft at the same time and also fearfully strong. And the appearance of her flesh was like that of a caterpillar ready to transform itself into a nymph. Even her eyes fitted in with this aspect. Living and dead, moving with an impressive slowness, they turned the attention away from an insignificant face, as insignificant as a caterpillar's head.

As regards Mme Chou, she was the beauty of the group. She had a young and charming face, a fresh complexion, as fresh as one of the pretty wax women in the show-windows of beauty-shops. Her body was harmoniously proportioned. But still she had three apparent defects: her neck showed signs right and left of former scrofula. She gave out an odor of old flour in a box, and, when she fixed her eyes on you, you noticed that she had such a strange convergent squint that you felt dizzy and irresistibly lured against your will to the point of falling,—struck and snatched by a fearful living harpoon.

I think that while looking at Mr. Castor's three wolf-traps, I must have shown a face of such terror that the audience began to laugh. I stammered a few words, I made a gesture that might have meant: Very well, very

well, I'll say nothing more, I'm convinced—And I was going to sit down in the last row of Castor's listeners. However, I felt that a look different from the others was weighing on me. I turned around and saw indeed that the young girl mentioned before was standing beside her mother, and was looking eloquently at me. You understand what is meant by eloquence? It is independent of the meaning of the words pronounced by the orator. I don't know what her eyes were saying, but it seemed to me eloquent. Held by a mortal solitude I surrendered to my fate, my hand in that of the young girl.

Without understanding why, I began to blush so violently that I woke up. I was on a bench. That's all I ever learned about Pou Island.

Translated from the French
by Eugene Jolas.

ROBERT SAGE

SPECTRAL MOORINGS

ROBERT SAGE

was born in Detroit, Michigan in 1899. After being graduated from the University of Michigan, he traveled through Europe for several months and then returned to Detroit to work at several jobs, including reporting. In 1925 he went back to Europe, where he has since remained doing newspaper work in Paris. He has been associate editor of *transition* since September, 1927, and has published two stories and numerous critical articles in this magazine.

Have I nostalgia, conscience, a sense of evasions, all the dark paraphernalia of tidal regrets? Do the thin waves of the past wash over the present with a rebuke in the echo of their breaking? Questions. Conversation. Words and wonders sounding wearily in the eardrums of my memory. I encourage them to pass but they merely rot into ghosts rising at silent times to dance on the tomb of accidents clumsily embalmed in completion.

This much my nervous fingers encounter as they fumble in the shadows of the night to align impatient contacts into a calendar of recognizable symbols—the terror, the oppressive bandages of the remainder, are imprisoned within the boundaries of forever remembered nightmares:

April snowflakes slip into the sombre fog over the straits as the sturdy paddlewheels of the trainferry push, nearer, through the water. I imagine more than see the bitten skyline—guarding streets whose excited dreariness has greyed my soul. Nearer. Stale lights emerge in spots from the checkered monoliths and the dock becomes a dull rectangle. The dawdling passengers, abruptly conscious of the city's proximity, return expectantly to the halved train while I pace toward the stern where the colorless water curdles in vicious gurgles, spitefully curling away. Away.

My city, my people, and I cannot return your welcome. I think of cafés and parks and country gardens

and crumbled walls and strong people who knew the value of idleness. Sunsets and rivers melt into dank clouds, whispered conversations are promiscuously shouted through megaphones, the splendor of mountains and cascades shrivels, and alarming loves dwindle into the chillness of this concrete refrigeration plant.

We talk, yes, hopefully placing together worn words that long to be fresh. The mobile streets are transformed from sinister brick chunks to spires, slender and square. People increase in density. Streetcars plow determined bright furrows in the mist and shadowy doorways glide past the machine. There are so many more skyscrapers, they tell me, tall ones, thirty stories, forty, even one that will soon be eighty. Stagnant miracles. My responses balance dim appreciations until, losing all desire for sequence, we commence conversing in blurred sentences of how this person is and what that one is doing.

Fresh flowers on the mantle in my honor, yet all else is unchanged. I remember the sagging stained seat of the armchair, and a book I used to read still lies beneath the lamp. All the past slips through the cool hall as the same limber board creaks and I recognize the familiar pattern on the bedroom rug.

Tomorrows revive formerly memorized history. The accustomed sounds of the house startle me until I am calmed by the comfortable odor of cooking food. The dinner hour passes quietly with occasional homely sen-

tences, and then we set the radio and turn to the evening newspapers. And an umbrageous fear arises within me, the same fear I feel when I encounter people on the street and call them by name automatically before my mind has traveled to the little place they occupied for a few days in the forgotten plains of my life.

Why this fear among the only things I know by heart? I wait, searching with restrained madness for a friendly means of return. But there is slight change and I recall too clearly no longer relevant things.

Eventually it is spring, but that matters little, for the buildings have crowded out the parks, save one, and the widening of the streets has required the butchery of the trees. Only the eggy sun burning through the veil of soot reminds the few who think of it that somewhere there is springtime. Here there is a sticky drugging heat and a mock spring of chittering sparrows, sweaty desire and melted asphalt. The days simmer and at twilight the park is blowzy with unbuttoned men lying on newspapers spread over the grass.

The ghosts stir as night arrives. Able no longer to tolerate the tranquillity of the house I succumb to the enchantment of the restive pavements. The whistle of a freighter booms lonesomely on the straits. My eyes revolt against the raw beams of the arclamps. Buses crawl clumsily over the oilglazed pavement and automobiles pass like the ticks of a clock, dropping light and the remembrance of naked arms.

SPECTRAL MOORINGS

I have nowhere to go nor is there anyone I care to visit. Yet I cannot return to the still house where, wondering and wishing, my parents patiently wait.

I follow always the same streets, the one which leads past the highschool and the blank First Church of Christ Science, the one which, formerly proud of its Victorian cuckooclocklike houses, is now a row of bootleggers' joints, the overlooked one where white faces peer cautiously from curtained windows and leer while unseen fingers tap sharply on the pane. And finally, always, I come to the wide main street, the keel of my soulless city.

Oh, exaggerated street of a billion dollars, a million crimes, a hundred thousand unconsummated sins, a thousand tenthrate ambitions, a hundred vulgarities, ten unconscious beauties, and a constant tigrish desire. You sandpaper my nerves, you offend me with your industrious sadisms, I am defeated by your battalions of hammering lights, I shudder at the thought of your thoughts, and your tramping feet alarm me with their suggestions of corrupt rendezvous. Why must I always return to pay you homage?

Girls pass, their voices sprinkling sex across the sidewalk. Men, chewing the bitter butts of cigars, allow their bloodshot eyes to boast of obscene hungers. Newsboys shriek human misfortunes. And I am a part and apart, befriending yet the shadows that have slipped over the cornice of space and time. I stop before the

prismatic conceits of pharmacy windows, smile at the passing girls, make unwanted purchases at soda fountains . . . and walk.

Around a vague corner a weary man who still has a voice tainted with hope preaches to people who unconvincingly scoff:—Oh, Our Father which art in Heaven, we beseech thee to look down this night upon our wicked city. Look into the heart of the sinner, dear God, and allow Thy holy light to enter that he may see his sins and repent. Guide the footsteps of our young men as they pass through the streets and teach them to resist the temptations that fall in their path. Bless our young girls. Keep them pure, Heavenly Father, that they may become good wives and loving mothers. . . .

The incredible prayers of moon-sipping naifs, moving to a tempo simpler than that of their time, nauseate yet fascinate me, fascinate me like the shrill bedlam of carnivals and the perspiring lust of the dancehalls where negroes translate primitive aphrodisiacs into nervous terms of muddled sophistication. And I shudder as I move away—I too expressing myself in undirected motion—at my city's surrender to ten-cent mysticism. Were only the God myths and the night myths and the sex myths subtler there would be occasion to think, to walk slowly regarding specific images, to inhale a mysticism that would correlate the helpless excursion through nights and days.

It grows late and the city takes its desires and fa-

tigues indoors. Calmer, I leave the depression of the last white-vaulted serveself and begin inventorying in reverse order the dead streets whose only remaining murmur is the dull pulse of bawdy music beating clandestinely beneath the lid of some concealed coffin. When I arrive home the house is dark save for a light in the hallway. Beside my bed is a plate of fruit.

The slow night, easing steathily into its softcushioned chair, shuffles planes of diseased light, cuts them with diaphanous fingers, and, retarding infinitely its motions, deals out soiled invoices of death. It seems that I shall forever be fingering these memoranda of finished transactions, arranging them in runs and flushes and pairs that always lose to those of my invisible opponent. Gradually the nocturnal morphine undermines faint resistance and I cease my strengthless efforts to sweep the surface free of my expired obligations. The planes of diseased light slip slowly steadily stealthily across my sinking consciousness. I descend with willing weariness into the nothingness of the dark.

Each morning's sun melts the tentacles of midnights and I devour with anastigmatic eyes the pledges of daylight. Rest and a brief tranquillity equip me to project my idleness over the endless avenues into congenial rooms and responsive personalities. The thought of a shrewd laughter quickens the tempo of the first hours until at noon we meet in a restaurant to substitute volplaning words for our lack of appetite. Gestures and a

smile pass a holiday by a mountain stream of voice timbres. Yet always in our merriment a shadow whispers hints of a discrepancy between the desired promise and its likely fulfillment. I again inspect the doubts stored in a damp cellar by the side of my mouldy memories, knowing that to ignore them by skipping up the stairs and shouting my joy from the roof will not convince my skeptical brain. The persistent duality desolates me and, at the last touch of our fingertips, I turn to the day's remnant with my happiness troubled by a grinding fear.

On Sunday mornings the air of the parlor is composed into drooping garlands by the prickly smoke of my father's cigar. He sits comfortably in the deep chair, coatless, his feet loafing in soft slippers. The aroma of eggs and pancakes expires slowly in the dining-room and the dog hurries about in search of a plaything. My mother moves from the breakfast table to the kitchen while the kettle hums and the water splashes in the sink. She speaks to my father, coming to the door of the parlor with dishes in her hands. He lowers his newspaper to reply, and I join in the conversation, feeling for the moment a warmth of companionship, a freshening release in the game of seriously considering things lacking in importance. The distant scratching of death at the door no longer comes to my ears as I smoke calmly, watching the thin veils from my cigarette twirl into the curtain of cigar smoke. In a moment my mother returns to the kitchen and my father drops his section

of paper on the read pile and takes up another piece from the unread pile. When he smiles at me before continuing his reading his soft eyes communicate an unquestioning sympathy which, like the patient tenderness of my mother, weaves an unspoken and often unrecognized protection about me as I slide down the days into the pit of the night.

And I hear with diminishing distinctness the scratching at the door when after lunch we drive slowly along the traffic-locked streets past a sad park and through raw boulevards where new houses are being built. My replies to the comments on these habitations grow automatic as I begin to live bright evenings with a voice that makes soothing melodies respond from my body. Repetitions of cushioned phrases flutter through my consciousness and glossy adventures are re-created in my senses. I forget the insistent scratching for, while my hands and feet control the car and my lips mould lazy conversation, I have approached a mirror of voluptuous recompense. In this minute there are no critical impedimenta, nothing save a converted remembrance of pleasant hours, hours when my aching mind was numbed by the vibration of my senses, hours when clouds crashed to breed violent lightnings and parted to liberate the sun's brilliance, hours when wordless communions related fiery autobiographies, and silence and slumber were the beginning and end of all things. . . . A slippery interim: the meaning of sentences be-

gins to punch jagged holes in my images and actual outlines resolve themselves into commonplace objects. The scratching abruptly changes to a knock, the voices at my side become clear, a dent in the road demands a swerve, and a siren's cough completes the clearing of the stage.

A similar procedure those other evenings when I momentarily elude the ghosts winging through the darkness to roost on the hot bulbs that shriek electric messages from the skies. Sometimes we ride through the city on the top of a bus and sometimes we talk away the hours while a blurred sound outside registers the passage of people on the sidewalk and sometimes we trade our laughter for that of other people and sometimes we cringe before the artillery of a passion fired blindly through space toward delirium or disaster. But always my uncanny ears detect the knock on the door when the moment of forgetfulness has passed; and the homecoming ghosts cool my pulses, focus my exacting eyes. No longer dipping up the cool refreshment of the voice, I ask myself strange questions—why parenthood and respected stability should be desirable, why the sweet aches of isolated moments should be collected, why the tumbling together of two personalities should not wear both smooth with the passage of months—why the presence is so inescapable of impossible demands that have never been mentioned. Above all I ask bitterly why I should be inventing troubling interroga-

tions when the clockhands are shoving the evening's happiness toward the ubiquitous abyss of the past.

The lapses become less frequent and I begin to suspect plots concealed in kisses and fear the composition of contracts from the tender words I am subtly commanded to speak. I have rusty visions of romance boxed in an apartment awaiting shipment to the tomb while phonograph music and the discord of neighbors' voices float interminably through the window and the melting ice drips measured taps into the pan and the milk sours like the intimate staleness of the metropolitan summer's night. My formative renunciation is hastened by the jangling of an unseen warder's keys, and, terrified, I depart with fumbling excuses to assemble a dark procession with a bodyguard of ghosts and death's fife and drum corps.

I have a fear of this being my final resistance. Already it is as difficult to remember old friends as to accept new ones. My soft memories have seeped through the banks of the clouds and I myself am wandering on without direction, unconsciously accepting one by one the unsympathetic standards of my city. An expanding emptiness makes me hesitate in my resolve and once the sight of a face looking from the window of a bus nearly persuades me to hurry back to my fancied slavery. But inertia prevails and I continue to loaf on the doorstep of decisions.

Before the dawns I slide over the icy walks of the

park, shouldering the nihilistic wind that tobaggans down between the high office buildings, until I reach the newspaper office, whose unsteady walls tremble with a rhythmic life-throb pumped into them by the presses. Tired mouths beneath green eyeshades utter hellos and the editor coughs a futile assignment. Waiting for the woolen daylight, the photographer and I drink black coffee and eat doughnuts, boredly misjudging each other while we complain of early morning stories and talk about women.

Incoherent wonderments border my thoughts as I listen to the first trucks blurt from the distributing room toward distant street-corners where newsboys shiver over bonfires. Potent parasite, the obscene mystery of your voracious existence thrills me, with its secret syllables wrenched from desperate souls to be scattered over the sidewalks of the city. Impatiently sampling psychic catastrophes and spitting them out as simplified descriptions. Converting miracles into facts while the customers wait. Labelling myths and tossing tragedies into readymade paragraphs. Selling brutalities as an aid to digestion. Although I despise your smug positivism and your despotic inhumanity, I am grateful to you for rescuing me from the morass of my mind and smuggling me into the confessional of other people's sins and blunders.

I question casual women in ugly back parlors, rebellious girls in the detention department, weeping

mothers in their kitchens, halfdead wives in hospital cots—women, women, women, as the slow days distribute their misfortunes in doomed homes. Women—whose side of the story is all that matters. Women who have hated or been hated. Women who boldly exchange sorrows for flirtations. Women whose relaxed bodies lie in bloodsoaked beds. Women who distill biley curses from the ashes of their love. Women, thwarted, betrayed, denied, crossed, loved until they have become confident.

I marvel at the sameness of these women whose reticence merges into bedroom confessions, at the closed circle of their interpretations, the unoriginality of their violences. I wonder what romantic yearning drove men to love them; and, when I sit in crowded streetcars, I wonder again how women could have loved these men whose faces resemble rows of fruit slowly decaying in the sun. Yet each of the elastic days closes monotonously over its quota of ancient gestures. And I, hesitant of my drastic doubts, return to dancehalls during the cruel nocturnal hours and, when the music has quickened my blood, select an accomplice for amorous plots of my own.

The photographer regards me curiously. He comprehends women, like newspapers, as facts, and, for his own advantage, does what is expected. I question my legends, feel timid in the presence of his certainties. I direct new hatreds at him for making me doubt my

credo and manufacture crafty stratagems to show him the meaning of fear. When a soiled edge of daylight greys the window I silently hurry him away to witness the day's output of unhappiness.

My nerves branch out like tropical vegetation and, to appease them, I excite them to weariness. I stand drinking in blind pigs until my legs are unsteady and my ears have been flayed by beer-stained curses. I sit in movie palaces while strong beams of light resolve themselves into lies about life. I absorb the sweat from sagging bodies in streetcars following dismal routines between factories, skyscrapers and tenements. I explore the black secrets of quarters where the wind has deposited the poisonous seeds of all nations' weeds. I listen to the oracular dictaphonic axioms of wealthy businessmen. I stumble over the hardened mud of roads in the shadows of foundries hunting wives whose husbands have been killed. I wander past roller coasters, ferris wheels and the chapped shouts of barkers.

And I realize slowly that even in my numbness there is mutiny. I have unwillingly learned all the songs of the city and I am hungry for sounds so soft they cannot be heard, for the serenity of cities and conversation far from the pounding on the door. Impatience becomes determination as the thunder bangs through the crevices of the buildings, the straits grow stagnant, the streets shrivel in the foulness of the atmosphere, and dirty clouds gather into hard knots at the peak of the roofs.

SPECTRAL MOORINGS

Sometimes I hear for a second in the spaces of my mind the voice I have discarded and sometimes a soft peace envelops the rooms of my home. But the voice withers and I return to my home only for the unequilibriated hours of sleep.

My city, my people, I thought of you dully, sadly as the train skated through virile cornfields, I thought of you in the suspended days when the world was only sea and sky. I thought of you when the shoreline clarified itself into steep houses of another century. And then for an interval I no longer remembered that you were there.

There are days now when the scene curls like burnt paper and drifts off into the caverns of an endless mist. I forget that those same people on another arc of the world are still marching by the monuments of my past, still rubbing against colors and noises they have made from their perspiration and tears and the hoarse echoes of their laughter. Carried back on the shoulders of distance, I read old diaries in the momentary belief that they have recently been written and assuming that the images in my album are faded, I turn to new pictures whose outlines are crisp.

But when I walk along the river in the secretive night while the vegetable wagons roll over the quays and the shaggy horses turn, with no word from their slumbering drivers, toward the markets, when the cafés go out of focus amid the jangle of too many lights and too many

people, when darkness and silence unfold their canopy over my bed, I hear again the words of a voice which is perhaps now singing lullabies and I smell the cigar smoke and touch the calm of buried Sunday mornings. Slowly, surely, my ghosts gather for their Sabbat, fluttering forth from gothic towers, from café terraces, from hotel rooms, from streets cuddled in obscurity, joining flayed hands, swaying in the sluggish rhythm of their dance, singing in cracked notes the burlesque of an unspoken sympathy and a voice which once upon a time were dropped over the edge of space.

KURT SCHWITTERS
REVOLUTION

KURT SCHWITTERS

was born in Hanover about forty years ago. He is a painter and a writer. In 1922 he published a book of poems entitled *Anna Blume*. He is the author of numerous grotesques and satires, and the founder of the *Merz-Stage* and the *Merz-Art*.

Author's note: This work was written during my Dada period. Dada holds the mirror up to the world. Here is mirrored the Revon of 1919. I wanted to show here, how the terrific Revolution of Revon was born from the ignorance of an art critic and the hysterical attitude of his wife, from the tact of the police and the speech of an irresponsible agitator, who was not a citizen of Revon. But I did not wish to give the impression that every art critic through his ignorance could produce revolutions. Only through a favorable connection of circumstances was this success possible for Dr. Friedrich August Leopold Kasimir Amadeus Gneomar Lutetius Obadja Jona Micha Nahum Habakuk Zephanja Haggai Sucharja Maleachi Pothook, editor and manager of the newspaper Revon which means the Law.

CAUSES AND OUTBREAK OF THE GREAT AND GLORIOUS REVOLUTION IN REVON

They must be curious trees indeed, where the big elephants go walking, without bumping each other!

The child was playing.

And saw a man standing.

"Mama," said the child—the Mother: "Yes."

"Mama,"—"Yes!"

"Mama,"—"Yes!"

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Yes!"

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Yes!"

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Where?"

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Where is a man standing?"

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Where is a man standing?"

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Why, no!"

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Why don't you let the man stand?"

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—

The mother arrives. Really, a man is standing there.

Strange, I wonder what he means by standing there?

We had better call Father. Mother: "Father!"—

Father: "Yes!"

"Father!"—"Yes!"

"Father!"—"Yes!"

"Father, there's someone standing there!" "Yes!"

"Father, there's someone standing there!"—"Let him stand!"

"Father, a man is standing there!"—"What does he want?"

"Why don't you ask him, I don't know."—"Let the man stand!"

"Father, you'd better come over here, there's someone standing and standing here."

The Father arrives. Someone's standing and standing there.

"Sir, why are you standing there?" No reply.

"Sir, why are you standing there?" The man remains standing.

"Sir, I ask you now for the third time, for what reason are you standing there?" The man remains standing.

This is really extraordinary! There is a man standing here who refuses to answer!

Someone is passing by.

"Hey, neighbor, come over here a minute, a man is standing here!"—"What's the matter?"

"Hey, neighbor, come over here a minute, a man is standing here!"—

The neighbor arrives—really a man is standing here.

More people pass by and stop. Questions are articulated, like: "Where is the man standing?"—"Man, what are you standing there for?" "Sir, why are you standing?" The man remains standing.

In the crowd surrounding the man there is also a stranger. No one knows him. The author betrays the fact that the latter's name is Alves Bromestick. More people pass by and stop. Questions are articulated, like: "Why are the people standing there?"—"Why do the people stand there?"—"Has some one met with an accident?"

"A man is standing there!"—"Where is a man standing?"

"A man is standing there!"—"Where is a man standing?"

"He is standing there!"—"Where is he standing?"

"He is standing there."—"What does he want?"

"He is standing there."—"What do you mean he's standing there—he must want something."

"He is standing there."—"What does he want?"

"We'd like to know ourselves."

—Meanwhile Dr. Leopold Pothook passes by. Dr. Friedrich August Leopold Pothook stops short.

Suddenly Dr. Friedrich August Leopold Kasimir Amadeus Pothook says to his wife, Frau Doktor Amalie Pothook:

"Amalie," suddenly said Dr. Friedrich August Leopold Kasimir Amadeus Gneomar Lutetius Pothook to his wife, "Amalie, there is a riot here." "What kind of a riot?"—suddenly asks Frau Doktor Amalie Pothook of her husband, Dr. Friedrich August Leopold Kasimir Amadeus Gneomar Lutetius Obadja Pothook.

"A rioting mob, of course," he answers.

Frau Doktor Amalie now stops short also, and, be it said en passant, in an entirely gracious manner. She puts on her lorgnette and looks in the direction of the mob.

Suddenly Frau Doktor Amalie says to her husband: "Leopold, please ask somebody what's the matter there."

Dr. Leopold asks a man: "What's wrong here?"—"I don't know."

"What's happened here?"—"A man is standing there."

"Where is a man standing?"—"He's standing there."

"But where is he standing?"—"He's standing there."

"What does he want?"—"He's standing there."

"But there must be something he wants?"—"He's standing there."

"But surely no man is standing there."—"A man is standing there."

"But why should a man be standing there?"—"A man is standing there."

"But why, with all this mob, should a man be standing there?"—"A man is standing there."

"But, sir, just think—why should, with all this tremendous mob, a man be standing there?"—"Still, in spite of this tremendous mob, a man is standing there."

Dr. Leopold works his way through the mob; he really wants to see the man stand. To be sure, a man is standing there.

His spouse follows him. Really a man is standing there.

Dr. Friedrich August Leopold Kasimir Amadeus Gneomar Lutetius Obadja Pothook and his spouse are astounded. A man is really standing there.

Really a man is standing there!

"Now," says the doctor, "arises the sole, and not unimportant question, why is that man standing there."

For Dr. Pothook is by profession an art critic—therefore the question.

"You're right," says Frau Doktor Amalie to her husband. "Now arises the sole, though not entirely unimportant question, why the man is standing there."

Alves Bromestick at that moment becomes aware of Pothook—besides, he is just occupied with assuming the unobtrusive name of Meier.

"I suppose the simplest thing would be," said the doctor, "for me to ask the man himself?"

"You're right," said Frau Doktor Amalie to her husband, "the simplest thing would be for you to ask the man himself."

Whereupon the doctor says: "Sir, why are you standing there?"—

The man remains standing.

"Sir, what are you standing there for?"—The man stands.

"Sir, why are you standing there?"—The man stands.

"Sir, just why are you standing there?"—The man stands.

"Sir, how does it come, that you are standing there?"—The man stands.

"Sir, what's the reason you are standing there?"—The man stands.

"Sir, I now ask for the seventh or the eighth time, how and why you are standing there?"—The man stands.

"Man, are you deaf?"—The man stands.

"Sir, I don't understand what you have to stand here for?"—The man stands.

For Doctor Pothook is an art critic by profession—therefore he understands with difficulty.

"Can't you at least answer me?"—The man stands.

—Now this is too much for Frau Doktor Amalie. She

pushes her spouse to one side and turning to the man says: "My husband has asked repeatedly what reason you have to stand here. Who are you, anyway? Who are you, anyway, that you fail to answer my husband? Don't you happen to know who is standing before you? My husband is the Honorable Herr Doktor Friedrich August Leopold Kasimir Gneomar Lutetius Obadja Jona Micha Mahu Habakuk Zephanja Huggui Sacharja Maleachi Pothook, Doctor, Editor and Manager of the newspaper Revon, which means the Law. Now you know it. Answer my husband, the manager!"—The man stands.

Frau Doktor Amalie now gets excited. She puts her lorgnette on and takes it off again. In case of rheumatic toothache and headache 2 or 3 Revon-tablets, principally on the abdomen, are almost always enough. Frau Doktor Amalie feels that everybody is looking at her.

Frau Doktor Amalie feels that she is the principal person today. She feels instinctively that she must say something.

Frau Doktor Amalie snorts for a few seconds and then says suddenly.

"What does this fellow think about anyway? I am Frau Doktor Amalie Pothook, and this man is standing here. I and my husband, both ask this man repeatedly what is he standing for, and this man answers neither me, nor my husband—Sirrrrrrrrrr!!! I don't permit such impertinent insults!!"—The man stands.

"Amalie!" the doctor and editor tried to calm her.

"The woman's absolutely right," suddenly said the stranger, Alves Bromestick, who was about to hang up the telephone receiver. "If you put down the toy again, it goes on running by itself. The wrapping will be charged at purchase prices."

"The man's right," some one spoke up in the crowd.

"Who's right?" a voice asked.

Doktor Leopold was just about to say something again, when his spouse felt that she would have to say something again.

"This man," she said, "this man is a lout."

Pothook shuddered.

"The man is a criminal," said Alves Bromestick. Nobody paid any attention to him.

"This man," said Frau Doktor Analie, "this man is a thoroughly uncultured man," and

as if

she suddenly had lost her mastery over herself, she used an expression, an expression which she probably had heard from a very uncultured fellow, an expression which she most likely never had let pass her noble lips, an expression which I, as an author, would never have used, to wit: "*Lousy brute!*"

"The man is a scoundrel," a voice called. "Filou," somebody called. "Turnip-swine"—"The man is a criminal," said Alves Bromestick very distinctly again.

Here the author let follow a self-composed poem, the title of which is "*Quadrangle.*"

Quadrangle

Lukewarm milk fight thine soul triangle.
Flowers bloomen yellow moons in the sun.
Moon yellow blue, blue days,
And the frog slants the chosin question.
Dew Eyes towards you.
Lukewarm milk fight *Thine* soul's triangle,
To thee
And thou,
And eyes choose question velvet the frog.

And now follows the beginning of this story again.
The child was playing.
And saw a man standing.
"Mama," said the child. The Mother: "Yes."
"Mama,"—"Yes."
"Mama,"—"Yes."
"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Yes."
"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Yes."
"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Where?"
"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Where?"
"Mama, a man is standing there"—"Where is that man standing?"
"Mama, a man is standing there."—"Where is the man standing?"
"Mama, a man is standing there."—"What are you talking about!"

REVOLUTION

"Mama, a man is standing there!!!"—"Let the man stand!"

"Mama, a man is standing there."

The mother arrives. Really, a man is standing there. Strange, I wonder what he has to stand here for? We had better call Father. The mother calls the father, the father calls the neighbor, a group of people form, and form around the man (—a mob). The Honorable Doktor Friedrich August Leopold Kasimir Amadeus Gneomar Lutetius Obadje Jona Micha Nahum Habakuk Zephanja Haggai Sacharja Maleachi Pothook and his spouse, Frau Doktor Amalie Pothook, attempt in vain to learn the reason, why the man is standing there. Frau Doktor Amalie on this occasion gets excited, and lets herself be carried off to expressions, to expressions which she probably has heard from a very uncultured creature, to expressions, to expressions, which she probably never brought over her noble lips before, to expressions, to expressions such as I as an author would never have used, among others the word, *"LOUSY BRUTE."*

More objurgations are heard. Alves Bromestick even calls the man a criminal. He said it distinctly, especially the second time, after Frau Doktor Amalie let herself go to the point of articulating expressions, expressions, which she probably had heard from a very low person, expressions, expressions, which she probably has never let pass her lips before, expressions, expressions, which

I as the author would never, never, nor with pleasure, have used, expressions, expressions, expressions, among them the word, Lousy Brute!!!

In this critical moment, the author lets follow his self-composed poem *Quadrangle.*

Quadrangle

Lukewarm milk thine your soul triangle.
Flowers bloomen yellow moons in the sun.
Moon yellow blue, blue days,
And the frog slants the chosin question
Of your eyes.
Thine
Dew eyes towards you.
Lukewarm milk fight *Thine* soul's triangle,
Quadrangle, Pentagon, Hexagon, Heptagon, Octagon, Nonagon, Decagon,
To thee,
And thou,
And eyes choose question velvet the frog.
And if you think, the moon goes down (to be sung)
She does not, it merely seems so (to be sung)
Round the earth she drags and drags (to be sung)
Taking inflammable matter there (to be sung)
. . . (the melody to be whistled)
They must be curious trees, indeed (to be sung).
Where the big —
Elephants go walking, —

Without bumping each other!!! —

And now we'll get back to the beginning of this story again.

The child was playing.

And saw a man standing.

"Mama!," said the child. The Mother: "Yes."

"Mama!"—"Yes."—

"Mama!"—"Yes?"

"Mama!"—"Yes."—

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Yes."

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Yes."

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Where?"

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Where?"

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Where is a man standing?"

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Where is a man standing?"

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Why, no."

"Mama, a man is standing there!"—"Why don't you let the man stand?"

"Mama, a man is standing there!"

The mother arrives. There really stands a man. The mother calls the father, the father calls the neighbor. Now the reader knows himself, how it goes on, but it cannot be emphasized too much that a man is standing there, or rather has been standing there. Well, we'll see.

Shortly afterwards appears Anna Blossom.

"Anna Blossom?"

Yes, beloved reader, the same Anna Blossom, from the back as from the front.

Oh, thou, beloved of my twenty-seven senses, I love thine! Thou thee, thee thine, I thine, thou mine,—We?

That, incidentally, does not belong here.

But that was before the days when Steegemann published her.

Modestly she took a position in the back, and saw that many people were assembled in the front. And in the middle a man was standing.

Lucy, you do not love me, probably because I'm a barber?

It seemed to Anna Blossom that these people were standing there because of a man. But she did not dare make inquiries.

And a low humming, as though questions were being hummed, hummed through the crowd.

"*SIT*," suddenly hummed Doctor Friedrich August, "'*SIT*,' Lati*n* '*SIT*,' which means, 'so be it,' but why does the fellow not answer at least?" Dr. Leopold Pothook wanted thus to express himself scientifically, but he should not have used that daring expression, for suddenly Frau Doktor Amalie Pothook, was seized by a holy ire.

"Wwwwwwwwhhhh . . . . . atttttttttttttttttt?" she asked suddenly. "and you want to be still an e-e-e-ducated man? Lout!!!!!

"My husband is art critic, editor and manager, yes

manager, statesman, minister of the State of Revon!

"You,

"Ruffian, Rowdy, Scoundrel, Swine, you Swine, you common Swine, you Charlatan, you Dunce, you dumb Carrion, you Duffer, you Lousy Brute!!!!!!"

And with these words she full into a dead faint.

The author is well aware that he really should say fell, but Frau Doktor Amalie full; for that per per per per per per pairs better with her exceedingly noble pai pai pai pai pai personality.

"The man is a criminal," said Alves Bromestick, but nobody paid any attention to him. People saw how Frau Doktor Amalie sank into the arms of her husband, the Honorable Doctor and Editor, né Herr Friedrich August Leopold, Leopold Kasimir, Amadeus, Amadeus Gneomar Lutetius, Tetius Obadja Jona Micha Nahum Habakuk, Kuk Zephannja Haggai, Sacharja Maleachi Pothook, Hook, Hook, Hook, Hook, Friedrich August Leopold, Doctor Editor and Manager, yes Manager of the State of Revon, which means the Law, yes, the Law. Berlin before bloody events.

Those must be
curious trees . . .
where the big
Elephants go walking,
without bumping each other?!!!!!

When will you return, dear swan, my sweetheart asks for you (to be sung)

The people formed a lane, while Frau Doktor Amalie was being dragged to a nearby bench on a lawn by her husband and a physician who had hurriedly been called. Her lorgnette fell in the crowd, whereupon she almost regained consicousness. And the man kept on standing, he had, as the chronicler Johannes Arp says, without question a hard stand.

Now, while part of the crowd grouped itself around Frau Doktor Amalie, Anna Blossom was enabled to get a little nearer. She now saw the man very distinctly. A handsome man. About the way Francis Dustcarter looks, according to popular ideas. His suit was rather curious, really rather very curious. It was not plugged nor mended, but nailed with planks and surrounded with wire. A perambulating *MERZPLASTIK.* A repelling idea to put something like this around oneself. That is, the man was really not perambulating, the man was standing. She pitied him so much, she did not know why. Besides, this is the passage, where the author might trace a love affair between Francis Dustcarter and Anna Blossom, but he does not do it, he simply directs his entire attention to Alves Bromestick.

Alves Bromestick used the entire excitement surrounding the fainting fit of Frau Doktor Amalie, to get nearer the man who was standing there. Just as Mrs. Beautiful said "Shame!" spat right on the floor, and thus made herself the natural center of lively interest, Alves Bromestick marched forward, directly before the

face of the man, and the man was still standing. Suddenly said Alves Bromestick:

"Listen, People!

"Look at this man, this man challenges you.

"This man who stands here, this man stands here, this man challenges you.

"This man, who stands here, challenges you.

"This man, who challenges you, stands here.

"This man, who stands here, this man stands here.

"This man, who challenges you, challenges you.

"But that is equal to a challenge.

"Or do you think that this man is standing here without a purpose?

"Do you perhaps think this man is standing here for a joke?

"Look at him, the way he stands, nobody stands thus without a purpose.

"But do you know, what his purpose is, the way he stands here.

"O you simple fools, of course, you cannot see the fraud.

"But I know this sort of men, I know what purpose he has.

"This man is an agitator, an agitator, a seducer of the people."

"Bravo," shouted the crowd.

"Verily I say unto you; this man standing here is an agitator."

"Bravo," shouted the mob.

"But whoever seduces you, insults you!"

"Bravo," shouted the crowd.

"But a people must not let itself be insulted."

"Bravo," shouted the crowd.

"A people that has honor must act."

"Bravo," shouted the crowd.

"Men of Revon, if you have honor, act, act, act!!! If you don't act, this man will shame you."

"Bravo," shouted the crowd.

"This man has put you to shame. The man is a man who puts you to shame. And such a man is a thorn in the eyes of the people."

"Bravo," shouted the crowd.

"Men of Revon! One may have beams in one's eyes. For beams are legally permitted. But not thorns! For beams make the human being seeing, so that he recognizes the splinters in his neighbor's eyes. But thorns pain and make the human being blind. But this man, this man is a thorn."

"Bravo," shouted the crowd.

"But do you know what to do with a thorn?"

"Bravo"—

At this moment the speaker was interrupted. In the air there drove a yellow hayrack drawn by four ponies. On it one could read, in fiery letters, with the big first letters only, the name of PRA. One of them said: "The author did that," which spoiled the entire mood for the

big speech of Alves Bromestick. It remained without effect.

Since in the meantime Frau Doktor Amalie had recovered, so that we will have to mention her here once more, I think, it is about time to call for the police, why have we got police anyway?

Doktor Friedrich August Leopold Kasimir Amadeus Gneomar Lutetius Obadja Jona Michi Nahum Habakuk, Zephania Haggai Sacharia Maleachi Pothook, doctor, editor and manager of the newspaper Revon, which means the Law, therefore, went personally to a few adjacent streets and looked around, until he found a policeman who was hiding.

For it was the custom in that rather sensitive city of Revon that the police intervened in the most pressing cases only, that is when the cases were really indifferent, and when the official could arrest an entirely harmless fellow without danger and with a large gesture. I expressly mention here that only happened in Revon, while in other places the police did this and that always, because it was their duty and prescribed to them as such. But whenever the official saw any gatherings of people, he disappeared unobtrusively, with tact and in wise precaution.

The Honorable Doktor Friedrich August, therefore, had difficulties in finding a policeman, and, after he had found him, in convincing the latter that his cooperation

was necessary here. Sois donc gentil! For the official had the wrong idea that he was to arrest the agitator Alves Bromestick. But when he learned that there was only a man at stake, who was stupidly standing, he, of course, went along at once.

"Sir," he said to the man, "I regret to say I am forced to establish your identity. What's your name?" The man stands.

Anna Blossom in that second lived through worlds.— The man stands.

"Sirrr," said the official. "I am very sorry, but I am forced to arrest you."

The man stands.

"Come along," said the official, "a refusal would"— the man stands—"although I'm sorry"— the man stands —"be equal to resisting authority."

Then something unheard-of-happened. The man turned his head to one side.

Terror burrowed into eye-lids, entrails hissed. The policeman laughed a lacquered apple. The public was tense with excitement. Everybody waited madly to know what would happen. The last of the spectators stood on the tips of their toes. A few saw again the name of Pra in big first letters, colored according to patterns. A young artist cried: "At bottom an artist is something ridiculous, don't you think so? That vocation can only be excused, if one knows something." A child was

crushed between two stout women. Am I not a sweet lad? They threw the crushed remains of the child heedlessly under their feet. The eye sees the heaven open. A few of the smaller persons took possession of the dead child, and stood on it, because they wanted to see something, too.

Frau Doctor Amalie felt painfully that she was no longer the center of interest. Do you know, Anna, do you know it already, you can also be read from the back, and you, most magnificent one of all, you are from the back as well as in front: ANNA.

"Come along," said the official and lifted his left leg.

The man stands.

"Come along," said the official, and lifted his right arm, as well as his left leg.

The man stands.

"Sir!," said the official, "if you don't come along, I shall have to, although I regret it, call for"—the man stands—"reinforcements."

Then the most unexpected thing happened.

Slowly, and with the tranquillity of a perfect machine, the man left,

amiably
greeting everybody,
but not with the official,
no,
in an opposite direction.

The men stood trees.
The women shrieked.
The children ran shout.
The official stood, like the man before, and
THE MAN LEFT!!!!!!

. . . . . .

Within a short time the scene of this action offered distinctly the picture of a stupendous revolution. Just as the powder magazine is exploded by a spark, so did the people, as though gripped by a fearful panic run off in every direction. Tumult whipped terror into a wild flight. Some of them stumbled over the corpse of the crushed child, and fell down. These unfortunate ones were dashed to pieces by the furious mob. Frau Doktor Amalie received on this occasion the blow of a boot in the region of her abdomen, and therefore recovered relatively quickly from her second fainting fit, only to fall into a third one.

Just as with the revolution a few foundation walls remain inviolate, so did here, one, two, three, four, five persons remain behind, not counting the dead bodies.

The official, too, remained standing and wrote down the facts, one of the chief tasks of the local police.

He noted down, that an unidentified man, who had remained also unknown to those present, was responsible as a result of his illegal behaviour, for the death of one, two, three, four, five persons and a child of the Free

State of Revon. Consequently the official found himself obliged, though with regret, to arrest the man in time. But to his regret the man escaped arrest by such a rapid flight that, to his great regret, this flight could not be prevented, especially since the police at that time and that place did not consist of adequate forces.

To his regret, or rather as a result, however, there occurred a few regrettable accidents, and then followed their enumeration.

The remaining spectators were noted down as witnesses. Alves Bromestick gave his name on that occasion as Lutetius Hagedorn.

Then followed the official seizure of the dead bodies. They were stamped, weighed, examined for trichinas, or taken to the morgue for the establishment of their identities, one of the chief tasks of the local police.

A hunch-backed youth drawn by billy-goats, however, ran with an electric bell through Revon and cried: "Extraordinary session of Parliament, extraordinary session of Parliament; the question at stake is nothing less than the outbreak of the great and glorious revolution in Revon."

Concluding Song:

> They must be curious trees indeed, where the big
> Elephants go walking,
> without bumping each other,
> without bumping each other,

without bumping each other,
without bumping each other,
without bumping each other,
without bumping each other!

Translated from the German and adapted by Eugene Jolas.

PHILIPPE SOUPAULT

THE SILENT HOUSE

PHILIPPE SOUPAULT,

who was born in a suburb of Paris in 1897, is one of the most active and prolific of the French post-war writers. In 1918 he wrote *les Champs Magnétiques* with André Breton, and this book was the beginning of the movement which was later to be known at Surréalisme. While Breton continued as the leader of the movement, Soupault later left the group. He was greatly influenced by the work of the Comte de Lauréamont, who—unknown to most American readers—has been an inspiration to many of the Parisian literary men of the twentieth century. In 1923 he wrote his first novel, *Le Bon Apôtre,* and since then he has published more than a dozen books, in addition to numerous stories and critical articles. At present he is acting in an advisory capacity for the well known French publishing house of Kra. A translation of his novel *Le Nègre* recently was published in the United States.

Since I have lived in this silent house I have been surprised to see the large tree which grows before my window turn slowly round and round. All the hours here, as elsewhere, have their sounds, their goings and comings. Life seems to rise and fall. But each day the hours resemble one another. Only the great tree, green, red or yellow, I do not know which, changes its aspect. I see it through the network of curtains trimmed with lace. I observe it and I cannot look at it without a touch of anguish. I am afraid I shall not find it there. During several weeks, some months, perhaps,—I have lost all track of time,—it has never been twice the same. I watch it, I turn my head again and again. I close my eyes and open them. It is there, shuddering slightly, and already different. One leaf, two leaves have fallen and a little light passes back and forth through the new opening; a dead branch appears blacker than before.

It is fond of silence, of the night, and that vague light which hangs like a cloud above Paris. It gathers the meagre rays within its foliage, the rays, glistening with humidity, which are thrown out by a nearby street-lamp at ten o'clock in the evening. In this calm, I seem to see it twist its branches, display its leaves, inhale and exhale. It becomes solitary. By opening a shutter to admire its lustre, I startle it. It stands there, like a king, master of the garden and of shadow.

And in the morning it showers itself with brilliance. The leaves it lets fall are not like tears. It seems to dis-

tribute them magnificently, like large gold pieces, inflexibly enriching the lawn.

One by one I watch the hours glide by, then softly disappear in the small garden I explore and which I discover little by little. The turf-colored patch of cemetery, the low stone wall, the crooked alley, which leads I know not where,—all the vegetation, so poor, so dry, is familiar to me. It is like me, a Parisian, in this cold suburb. There is a bench. Yesterday a young man, accompanied by an interne, came to sit down there. The large tree took on a deeper yellow and sent out a stream of light like a projector. I watch the man who, seated as if he belonged there, smiled softly, breathed in the air and the odor of the earth, then took a few steps and came back cautiously to sit down again.

I observed his actions with as much interest as a child feels in watching a June bug, with a sort of restrained passion, so that I was afraid the door of my room would be opened,—I did not want to be obliged to leave the window. He walked with a slow and lackadaisical step, disregarding the golden tree; its radiance, which gushed like water, did not attract his eye at all. He made a turn about the lawn. I saw he was dressed in a long, dark-grey cloak, a light straw hat with a black band, and thick yellow boots, very pale, like those worn by hunters or chronic invalids.

He walked in this fashion for an hour, perhaps more, and I kept my eyes upon him, for something turns in

my head if I close my eyes for a moment. He kept up his unvarying march in a circle. Then he disappeared and I heard him mount the stairs to his room which is above my own.

Already I hear a dull winding and gropingly I recognize the refrain of the gramophone which stretches itself like a snake and uncoils. Up there, in a solitude similar to mine, a disk turns and I hear "Tea for Two." I picture the man lying at full length, like me, alone upon the bed, opposite the clothes closet with its mirror. All the furniture is littered with articles. A coat on the chair lets its sleeve hang over on an easy chair, on the table is a half folded newspaper, a toilet case, and here and there are vases of flowers. The mauve light of an electric bulb is reflected in the glass and, now and then, when he raises himself to adjust his pillows, he sees his face in the mirror. His face. I know he is indifferent to everything, that nothing outside himself, neither the flowers, nor the light, nor a movement in the corridor, nor even himself, could hold his attention one instant. He thinks of nothing. He lives. He lives, as I do, meandering through the recesses of his empty body of which he expects nothing more. The light which parades before us and reclaims its place shows us that it is daytime.

The objects are unchanged. There is the whiteness of the sheets, the grey painted walls, the grinding of the doors, the croaking of the bed-springs.

I asked one day who this man was and someone told me he was a sick man called Nijinsky.

I listened intently to the noise of his footsteps on the floor. He goes, he comes. I hear him turn. I close my eyes to shut out the sight of a young man far below in the mist who is holding a rose in his hand and leaping to and fro. I close my eyes. I have forgotten. Also I hear an old mad-woman who powders her hair, stirring in the parlor on the ground floor beneath my room. She opens the piano. She has chosen at random a torn old sheet of music but she recognizes the piece she plays, for she still retains a trace of memory. Again she looks out over the candles of a salon (is it a salon of Poictiers, or of Sainte Menehould?), her gown trimmed with garlands of tiny roses, her scarf. . . . She plays the "Invitation to the Waltz." Overhead Nijinsky is still walking. He steps around the bed, silently. O fame, I toss you a smile. Then suddenly I hear, together with the old, cracked waltz, the gramophone droning, "Tea for Two."

It is only in the garden that I see spectres. The fall is reminiscent of summer. It is, perhaps, five o'clock in the afternoon and the tree, the great tree, shudders. Night is coming. Hours which will never sound again have passed. The air is still mild, almost listless. I know that in murmuring Paris the bells are beginning to ring, night is falling, one by one the store windows are lighted.

I think of all my neighbors, those whom I see from my window, those whose voices I hear, remote in their solitude. I am eager to know about them and, when the nurse brings me a soothing narcotic, I question her. There is the man who decorates himself like an old soldier, who throws out his chest to display his red rosette and who is always expecting someone. He pulls out his watch every two minutes, raises his hands to the sky and cries out: "They will never come again. Oh, my family. I am forsaken. What misfortune." Always the same words, and the same pacing back and forth. At midnight, at one o'clock in the morning, he looks at his watch just the same and utters an exclamation. He cannot sleep, so he gets up (I hear the bed creak) and starts walking again. I visualize him, going from one end of the room to the other, in nightshirt and slippers.

Sometimes in the morning I hear furniture being shoved about. This is the work of an old woman who is indulging in her mania for housecleaning. She moves all the furniture, rearranges it in her own way, pushes the dresser in front of the window, the bed against the door. . . . If the watchfulness of the attendants is relaxed a bit, she sneaks down to the reception room to rearrange things there. One day she worked so hard that she used all her strength in rolling the piano in front of the door and, exhausted, fell asleep. Someone had to climb in through the window to enter the room.

I see also that rather quiet man with eyes of angelic

blue who walks in the garden and then suddenly stands utterly still. After the birds have gathered near him he makes a terrible gesture to chase them away. Then he smiles as if he had gained a great victory.

Turning from the window, I hear footsteps once again upstairs,—footsteps like those of which I saw the traces in the hall of a grey and abandoned chateau with a name as soft as a bird's song,—the chateau of Maria Pia. There a guide showed me the hall of lost footsteps, where a banished king, forgetful of his youth, wore out the flagstones pacing from one end of the room to the other. He, too, had lost his memory. One of the most beautiful landscapes in the world lay at his feet. From the window the fallen prince could look out over earth, sea and sky, but he lowered his eyes to watch only his endless and invisible path, to scrutinize the cold stone, grained like the skin of a hangman.

Perfumes denser than the voluptuous laughter of golden-skinned girls arose from the forests.

What did the world matter to him? Four walls, a door, the tireless chant of a water jet, formed a prison for his weariness, perplexity and his unhorsed glory.

In the room which shelters me, I don't know for how long, lives a man who has held on to his memory and who suffers from it as if it were a cancer, red and inflamed. I envy Nijinsky who knows nothing of his past, nor his fame.

But I must live with myself, and I gnaw slowly at the

liberty I have loved so much. Perhaps tonight, as during the preceding one, I shall be obliged again to think of that which burns within me, of the suffering so strong I seem to breathe it. That which has nourished so many heartaches is there, in spite of me, in spite of me, because of me. This evening it brings to me once more the recollection of eyes which turn in their sockets, arms thrown forward, memories of a back, shaken, shaken. And again I feel my face muscles harden to keep from crying myself, and my shoulders ache because I have not opened my arms.

It is for this that I enjoy my suffering,—because I dream of sights I have seen, suffering I have caused, of things I have endured. I call to it, I await it.

Memory, memory! My daily enemy, my horror.

You, up there! You walk, you pass by, and you have forgotten, you have forgotten everything.

I know that my neighbor is not troubled about a rose, nor a waltz, nor the universe. I guess that he thinks of his old age, that some day his muscles will shrink and that he will no longer be able to walk around the green turf which constitutes his world.

Since it is Sunday, the silence is more profound, more absolute than usual. The man I am thinking of will not take a walk today. He will be left in his room. He will seat himself in his easy chair and stare at the gramophone. The world has ceased to exist.

All is not lifeless, however, since I dream of the

throng which, on the outskirts of Paris, crowds around to admire a little bay horse, sweating and panting. I think of Longchamp. An interne has left a sporting paper on the stairway. I know (no one can conceal it from me any longer) that today at Longchamp the horses will contest, straining their utmost, forgetful of everything. It is the last day. The leaves are falling. After this, one must wait until spring to see again the broad, green field, surrounded by hills. It is fair weather, a little smoke, the Eiffel tower, a balloon may be seen.

Everything is ready for the races. Already gay colors, greens, yellows set off by the orange foliage, may be distinguished in the crowd. The jockeys climb upon their colts which throw their legs like sparks in all directions. They start off, heads lowered, faces set. They gallop on the grass. They pass the windmill, smelling the fragrance of leaves and turf. I open the window. My neighbor has started the gramophone and the refrain recurs like an old woman telling her beads.

The window is open. The weather is mild. The leaves fall, fall slowly. There is no way to stop them.

At such a time, memories float softly in the air, like the long inexorable cobwebs called "sons of the virgin." It seemed to me that my glances were mingled in the distance. There was an immense green field. God! If only the rest were a matter of indifference to me. There was a crowd which came and went, a red disk on a post, numbers, names which passed from mouth to

mouth, money passed from hand to hand. My head turned, I was lost, I could not place myself, and I heard a tumult, ferocious and gay like a big celebration.

The sun was sinking. I sat there by my window and the hours had stopped. The rain had ceased and the mild air let the fragrance run freely. I heard a murmur.

Then a cry, a cry I shall remember. Sunday, and the silence of today, before a closed door and by the window-pane the rain struck regularly. With hands open and my eyes closed, I sit down in the armchair, close to the window. These hours will pass with these phantoms, faces I still wish to keep out of my mind. Still, I wait for them, today as on other days. It seems to me that I should be desolate if they were to vanish forever, I write only to pursue more closely my thoughts, which drift and unravel. I write because I do not suffer enough, because my pen, perhaps, will attack the core of my suffering.

Sunday. The big day at Longchamps. The brother of days I have lived.

I am grateful to those who have found this refuge for me, who have kept me from harm and have obliged me to whet my suffering to a keen edge.

The ennui which, riding the hours of the afternoon, would force my doorway, I do not fear. Here I am alone for the first time in so many years. And for how long? It is not ennui I fear but that sort of dizziness called terror. I imagine that in this solitude, this great

and empty space, all the phantoms I have known, even those I have merely perceived, will penetrate the walls, all at once, and parade before me.

I know well that my mind, in the habit always of considering uniquely the future, of neglecting even the present, is likely to run backward, like the movement of a crazy watch, and unroll the long band upon which the past is inscribed.

The evening which is about to come will subdue all noises which still could distract me and the night, far ahead of sleep, will install itself for hours in this room. Already I look at the bed; already I dream of silence. Everyone has stopped moving, as if a bell I had not heard had signalled for silence and immobility.

. . . . . .

I dreamed I was alive. That surprised me. I was alive. But I woke myself up.

Translated from the French
by ELLIOT PAUL.

GERTRUDE STEIN

AS A WIFE HAS A COW A LOVE STORY

GERTRUDE STEIN

was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, but has spent a large part of her life in Europe. In her early youth she went to Paris and Vienna. Upon her return to the United States, she went to Radcliffe College, where she studied psychology and philosophy under Münsterberg and William James. This was followed by the publication of several medico-psychological studies and research work on the human brain at Johns Hopkins University. When she had completed her scientific studies, however, Miss Stein decided to devote herself to other branches of activity. She went to England, where she wrote *Three Lives.* A short time later she moved to Paris, where she has spent most of her time since.

Miss Stein early made the acquaintance of Rousseau, Picasso, Matisse and many other painters, and her now famous studio in the Rue de Fleurus has been visited by the majority of the best known painters and writers of the present day.

Her early book, *Tender Buttons* (a work which was unobtainable for years until it was reprinted in *transition* No. 14) first brought her to the attention of the critics, who unanimously found this work to be utterly nonsensical. Her ensuing writings, while occasionally attracting a penetrating critical appreciation, were greeted in print for the most part by the scoffs of the columnists. Despite this, however, she steadily gained a following until today she has a large number of readers who enjoy and appreciate her writing.

Miss Stein's tremendous influence on other writers of the present generation is likewise generally realized, and such men as Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway readily acknowledge their debt to her. What few of the general public realize is that her manner continually changes and develops. This evolution *transition* has attempted to present to those interested by publishing her new writings from issue to issue.

AS A WIFE HAS A COW A LOVE STORY

Nearly all of it to be as a wife has a cow, a love story. All of it to be as a wife has a cow, all of it to be as a wife has a cow, a love story. As to be all of it as to be a wife as a wife has a cow, a love story, all of it as to be all of it as a wife all of it as to be as a wife has a cow a love story, all of it as a wife has a cow as a wife has a cow a love story.

Has made, as it has made as it has made, has made has to be as a wife has a cow, a love story. Has made as to be as a wife has a cow a love story. As a wife has a cow, as a wife has a cow a love story. Has to be as a wife has a cow a love story. Has made as to be as a wife has a cow a love story.

When he can, and for that when he can, for that. When he can and for that when he can. For that. When he can. For that when he can. For that. And when he can and for that. Or that, and when he can. For that and when he can.

And to in six and another. And to and in and six and another. And to and in and six and another. And to in six and and to and in and six and another. And to and in and six and another. And to and six and in and another and and to and six and another and and to and in and six and and to and six and in and another.

In came in there, came in there come out of there. In came in come out of there. Come out there in came in there. Come out of there and in and come out of there. Came in there. Come out of there.

Feeling or for it, as feeling or for it, came in or come in, or come out of there or feeling as feeling or feeling as for it.

As a wife has a cow.

Came in and come out.

As a wife has a cow a love story.

As a love story, as a wife has a cow, a love story.

Not and now, now and not, not and now, by and by not and now, as not, as soon as not not and now, now as soon now, now as soon, and now as soon as soon as now. Just as soon just now just now just as soon just as soon as now. Just as soon as now.

And in that, as and in that, in that and and in that, so that, so that and in that, and in that and so that and as for that and as for that and that. In that. In that and and for that as for that and in that. Just as soon and in that. In that as that and just as soon. Just as soon as that.

Even now, now and even now and now and even now. Not as even now, therefor, even now and therefor, therefor and even now and even now and therefor even now. So not to and moreover and even now and therefor and moreover and even now and so and even now and therefor even now.

Do they as they do so. And do they do so.

We feel we feel. We feel or if we feel if we feel or if we feel. We feel or if we feel. As it is made made a day

made a day or two made a day, as it is made a day or two, as it is made a day. Made a day. Made a day. Not away a day. By day. As it is made a day.

On the fifteenth of October as they say, said any way, what is it as they expect, as they expect it or as they expected it, as they expect it and as they expected it, expect it or for it, expected it and it is expected of it. As they say said anyway. What is it as they expect for it, what is it and it is as they expect of it. What is it. What is it the fifteenth of October as they say as they expect or as they expected as they expect for it. What is it as they say the fifteenth of October as they say and expected of it, the fifteenth of October as they say, what is it as expected of it. What is it and the fifteenth of October as they say and expected of it.

And prepare and prepare so prepare to prepare and prepare to prepare and prepare so as to prepare, so to prepare and prepare to prepare to prepare for and to prepare for it to prepare, to prepare for it, in preparation, as preparation in preparation by preparation. They will be too busy afterwards to prepare. As preparation prepare, to prepare, as to preparation and to prepare. Out there.

Have it as having having it as happening, happening to have it as having, having to have it as happening. Happening and have it as happening and having it happen as happening and having to have it happen as hap-

pening, and my wife has a cow as now, my wife having a cow as now, my wife having a cow as now and having a cow as now and having a cow and having a cow now, my wife has a cow and now. My wife has a cow.

Through the courtesy of the Advertising Agencies Service Company of New York City, we have been permitted to use the modernistic design by Albert Schiller on the cover of this book. It was originally done by Mr. Schiller as an insert for the Printing Craftsmen's number of the *American Printer*, September 1927.

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